FELIX MOSES

THE BELOVED JEW

OF STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE

John Uri Lloyd

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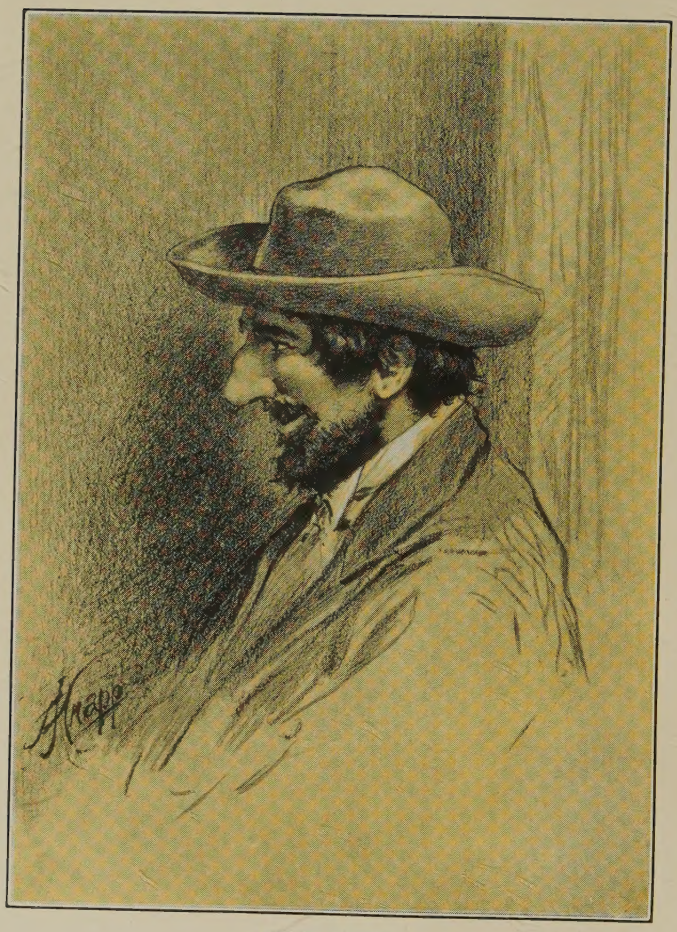

FELIX MOSES
From a tin type likeness

FELIX MOSES

the Beloved Jew of Stringtown on the Pike

Pages from the life experiences of a unique character—a man whose romantic record challenges imagination

By

JOHN URI LLOYD

Author of mystical *Etidorhpa*, *Stringtown on the Pike*, *Warwick of the Knobs*, *Red Head*, and other Folk Lore studies of Northernmost Kentucky

Illustrated by J. Augustus Knapp

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Dedication

To "The Ten Old Friends," a former circle of Jewish women of Cincinnati, the author ventures to dedicate this publication.

But for their thoughtfulness, care and management, as well as for their personal offerings, the modest granite stone that stands in the Jewish Cemetery, Walnut Hills, bearing the name of Felix Moses, would probably never have been erected. Nor would this book have been written.

The names of the original members of that group are recorded below, the stars indicating those now living.

TEN OLD FRIENDS

*Emma D. Abraham.
Minnie M. Bloom.
*Carrie F. Fechheimer.
Rose W. Fox.
*Carrie A. Fox.
Ida S. Henly.
*Carrie B. Pollak.
Esther S. Straus.
Rosa F. Sachs.
Rebecca K. Troy.

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Ascription

WERE it possible to do so, I should like to place here the names of all who have been of assistance in the preparation of this volume. Since this can not be, I wish to express my heartfelt thanks to the citizens of Northernmost Kentucky and others who have so willingly responded to my questions and requests. A few names have appeared in the text.

I could not have attempted to picture Jewish life without the aid of my good friends, Rabbi David Philipson, (personally and through his publications) and Mr. Jesse M. Joseph, who has guided me in many directions. Dr. Sigmund Waldbott has likewise been of much service. To each I am sincerely grateful. Nor would I have felt secure in connecting "Mose" with his Jewish brethren in Cincinnati without an interview with his friend, Mr. Gus Lowenstein, now living in Norwood.

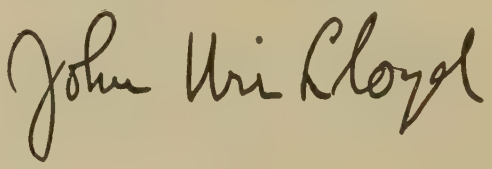
Concerning the Civil War events and incidents connected with Stringtown's record therein, so vividly are they in mind as to lead me to confidently accept the responsibility of the statements herein recorded. This also applies to the negro folk lore.

The watchful care of my secretary, Miss Edith Wycoff, saved me many blunders. She made protracted search of historic literature in Cincinnati libraries, also visiting Frankfort, Kentucky, to verify my memory statements through records in the library of the Kentucky Historical Society. This service is deeply appreciated.

For much that it may seem should have been ex-

cluded—for giving place to ideas nearer to empiricism than to science, I am wholly responsible.

For vexing my friends, Frank H. Shaffer and Andrew J. Conroy, with problems that seemingly do not in the least concern a man in my position, for venturing to think (superficially, it may be) outside the restricted lines of a science bound to the unresponsive crucible and retort, to which my life has been given and amid the problems of which it has nearly worn itself away—I have no plausible excuse and shall seek none.



INTRODUCTORY

Could That Old Clock Speak!

About a dinner table in a Cincinnati home one Saturday evening sat three men, friends of many years. On the mantelpiece above them stood an old clock. The day's work was over. For these men the passing years had bred a taste for simple pleasures. Mental relaxation from the

"ON THE MANTELPIECE ABOVE THEM STOOD AN OLD CLOCK"

cares of life resting upon each, came in the evening's interchange of thought.

Under the alluring influence of the dinner, discussion of events past as well as present in methodless setting, had whiled away the evening. Somewhat of song, more of story, fragmentary pleasantries, as the dinner progressed had commingled without let or hindrance, plan or arrangement. Mind driftings without guidance or intent as subject followed subject had been set into words, in part fanciful, perhaps even visionary. It was Fillnald who wrote, "Fancy is lighter and more airy than the common mode of thought." To this he might have added, "and ofttimes more serviceable."

By right of age at least these three men had earned the privilege of discussing without conventionality problems that came in the passing along, whether of local or national importance, recent or remote. No event was too great, no imaginative speculation too daring, no incident too trivial for the intrusion of their thought and speech in these evenings together. Nor were they restricted in their frank expressions regarding the views or fallacies harbored by each other.

As the click of the clock ushering in the hour of twelve approached, there crept over them a tranquillity of spirit difficult to describe to those who have not experienced such sensation. Under the influence of the midnight hour it seemed as if all that was disagreeable or unpleasant had fallen from them. Evil thoughts, enmity toward any man, envy, jealousy, strife, became impossible. The last speaker had abruptly broken his

sentence, leaving it unfinished. It was as though a wand none could see had touched his tongue and silenced it. By common impulse the faces of the guests turned toward the old clock on the mantelpiece. The host alone made no movement. With bowed head he sat, his eyes downcast.

As from the depths of a distant cavern came the blow of the lead hammer upon the wire spiral. The trembling vibrations following each stroke produced sensations akin to the musical, yet reminding of the weird. The sound never before heard and which could never again strike the ear, ceased. For a century such blows had fallen, inducing vibrations similar in sound and echo, yet not one had been identical with any other that preceded or followed. As the last vibration faded, released from the mystical spell that momentarily had bound them, the host spoke musingly:

"Strange influence this, that, bidding the tongue be quiet, introduces emotions afar from present thought or discussion." The speaker hesitated.

"Complete your sentence," spoke one of the guests.

"Does there not come to every person, at times, without intent or guidance, without mental control, an insight into truths that lie remote from—" Again he hesitated.

"Go on."

"Materialistic knowledge or so-called wisdom. In the beyond, where wisdom ends, does there not lie—"

"We are listening."

"An insight into what is now incomprehensible, afar from ordinary sensation, a spiritual sense of

knowing, unreachable by the reasoning intellect, not to be explained by mere words? Can words describe the inexpressible?" Turning his face to the clock ticking above him, he continued:

"May we not even accept that this time-old clock, in its quivering tones, in vibration-words we do not comprehend, is struggling to tell us a story no living man knows concerning scenes and incidents that transpired amid the settings of a century past, events unrecorded, lost beyond the historian's hope? Heart-piercing tragedies, perhaps, of the long ago, touched only by our traditions and legends now so nearly faded—" Lost in reverie, he ceased to speak.

After an interval, perhaps of reflection concerning possible narratives the old clock might tell, the guest at the right spoke, somewhat facetiously:

"Precious near to occultism's vagaries your mind seems now to run. Next you may be giving us another of your dissertations based on fantasies of your vivid imagination. Have you forgotten the evening when you were charged with harboring abnormal brain seeds that sprout into such growths as feed the minds of crazy men? You may again be asking us to confer with ghosts, goblins, or 'hants' such as the credulous imagine hover ever about us."

As though communing with himself rather than replying to his friend, the host, acquiescing in the speaker's thought, continued: "Yes, I remember the evening you mention. But let us continue the present subject. Permit me to proceed."

"Might it not be that entities exist about us, neither seen nor felt? Akin somewhat to drifting

groups of shadows, perceptible to abnormal vision, but invisible to the normal sight—may not there be matter-free sensations, flitting clouds of vitalized energy, unconnected with material substance, ethereal zones wandering about us, somewhat as fog banks rest in darkness. Why should only ponderable things, substances that may be weighed or measured, hold all the essences of Nature's laboratory? Why should material substances alone possess life and be endowed with intelligence? Why should reasoning intellect be forever limited to such creations as are perceptible to the five senses possessed by yourself? May not the apparently disconnected parts of that clock during its century of activity have gradually drawn to themselves an aura that finally has coalesced into an orderly whole, acquiring thereby subtle companionships, much as does a living thing when, from a complexity of nourishments, it displays what we accept to be an individual existence?"

"Consider the different foods of which you are constituted and which contribute to your support, each having been once a living thing before it became a part of your conglomerate body. Is that clock to be denied life as a whole because of an opinion voiced by the dissimilar collection of living separates you have captured and forcibly affiliated as components of your own self? May not its pendulum, its tick, its bell stroke, carry voices and messages not yet interpreted? Let us go even further. May not the combination of wheels, springs, weights, and pendulum, vivified by processes of which you know nothing, have drawn into itself colonies of ethereal com-

panions that, to you, are as illusive as mental phantoms, but which revel amid vibrations beyond those your ear can catch? May they not be listening to melodies to you unheard, tenuous wave undulations in a medium of which you know nothing, that, according to laws you do not comprehend, are awakened by each blow of the gong?"

"Come, come," interjected a guest. "The parts of the clock exist, you must accept, as a collection of dissimilar implements inside the casing of the clock. Few of these touch any of the others. The pendulum is far from the face. There is no connecting medium."

"You tire us with your wandering sophistries," the other guest added peevishly.

"You mean that *you* know of no connecting medium. Are you sure a blood stream invisible to you does not permeate the vitals of that structure made up, as you say, of whirling wheels, circling hands, striking hammers, weights that move the things you see and make the sounds you hear? May not invisible force entities be found in this clock which you can no more perceive than you can the nerve current which you accept flows throughout your system?"

"By dissection we may see the nerves that carry the messages our hands obey. Your objection has little foundation," interrupted a guest.

"Indeed! May I again ask, have you ever seen the current you assume flows through the nerves that you claim move hand or foot in obedience to what you call your will? By the way, what is the *will* that governs this nerve current? Is it not an expression of what you call consciousness?"

Petulantly came the reply: "All this is arrant nonsense. Turn to your wooden clock. *That* is our subject. Would you expect dead matter to be possessed of vital energies?"

"Ah, you speak of dead matter. It is a mighty subject. I doubt its existence. We may consider that problem some other time. Let us continue our present thought."

"But you imply there is no dead matter?"

"Do you know any substance, large or small, that is not in motion? From the universe of telescopic space to the minuteness of microscopic organisms, do you know of an object quiescent? Come, now, let us return to our subject."

"May not," the host continued, "your physical self be permeated by other intelligences that companion in the complexity you call your body? May not your very self that you claim to own but never have controlled, be the habitation of other existences which, by reason of mental limitations you can neither comprehend nor apprehend? May there not be multitudes of vibrations in space—space rays, *shafts of vacancy*, one might say—that are stimulated by the stroke of the clock, but which your ears cannot catch? A complexity of commingled sounds outside humanity's scale, which, could you but hear and comprehend, would enable you to understand much that lies hidden in outreaches unknown to you. May not, I repeat, both from outside and inside yourself, voices be vainly speaking to you, unseen, unfelt, pleadings from existences that hover about you and even thread your very being?

"You sneer at the idea of an intangible spirit,

unweighable and immeasurable. May I not ask, do our ministers of the gospel pray to a thing seen by eye, weighable by balance, measurable by cup, or do they petition an intangible Spirit, to humanity invisible? Do not religious truths, prophetic inspirations, defy materialistic interpretation? Touch this subject lightly. Have the works, spiritual or materialistic, of the great I AM, the benevolent Father of us all, ever been bounded or circumscribed? Does not the light that comes from each door the scientist opens broaden his conception of the unspeakable abyss of his ignorance of that which lies in the beyond? Is not his search and research leading to the conception that there is no such thing as matter, that all is spiritual?"

In silent thought the men addressed sat for a time. Then the host, neglectful of the presence of his guests, turned to the clock:

"In the silence of midnight, when the stroke of twelve has passed into what might be called ultra ear-stillness, you and I, old clock, have meditated alone. No, not alone—'never less alone than when alone.' Peering through the darkness toward your face, under the soporific touch of the midnight hour, inspired by your influence, have there not come to my mind's ear and eye voices and faces of friends of the past? Do not others also intrude—faces new to me and which you, old clock, know, but which I have never met?"

The materialistic critic at the host's left (or was it at the right?) now spoke with a degree of impatience:

"Is it not enough that we should listen to your wandering illusions concerning things mundane?

But when space is invaded, when nothingness is vivified, when silence is made to speak, when the stroke of a clock quickens faces hidden from the eye, making them comprehensible to the mind, the limit is reached."

With no sign of resentment at the interruption or the apparent antagonism, the host continued:

"May I not again ask you, my friends, why should we question possibilities of illimitable space? Why subjugate the universe to the restrictions of our finite minds and in ridicule affix such names as 'ghost,' 'goblin,' 'hant,' to existences in which some believe? Our earth, we know, is but a dot in the heavens, yes, less than a dot on a dot."

Again the friend interrupted, "Come, now—"

"Hush, let me continue. These are not empty words. Do you know of a religion that does not have its angels and great unknown heavens? Why do you deride the conception of their existence? Let me turn thought to questionings that lie in the field of my life work. What weight has color? What color has a sensation? Perhaps you may be willing to give me the appearance of the life essence that pervades your being, or picture to me the structure of a modicum of matter-free vitality. By the way, what is vitality? Is the Great Spirit of the Indian worshiper or the god of any religion more or less demonstrable (as weighty things are established by scientific processes) than are your emotions?

"Think the subject over. Ask the scientist who too often if he be thoughtless or arrogant attempts to subjugate all that can be evident to other creatures to the measure of man's intellect.

Ask him a few simple questions such as: What is the shape of life or vitality apart from matter? What weight has heat, whether or not it be a vibration? Has cold an existence other than the vague term 'absence of heat'? What form has dormant electricity when it lies hidden in or without the cloud bank that yields the lightning's flash? Is space a vacuum?"

With something of irritation in his voice the friend again interrupted:

"Enough, enough! By intent you first create and then propound sophistries. Next you will claim there is no such thing as noise, then will argue that stillness is impossible. You have already intimated that matter does not exist."

"Is not stillness impossible?" was the reply. "Are you sure that matter exists other than as ultra force forms? Is anything that comes to conception quiescent? 'All things are ceaselessly active,' was spoken in the long ago. Read Ecclesiastes, Paul Haupt's version.

"Listen! The term 'motionless" is unthinkable. The mind, if such a thing there be, is an enigma. It flits uncontrolled from subject to subject. Imagination cannot stand still; it wanders. Nothing—be it mental or physical—is motionless."

He waited for reply, but no one spoke. After a pause came the challenge:

"What fallacious reasoning are you indulging now? You know there is a vacuum, that there is stillness, that objects are motionless."

"Ah, you are taking the part of one of our unseen companions, with whom, perhaps, I have been mentally communing, unless you might con-

cede that I have a double mind, whereby, within myself, questioning discussions prevail. Vainly have I tried this evening to reason with this other part of myself that *you* have an existence. On the plane on which we live and move and have our being (that other self argues), but on no other do we exist. This companion of my thoughts insists that material as we know it is as transparent (to him) as the ether of the heavens which to you is invisible. Energy, heat, light, electricity, and forms of force to us unknown are to him visible realities. All space is thus a vast inhabited expanse in which dots of earth substance move, on one of which we exist."

"I thought we were talking about stillness," said one guest. "Stick to your text."

"In my opinion, you might better have permitted me to continue—but let it be as you wish. Stillness is a relative expression only. No object is motionless. I do not now refer to the movements of the heavenly bodies. We live on one that has a multiplicity of motions, some known, others unknown. To deny that assertion is to delete our present conception of the universe. Do the planets never waver?

"Take your own self in a condition you might consider as perfect repose. Can you stand still for one moment? Are you not continuously balancing yourself? Is there a time, from life's beginning until its ending, that you do not breathe? Is there an instant after final dissolution when change does not continue? Do not physical functions breed forms of motion connected with medleys of noise? Does not thinking necessitate

cell movement? Does not blood, the life current, ever race throughout the living body? Do you not, therefore, exist amid a complication of sounds, bred within yourself? Cover your ears with the palms of your hands. Hearken to the noises that beat within your head. Have you never listened to the roar of the empty conch shell?"

As no reply came, after a pause, he continued: "From such functions as these come sounds of varying intensities. By means of proper appliances breathing may be heard as a rush of great winds, the beat of the heart becomes a deafening drum."

Abruptly spoke one of the guests:

"Our subject is not such as this. Let us go back to it—'Could that old clock speak!' If there be locked in its vitals a story of the past that you can interpret, let us have it. Omit the metaphysics and sophistries of midnight dreamers. This discourse has been of little interest to us and will be of less concern to anyone else. We have really been very charitable to even listen to such jargon."

Strange was the phenomenon that closely followed these words. Startling was the effect. The tick, tick of the clock changed to voices, much as a ringing bell speaks to ears attuned to hear the thought-created words from the chiming sounds. The old clock was speaking!

The Story the Old Clock Told

(Interpreted by the Host)

"More than a hundred years ago I came West. Kentucky was then a new state, carved from a

county of Virginia. My first master was Colonel Richard M. Johnson, Vice-President of the United States under Van Buren. A comrade was he of General William Henry Harrison, of the Ohio River's northernmost bend. As readers of history know, as well as those who have listened to traditional folk-lore tales, Colonel Johnson commanded the Kentucky Rangers, who helped General Harrison in the winning of the battle of the Thames, fought across Lake Erie, in what we now call Canada. Colonel Johnson was a pioneer of Central Kentucky. When wounded nigh unto death he still had strength to raise his arm and fire a shot that some historians say killed the renowned chief, Tecumseh, and won the battle. But you wish *my* life story.

"Colonel Johnson presented me to the Reverend Thomas Henderson, a patriotic and pious 'Fullerite' Baptist minister, a scholar as well as a religious evangelist, whose record is contemporary with Northern Kentucky's early annals. He was a friend of Audubon, the celebrated bird painter, whose crayon portrait of the Reverend Henderson autographed by the artist, hangs on the walls of this, my present home."

The old clock seemed now to rest, so the host paused as to his ear the sounds became again but wordless ticks-ticks.

"Continue," spoke one of the listeners, no longer satirical.

"A wandering minister was Thomas Henderson when he settled in the forest by the side of the trail blazed by John Filson, the Lexington engineer who made the initial survey of Cincin-

nati.* A log cabin had been built in 1815 on the ridge beside the Filson trail in the wilderness that then covered all that section of Kentucky. As time passed, that cabin, increased in size by the addition of a house moved from 'The Wells,' was weatherboarded, and to-day stands where it was built more than a century ago. Where you now sit in this Cincinnati home was then but a wilderness edging a sparse settlement."

REV. THOMAS HENDERSON
From large portrait by Audubon

"Cincinnati," mused the host. "Are you sure it was called Cincinnati?"

"John Filson named the site he surveyed Losantiville, but General St. Claire afterward changed the name to Cincinnati."

Another interruption came from one of the guests: "Don't sidetrack again. Cincinnati is not the subject."

"Not one human being, to my knowledge,

*See, "John Filson, the neglected," Literary Club of Cincinnati, paper by J. U. L.

draws breath in all Kentucky who lived when my ticking voice began."

As the interpreter paused, one friend interjected: "The right to talk of times long gone is conceded to be the privilege of garrulous old men who, having traveled life through, live in recollections of the past. Often such as they are considered as useless nonentities, cumberers, perhaps audacious braggarts, yet harmless in it all. Which of these are you, old clock? Name some men you claim to have known. To whose voices have you listened?"

Apparently to soothe the speaker the ticks changed as if in acquiescence to the charge.

"You are right. Cumberers indeed are the old, living beyond their generation. Youth seeks pleasure in hopeful anticipation of the future, but when age creeps insidiously upon them, reminiscences of the past are—"

Cease your rambling. Tell us what you know of the past that may interest us. We belong to the progressive present."

As though accompanied by a protesting sigh, the ticks came again to the translator but in words of half-suppressed indignation:

"You question what I of the past could know that would interest you of the present. What of the pioneer Baptists such as rugged John Tanner, who lived in what is now Petersburg, Kentucky, suffering the loss of two boys, stolen by the Indians? What of Reverend Robert Kirtley, of saintly memory? Would you perchance be interested in General La Fayette and his journey by coach from classical Lexington to struggling young

Cincinnati, being entertained en route at the home of Mr. Henderson, where I then looked down upon him as I now do upon you? Would you care to give a thought to Colonel Richard M. Johnson and his scholarly friend, Thomas Henderson, who was appointed by Johnson to superintend the second school under government supervision in the United States? Would you listen to a record of this school, Choctaw Academy, at Blue Springs, near Georgetown, Kentucky? Would it weary you to hear of Henry Clay, the Kentucky statesman, of Alexander Campbell, the founder of a great church; of Luther Rice, the eloquent Presbyterian minister who debated with the learned Archbishop Purcell, of Rafinesque, the erratic though talented naturalist of Transylvania University? Shall I name others? Have you no interest now in the famous men and women of the pioneering days of this once 'new West'? Am I to be likened to a garrulous old man, stricken by senility, when I revel in reminiscences of days when I listened to narratives related by such men as these?

"As I stood on the mantelpiece of the old Henderson home, before you were born, events in which Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, renegade Girty, and others were concerned, often became subjects of discussion. Around the dinner table they dined and supped and gossiped much as you have been doing here.

"Three portraits only—my companions for decades—graced the walls of that dining room—Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and Andrew Jackson. Do you know three statesmen to-day who are their peers?"

Then with rising indignation he added: "Garrulous as an old man, you say. Yes! Go to your 'movies'! Consider your variety shows! Look at *what?* Listen to *what?*" After a period of silence, in a subdued tone the voice continued: "Pardon me, I was beside myself.

"Where would be your millionaires to-day were it not for the sacrifices of the invading pioneers who exterminated the Indians and opened the country? Has not Cincinnati's wealth come from their offerings? How much has your city done to commemorate the efforts of the Kentucky heroes, stanch men and women, who fought, suffered, and sacrificed through those strenouus times in order that for you ease might prevail?"

"Well have you carried your point, old clock. We stand corrected," spoke one of the guests.

Then it was the host who questioned musingly:

"Do you recall only historical celebrities and school-book heroes? Can you not remember a guest who often sat in that Kentucky dining room, a man as welcome to the Henderson home and later to that of Thomas Rouse, who heired it, as were the celebrities you have named? A man as simple as a child, as modest as a schoolgirl, as brave as the bravest, as genial a guest as ever sat at any table—do you remember such? A man cherished by all who knew him, whatever their creeds may have been, one who sought no conspicuity, expected no public honor then or popular eulogy thereafter, a man whose soul overflowed with kindness toward his fellow men and who thus drew all alike to love him, whether little children or aged men and women. Old clock, have you forgotten Felix Moses?"

"Felix Moses, Felix Moses," ticked the clock. "Felix Moses, of the pleasant smile that never faded from his face entirely, whose cheerful voice and beaming eyes come to memory as a cherished recollection. No, I have not forgotten Felix Moses, but you knew him better than I. Tell the story of his life as you learned it. Let me be one of the listeners."

The clock's voice was interrupted by the click foretelling the hour, then the gong struck *one*. The ticks no longer spoke in words. The guests rose to depart, one remarking as he turned from the table: "We agree with the request of the old clock. Give us the history of Felix Moses. Take your time; write it as you know it. Then as we spend evenings together read it to us. But give us no metaphysics, no 'stillness is noise,' no 'noise is stillness,' no spirits that we cannot see and handle, no floating clouds of vitality or zones of matter-free energy, no 'nothingness that has form,' or a 'something that is formless.' Let us have no phantoms or ghosts, 'hants' or goblins or any of your fantastic mind plays. Give us facts. If you weave in a bit of fiction or romance somewhat to connect events and personages, we shall not criticize, but, mind you, no more sophistries of your vigorous imagination."

"Have patience," replied the host, "I shall try to do as you suggest. The old clock is right. I well knew Felix Moses, friend of my youth, often a guest at my father's fireside in 'Stringtown on the Pike.' But the task you assign me is not easy nor altogether pleasant. I shall not be hasty. As evening hours permit me to think over the past

and leisurely write, I will sit here beneath the old clock and endeavor to make the record, often necessarily at midnight. I shall count upon you, old clock, to be a stimulating companion, reviving events long past, bringing to me the incidents of years gone, picturing to me faces from Memory's gallery, sounding again for me voices long since hushed. They will come as I once knew them. They shall live again for me as I listen. Through me they shall speak to you and others."

The guests made no reply, but turned to depart.

"Wait! Have we not forgotten something?" Inquiringly they paused.

"Before we separate shall we not remember our friend who so often sat with us about this table, our 'heel-tap' companion of many years? He, too, was a Kentucky boy—Leroy Brooks. Would that he were with us in the body to-night! Pause a moment. One sip in silence to his memory."

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PART FIRST

Introducing Felix Moses

"HE STOOD ALONE"

FELIX MOSES

CHAPTER I

Introducing Felix Moses

With carpetbag in hand and pack on back, many decades ago, a young man stood on the deck of a steamer that for only a moment touched the Kentucky shore above the village of Ghent, across from the hamlet known as Patriot, Indiana.

The steamer, bound for Cincinnati, loaded to the guards with molasses, sugar, turpentine, cotton, and resin, had slowly puffed her way up the reddish-yellow Mississippi from New Orleans into the not less muddy Ohio, where, at their junction, the two currents were seemingly hostile. Angrily they fought, gradually subsiding and commingling until at last, far down the stream, they became one in color.

Down the gangplank thrown to the shore the man shuffled. No other passenger alighted. He stood alone among the green willows, gazing abstractedly about. Without kinship or clanship, without acquaintance near or far, the representative of a great and an historic people, as his features unmistakably indicated, he stood watching the boat fade into the distance up the river, finally disappearing around a bend. Not until the steamer and the trail of smoke faded from view did he turn his face toward the Kentucky hills that overlooked the valley.

One can well imagine the sensation of loneliness that

came upon him. The steamer, his only friend for many days, had deserted him. It was somewhat as if a sheltering home had slipped away before the eyes of the one-time occupant, leaving him stranded, alone. So stood the young man, lately journeyed from a land beyond the sea, his present companions being only the thickets of willow and cottonwood—cosmopolitan trees—that throughout America wherever runs a stream, beckon a welcome to man, a shelter to bird or other living creature.

Then he turned his eyes to the mud road at his feet, if one may call tracks of horse and furrow of wagon a road. Hesitatingly he stepped into the trail destined to lead his steps inland. Not more muddy was it than similar roads of Kentucky to-day after a rain. The yellow clay of the hill he slowly climbed is as sticky now as then. Dust in summer, muck in winter, are these roads still.

Very heavy grew the feet of the traveler, who from time to time must needs stop and scrape away the balls of clay that weighted his shoes. As he advanced side paths branched to the right and to the left, breeding questionings and misgivings, as were evidenced by the frequent halting of his footsteps. Whither did they lead? Increasingly primitive became the surroundings as he climbed the hill and passed onward. Rail fences disappeared, clearings became fewer, the forest stretches between them longer. The narrow track he now followed that clung to a winding creek in order that it might reach the crest of the hill, needs no special description or attempted location. All that section of Kentucky abounds in creeks, side hills, and narrow valleys that, further south, as the Ohio River approaches the Mississippi, at the period depicted, were covered with virgin forests.

The young man pauses to pick up a stone, inspects it, and throws it away. Of only passing interest to him is a mass of fossil shells. No intrinsic value have they, though to the naturalist a single stone may tell the story of life that existed in eras of centuries long gone. Inland lakes, ocean waters, continents sunken and uplifted, creatures struggling in mud and ooze, a geologist's paradise, is the land he now treads.

A great hollow sycamore, the inside blackened by fire, now greets him as, grotesquely gnarled, it leans over the creek. Half its bed of matted roots, underwashed, hang over and shade a deep pool in which fishes and other water creatures abound. But neither the tree, which but recently—as sycamore trees count time—had sheltered Indians, nor the life in the pool interested him more than had the disregarded fossil.

As he passed around a bend in the creek a blue crane* stood before him, balanced on one leg, meditatively dreaming as only such water birds do. Is it asleep or awake? Down goes its head, to arise with a struggling fish in its bill. That is the answer. With spreading wings the ungainly bird flaps awkwardly, passing close to the head of the intruding observer. Babies must be fed, whether of man or nonhuman cannibal. Life contributes to life. The death of one creature brings support to its slayer in this passing onward of vitality from plant to animal and back again in its endless cycles.

Now a bird rises, smaller than the crane, but in color and form resembling it. An ungainly bird, that is named "Fly-up-the-creek," because after each food-seeking journey, skimming close to the water as it passes up the creek, it finally rises in the air and circles

*Popularly so called in Kentucky. In reality a heron.

back, to again, on its return journey, seek its water-bred prey. Here, too, babies must be fed, whether with minnows, crawfish, or small water snakes, matters little to the cannibal creature. No pity has the stronger for the weaker, which is also true of man when, in a hunting spirit, he seeks food or so-called sport. But enough of such scenes as came before this traveler who, like many others, gave them scant thought.

And yet he must have noted that the clearings became fewer as he moved onward; that the fringes of the sycamore, water maple, and water beach, overhanging the creek, edged closer to the unbroken forest that loomed behind; that the road, after mounting to the crest of the hill, entered a gloomy woodland, to disappear therein, where at last it dwindled to a bare path.

Before him now lay a dense forest into which the trail continued. He paused, evidently debating whether to go on or turn back. After a moment's hesitation he shuffled along. As he thus mistrustingly moved onward he finally came to an opening in the forest where neither plow nor ax seemed ever to have been employed. Deep herbage covered the area, even intruding into the path which, by reason of drooping masses of heavy grass, was now indistinct. But with him no question arose as to the "why" or the "wherefore" of this fenceless pasture, free from shrub or tree, set in the midst of surrounding wilderness. Apparently a blight had been laid on that one spot as though a forbidding voice had spoken, in obedience to which the trees had listened, shrunk, and disappeared. He raised his eyes to note the sun's position, then having crossed the "barren," he again entered the shadows where the path led on the other side.

As he progressed it became increasingly difficult to follow the winding trail through the forest. Hazel

bushes and other underbrush met over his head, scratching his face as he pushed through their tangles. Abruptly he stopped and listened. Surely a drum was beating intermittently at his right. Where drums beat there must be human life, and he now craved companionship, yet felt the need of caution. Laying pack and sack in the path, he warily climbed the sidehill from whence came the rythmic sound.

To his astonishment, he saw standing on a log a queer bird with bunched body and spread tail, beating time with its wings, resting a moment and then resuming the strange proceeding. During each interval of rest there came faintly to the man's ears a return beat that from afar seemed but a belated echo of the bird's muffled drum.

Turning to retrace his footsteps, leaving the bird to its curious enjoyment or employment, from the height on which he now stood there came in view a thread of blue smoke that, across the valley, crept lazily over the treetops in the direction in which the path led. "Where there is smoke," thought the traveler, "there must be a human being."

Just then his shoulder chanced to strike the stalk of a dried weed, the curved top of which stood even with his head. The blow produced a rattling noise much like that of a child's rattlebox. Very simple was the process Nature had taken to string the spike with a line of hard little pods, each containing seed that, when the stem was struck, caused the rattle.

An unexpected whisper in the ear to a person in absolute darkness* may be more startling than the expected noise of a cannon. The traveler had unconsciously begun to experience what is now called "nerve

*Assuming such a possibility.

strain." Starting to move toward his pack as he pushed through the underbrush, a louder rattle, quicker and more startling than that of the weed, arrested his uplifted foot. With an intuitive shudder he stopped, looking downward. A diamond-marked, mottled snake, with upraised tail and spitting tongue, lay coiled before him, its tail quivering and rattling as the head weaved slowly back and forth. A warning no person fails to heed is that rattle. For a moment neither snake nor man moved, then, still holding the eye of the man, the serpent slowly uncoiled and silently glided into the underbrush. Cautiously the wanderer resumed his way back to the pack, to continue the journey, leading—he knew not where.

After reaching the foot of the ridge he came to a great spring that gushed from beneath a rock that overhung the path. Bright and sparkling, rippling across the path, it expanded into a pool of clear water. The sight of the water reminded the traveler of his thirst. Removing his pack, he knelt and gratefully drank, then raised his head to meet the gaze of a tall, rough-looking man, almost a giant in stature, who stood beside a tree close to the pool, eyeing him intently. But he spoke no word.

Leaning upon a long gun, powder horn and bullet pouch suspended from his shoulders, the horn close to the left side, the bullet pouch on the other, he seemed a living statue, so immovable was he. Coarsely dressed, heavily bearded, hair untrimmed, his stern, somber face was marked by a deep red scar that crossed his entire right cheek. Surely he was not there when the traveler knelt. Now an outstretched hand could have touched him. As silently had he come as had slipped the snake from the path. Indeed, the startled thought of the

wanderer linked them together, though there was a marked distinction, in that the head of the man was steady, his downward gaze unwavering. Nor could a serpent-like tongue dart from those closely pressed lips. Yet as plainly did his eye warn the intruder of danger as had the rattle of the serpent. Countenances of some men breed antipathy, others fear, others repugnance. This man's face called forth all.

For a moment he stood gazing down into the upturned eyes of the traveler as though to read his very thoughts. Thus they peered at each other, the kneeling wanderer looking questioningly at the giant, whose fixed gaze spoke no sentiment other than warning. Then pointing to the pack on the ground, he motioned an order as clearly as if by word of command. The traveler arose and resumed his pack, then waited expectantly, still held by the gaze of the figure by the tree.

The man reached to the sycamore beside him, broke off a slab of bark, and with a lead bullet drew on it a rude outline which resembled nothing the traveler had ever known. Handing him the pictured slab, he slowly lifted his arm and pointed to the column of smoke. Plainly the motion said: "That is a message. Go." When the traveler raised his eyes from the bark the woodsman was gone.

With a feeling of uneasiness concerning the meaning of the curious pantomime, he slipped the piece of bark into his pocket and turned onward. A longing to escape the ever-thickening forest's wilds now possessed him. The encounter with the woodsman, as well as with the serpent, had oppressed him and he increasingly craved human companionship. There comes a time when depression follows protracted loneliness. Even the face of a person once disliked may be welcome. To the ship-

wrecked sailor the handclasp of an enemy cast beside him on a desert island becomes pleasurable. Our wanderer in the primitive Kentucky forest craved now to hear a human voice—any voice. He turned his steps toward the thread of blue smoke.

As he passed from behind a thick screen of trees there came abruptly to view on the opposite slope a sidehill clearing in the midst of which stood a small log house. It was very crude, the chief feature being an overgrown outside chimney nearly covering one end of the dwelling. From this chimney issued the blue smoke previously seen. A group of children playing in front of the house turned their eyes in wonderment upon the man slowly climbing the hillside. Seldom had any traveler come their way, never one with as strange a face as that of the man who now stood smiling before them. The high cheek bones, deeply sunken eyes overshadowed by heavy black brows, short mustache and straggling beard, gave an aspect different from any these children had seen. Most striking of all was the nose that dominated the entire face. And yet in the accompanying smile, the countenance as a whole, there was something very attractive, even fascinating.

The children slowly backed toward the door of the cabin, though shy smiles half welcomed the visitor. Then, influenced by sudden impulse, the eldest child hesitatingly turned, paused for a moment, looking up into the man's face, then with timidly outstretched hand advanced to meet him.

"Dinnah is mos' ready," she said.

At the sound of her voice a man appeared in the doorway. He was a giant in size, ungainly perhaps, as was the typical bacon and hominy-fed Kentuckian. He manifested no surprise at the visitor's presence, but welcomed him cordially, as had the child.

"Strangah, yo' air jest in time fo' dinnah. Come in."

For the first time that foreign-born and reared traveler entered a Kentucky pioneer's home, where no word of apology was offered for what was present or excuse for what was lacking therein. The table's fare was always gladly shared, however scanty. Lack of cordiality for any person at meal time was unknown. Food may have been limited in variety, but the welcome was never stinted.

The puncheon-floored room was bare of furniture, save a bed, with trundle bed beneath, a rude table, and a few homemade chairs that, with their hickory splint bottoms, were not less primitive. A crude cupboard was empty, the table being now set with its few dishes for the noonday meal. In one corner stood a few guns of different lengths and caliber. One in particular caught the guest's eye, the barrel thick as a man's wrist, the bore scarcely larger than a lead pencil. Seeing his eyes rest upon it, the woodsman said:

"We hev bar in these hills an' deah an' turkeys heah-bouts. Thet big one's the bar gun. Put down yo' load, strangah, and draw up. Dinnah's ready."

The man, who had entered bowing and smiling and murmuring a greeting, now bowed again as, with his ever-present smile, he said simply, "I t'anks you."

"Pap," the child spoke, wishing to have a part in the conversation, "thet bar gun's fer old deaf Tim, too, ef he comes nigh us."

"He ain't likely to evah set foot ag'in in this clearin'," was the reply.

The apparition of the silent man at the pool came to the mind of the wanderer. He spoke again with an accent so foreign that the holder of this pen hesitates to attempt to reproduce it.

"A man I meets pointed to this house."

Apparently without concern the host asked, "What did he say?"

"Noddings."

"What did he look like?"

"He was a beeg man mit lots of hairs on his face—vhiskers."

"Did he hev a scah jest undah his right eye?"

"Ya," nodding his head.

"An' he looked toward this clearin'?"

"Ya."

Turning to the collection of guns, the host took the "bar gun" and stepped to the open door.

"Strangah, see thet bird on top ov the dead tree crosst the field?"

"Ya."

The man raised the gun, took sight, touched the hair trigger. As the gun cracked the distant bird fell.

"Jest wanted ter put in a fresh load an' see ef my hand wah in."

"Suah thet wah all pap?" inquired a woman, stooping over the open fireplace.

"Thet's fer deaf an' dumb Tim ter quiz ovah," he answered. "He knows I don't waste no bullets ov this gun on no birds."

After reloading the gun, instead of replacing it with the others he stood it close at hand behind his chair. Turning to his guest, he asked, "An' didn't he do nothin' but look at yo' an' pint his fingah at this cabin?"

The question brought to mind the curious drawing on the piece of bark. Handing it to his host, the stranger said, "He gives me dot picture."

As the man studied it the stern lines deepened in his face. "Yes," he said half to himself, "Tim ain't no

deafer'n me. He's made a vow thet he won't speak 'till he gits me. When he wants ter heah he suah kin heah. Tim's a sneak." Raising his voice, he continued: "I tell yo', wife, Tim's a sneak er he'd come out in the open. Who knows whar he keeps hisself day er night? When I go out ter the 'backer patch er the cohn field ter work, I hev ter carry thet gun with me. But what's the use of takin' a bar gun ter hunt a rattlesnake? Ef I knowed whar he lived I'd tree him quick an' hev a talk an' mebbe a fight ter the end. But he ain't got no fambly ner no home. Nobody knows whar he sleeps er ef he sleeps."

"I 'lows yo'd find him ef yo'd put the dog in his tracks," replied his wife.

"Then the dog'd git the bullet. I don't ask no dog ter take my bullet. What did I evah do ter spite him, anyhow, I axes."

"Yo' didn't hev ter do nothin' ter spite him, but jest ter jine the Fullerite Baptist Church. He's got a spell an' he hates them missionary Baptists wusser'n he does the Jews."

At these words the visitor glanced quickly at the woman.

"Hates the Jew peoples?" he questioned.

"He suah does."

"Vy does he hate dem?" His tone had a note of plaintive weariness.

"Because the Jews killed Jesus Christ."

"Vas Jesus a bad man?"

Startled and astonished, the woman answered reverently: "He wah the best man thet evah lived. He wah the Son of God."

In a very respectful tone he replied, "Jesus vas a good Jew, I tinks."

Silence followed this astounding statement as both man and woman stood staring strangely at their visitor, who was no less astonished than they. To hear the Jews berated in the land from which he came was familiar to his ears, but here in the wilds of America, a "free country," to find the prejudice wickedly transplanted was indeed a blow.

Then the man of the house, ignoring the turn the conversation had taken, spoke: "Tim ner none ov us nevah saw no Jews. All we knows about them is what the preachahs tells us an' what we reads in the Bible, which ain't much thet we kin undahstand. Tim wants ter kill 'em kase the Good Book says they crucified Christ."

The woman now addressed her husband: "Peahs ter me thar's people thet ain't Jews thet kills people they hates. Mebbe thar's Jews thet ain't bad people. Them Jews thet didn't kill Christ nevah did Tim no moah harm than yo' did. He's been wantin' ter kill yo' ef he kin git yo' out ter do it. He's safe when it comes ter killin' Jews, fer no one heah'bouts evah seen no Jew ter kill."

"Pahdnah," said the man, turning to the guest, "mebbe it's bettah fer Tim ter ketch the coon befo' he skins him. Tain't likely he'll evah ketch a Jew. It'll be a suah fight, though, when him an' me gits tergethah. P'raps thar'll be nothin' left ov him ter hunt Jews with. Leastways thet's my 'pinion. Let me see thet bark picture agin." Studying it a moment, he handed it back, observing as he did so, "Childern, yo'uns must play back ov the house 'till I tell yo' ter come front agin."

CHAPTER II

The Discourteous Guest

THE discussion having ended, the traveler's glance fell on the table, at which a chair had been placed for each member of the family, an extra one being crowded in for the guest. As concerns food, there was none. Obeying the request, he reluctantly seated himself at the right of his host. A vacant chair fronted the great fireplace, where knelt the busy woman, now intent upon her task of serving the meal. Apparently the incident of Tim and the Jew had passed as trivial subjects.

Before her on the hearth stood a three-legged iron kettle. The edge of its cover was upturned, the entire top being heaped with glowing coals, which she slowly fanned with a dried pressed turkey wing. A pile of hot ashes lay on the hearth by its side. Other than this, two large pewter platters were the only indications that a dinner was expected.

Brushing the coals from the top of the kettle, she removed the lid by means of a hooked iron rod. Then with a long crudely made iron fork she deftly poured the contents of the kettle into one of the platters. The viands set before a king were never better cooked than was the heaped pile of chicken on that platter. When the cover was lifted the rich aroma would have challenged a person without appetite. To this tired, famished guest it must have strongly appealed.

The woman then removed the ashes from the pile on the hearth, exposing a layer of curious oval-shaped objects imbedded beneath. Blowing away the ashes as

she drew them out, she removed from each object the encasing green corn husks, exposing within a loaf of corn bread about the size of her hand. Again there came an aroma, blending with the other, as irresistible perhaps as any that had ever come to that hungry European.

Seating herself in the vacant chair, the woman bowed her head, as did each child at the table, the guest likewise, while the host asked a blessing upon that meal. Very simply expressed was the thanksgiving for God's bountifulness, with an earnest plea for continued blessings.

The woman arose and brought the platter of chicken, offering it first to the guest, as was the custom of backwoods Kentuckians honoring the visitor. Lifting his eyes to her face, he murmured "I t'anks you," while he shook his head. His eyes fell beneath her look of surprise as, without comment, she passed around the table, serving each a choice portion. The man of the house, who had not ceased to gaze at the stranger, made no remark. Never before had a guest at their table refused to join them in a dinner. Even though a helping remained uneaten on the plate, politeness required that a portion be taken. Finally he spoke:

"Sorry, friend, thet yo' hev lost yo' appetite."

There was no reply; only a smile, though a degree of embarrassment was evident in his manner. The woman then passed the platter of bread and, as with the other dish, first to the guest. Raising his eyes, he again shook his head. The woman turned away, serving her husband and children, while the husband's puzzled look questioned the face of the man. In his own home and at his own family dinner table displeasure with a guest, however felt, could not be voiced. As the family pro-

ceeded with the savory dinner, the host, disregarding the guest's empty plate, began conversation:

"Hev yo' traveled fur to-day, strangah?"

"I comes from the river."

"P'raps yo' hed et a snack on the way."

The guest, wondering over the meaning of "snack," shook his head as he replied, "I eats noddings since last night."

"Air yo' sick?"

Again the traveler shook his head as he said, "No, I bees vell."

"Hev yo' fur ter go?"

The question thus abruptly put was a surprise, the answer not less so:

"I yust go on."

"Hev yo' no friends 'bout heah?" The reply was another shake of the head.

"Pahdnah, spite ov yo' pleasant face, I lows yo' must hev a sufferin' misery er somethin' thet is givin' yo' pain. If yo'll rest with us fer a day or so p'raps yo' appetite'll come back an' yo'll feel mo' peart. I'll kill a young squirrel fer yo' suppah. Thar air turkeys in the woods an' I'll git one fer yo' dinnah termorrah." Interrupting the speaker, the woman pointed to the gun as she spoke with a note of anxiety in her voice.

"Don't yo' fergit thet Tim is waitin' fer yo' an' thet yo' bettah be watchin' fer him. Thet gun ain't fer no squirrels, an' ef yo' spects ter git back alive yo've got ter take it ef yo' goes out."

Ignoring the interruption, the man continued: "Wife'll grabble an' bake yo' a sweet pertatah fer suppah. Them cohn pones air too coarse fer a feller thet's got a misery."

The guest shook his head. "I vas all right—it vas goot. I aindt sick."

"Fer Gawd's sake, man—" With sentence unfinished, he suddenly turned the conversation to more trivial matters. When the dinner was ended not a morsel had passed the lips of the visitor nor had he taken a sip from the tin cup the host filled from a jug.

"Et'll make yo' feel like eatin' somethin'," he said genially, "fer it suah am inspirin' ter the haht. Ovah a year old, 'stilled from white cohn, fresh ground. Sich lickah es this soothens the ache an' brings joy ter the haht ov a man. Bettah try a nip, friend." But, as before, there came a silent negative.

"I moost go on." As he spoke he took from his pocket a well-worn wallet, but before it could be opened the host grasped his wrist.

"Pahdnah, no man thet evah set at this table evah paid anything, fer nobody but a friend evah sets with my fambly at dinnah. We'uns'll be pleased ef you puts thet wallet back. Ef yo'll stop ovah I'll git thet squirrel fer yo', thet is," looking at his wife, "ef Tim don't git me."

"It's pow'ful strange what yo' an' Tim hes got agin each othah," she replied. "Yo' used ter be thick es peas in a pod, eatin' at the same table, fishin' in the same hole ov the creek, huntin' turkeys an' bars an' deahs in these hills. Yeahs ago when that ol' bar ketched Tim an' wah huggin him ter death an' clawin' his face, yo' rushed in, riskin' yo' life, ter stab that crittah ter death. Yo' tended Tim 'till he wah able ter walk agin. Yo' brung him ter this very room an' we fed an' keered fer him 'till he wah well. Thet's what we did. Now yo' air aimin' ter put a bullet in him an' he's a-watchin' ter deaden yo'. Pow'ful strange what's

come ovah yo' two men." Then timidly, half fearfully, she added, "It don't seem ter me right," and gaining courage, she expressed what was apparently a long-repressed thought: "It jest ain't Christian-like."

Though the man's face was stern, his voice was more gentle as he said: "Wife, thar ain't nothin' cur'us 'bout it. Tim's swohn a spell agin me, an' ef I don't git him he'll git me. Them facts yo' jest told es the reason, I 'low. Ef we'd been strangahs he wouldn't hev keered what meetin' house I went ter. I says et ain't nobody's business what I believes 'bout Gawd er His ways. Tim's gone plum crazy."

"He ain't no crazier in this than yo'," was the dejected answer.

As she talked the woman had been scraping the dishes, putting the scraps of bread and chicken bones in a dish. Without a word, she handed it to the little girl, who needed no instruction concerning its destination. As she took the dish she looked up at the guest and said, "Please, Mistah, wouldn't yo' like ter see Wolf when I feed him?" She took his hand as he smilingly turned to accompany her, picking up his hat as he went.

"Bettah look out," said the father. "Thet dawg's mighty cross with strangahs. He'll snap yo' quicker'n lightnin'."

The girl led him to a spot around the corner of the cabin in the rear, where, beneath a trellis of wild vines, lay a big, lank dog with nose between his forepaws, which rested on a little hillock, marked by a board at each end. No movement did the dog make, as he lifted his eyes to the visitor, other than a wag of his tail.

"Yo' kin feed him, Mistah." The girl placed the dish in his hands. He hesitated a moment, realizing

that he stood over the grave of a child. Without removing his hat, he stood with bowed head, his lips moving as he recited the prayer for the dead. Then he held the pan down to the dog, who eagerly lapped the crumbs and crushed the bones in his massive jaws. Meantime the children busied themselves in picking small weeds from the little mound, softly humming a childish melody, the words of which were indistinct. The traveler now noticed, as he read the inscription on the larger of the two boards, that the mound was planted with wild flowers, some of which were yet blooming. The crude letters read:

OUR DARLING

Instinctively his eyes turned to the little girl, who answered his unspoken question.

"God tooken little brother. Pap says thet some day mebbe he'll hev money to buy a place in the big graveyard an' put up a sure 'nough stone with little brother's name on it, but we childern don't want him tooken away, ner Wolf don't, neither. Thet's why he watches."

The lank dog, having finished the last crumb, now stood gazing at the man, then stepped around the hillock. Rising on his hind legs, he placed his forepaws on the man's shoulders, uttering a low whine as he did so. With his tongue he licked each cheek, then dropped back to his position by the little grave.

"Wah he cross, strangah?" the man inquired as they entered the cabin. The girl answered for him with evident satisfaction, "Wolf kissed him on both cheeks, Pap."

"Yo' suah run a risk with thet beast, but he's yo' friend now, er he wouldn't-a kissed yo', an' he's got yo' scent, too. Ef evah he wants ter trail yo' nothin' in these woods kin stop him from findin' yo'."

"Yo' seen our baby's grave," interjected the mother, wishing to talk of a subject near to her heart. "He wah the sweetest little one, jest two years old when God tooken him. Thet dawg Wolf hed nevah let him outen his sight. All day long he went with him as he toddled 'bout an' ov nights he laid on the floah by his crib. But baby sickened and God tooken him from us."

The woman wiped tears from her eyes, the children were gently crying, the man's head dropped with mournful recollection. But the face of the traveler bore its accustomed smile. As the woman abruptly sank into a chair and covered her face with her apron, the man resumed:

"Wolf nevah leaves thet place lessen he's called. Guess he's waitin' ter go ter the dawg's heaven."

The woman arose, took one of the pones from the hearth, split it, put several choice pieces of chicken between the halves, wrapped the sandwich in a large cabbage leaf, tied it well with a pawpaw-bark strip, and handed it to the guest.

"Yo' might hev a comin' appetite."

The man took the sandwich, murmuring his thanks. Then he opened his pack and from it took three pretty toys, handing one to each of the wondering children. His first business transaction in Kentucky was to bring happiness to the little ones. These were their first "store" toys.

Next, a red-and-white silk bandanna handkerchief of a quality superior to any the woodsman had ever seen was handed to the father. After which came the offering to the mother, the greatest surprise of all, a fine mohair half shawl or cape, such as well-to-do ladies then aspired to own. For a moment speech forsook them at sight of such grandeur. Fingering the garment

with a touch which showed she feared she might injure the fabric, the mother smoothed it a moment, then handed it back.

"Sich es this ain't fer the likes ov me. It'd make me worldly proud. The Good Book says 'the Lord hateth a proud look.' Thet shawl would set me up too high; 'sides, it must hev cost a lot ov money, an' I don't see no way ov payin' yo'."

Intuitively the host seemed to understand as he caught the troubled look that almost banished the smile of the strange-tongued man, who hesitatingly groped for words of reply. He had found friends. He wanted to do something for them.

"Friend, mebbe I kin do somethin' fer yo'. Mebbe yo'll locate 'round heah. When the time comes I'm yo' man. Yo' kin keep the shawl, wife. Ef we kain't pay him in money, we kin in thanks. Kain't I staht yo' through the woods ter whar yo're goin'? I knows nigh onter every foot ov Boone County, but some pahts I don't often git inter."

The traveler smiled his satisfaction at the acceptance of the proffered gift, but absent-mindedly seemed not to hear the man's offer as he placed the sandwich in the pack. As he resumed his load he smilingly touched his hat, bowed again and again to his host and hostess and to the children, then lifted the carpet sack and turned away, following a narrow path that led past the cabin up the hillside towards—he knew not what. As he moved slowly onward, the voice of the little girl called after him, "Please come agin, Mistah."

Through a tobacco patch and a small cornfield ran the ascending path. With lagging steps he climbed the hill, which became steeper as he progressed. Seemingly the load grew heavier as the sun, now turning toward

the west, beamed upon him with increasing heat. Reaching the timber line where the forest met the cultivated ground, he placed his pack on the ground, seated himself on a log beneath the shade of a large tree, the shaggy barked trunk of which he leaned against. To the traveler the shaggy bark, in slabs almost as large as shingles, that clothed the tree from ground to limb, was more of a curiosity than that of any tree he had yet seen. He arose and stepped around it, then wonderingly endeavored to pull off a slab of the bark. Failing in this, he again seated himself, rested a few minutes longer, then arose to continue his journey. Below him sloped the sidehill clearing and the cabin he had left, but no children now played about the door. Before him the path entered the virgin forest. The gigantic shag-bark hickory stood as a sentinel marking the point where the oncoming touch of civilization's desecrating finger ceased.

As he turned to pass the curious tree he found himself again facing the bewhiskered giant who had so mysteriously appeared beside the pool of water. Raising his arm, he pointed to the far-away dead tree from which, under the markmanship of the owner of that great gun, the distant bird had dropped. On its topmost snag another bird was now perched, resting in the sunshine.

Without a word he raised his gun, apparently a mate to that used by the man in the cabin. There came a puff of smoke, the crack of the gun, and the bird fluttered down exactly as had the other. Scarcely a second it seemed that the wondering traveler looked after it struck the ground, but when he turned to the man who had fired the shot his place was vacant.

Somewhat as a person, awaking, may catch snatches

of a veiled, fast-fading dream, so to the traveler came some comprehension of the fact that the movements of the two men were part of a story of which the beginning was in the past. The man in the cabin who first exhibited his expertness had challenged the other, who was now answering in a manner understood and accepted. Nor could he resist the thought that he was unintentionally taking a part in the life story of these two men. With this impression upon him he took from his pocket the slab of sycamore bark on which was penciled the drawing of the man called "Tim," but its rude outlines to him meant nothing. After a moment's scrutiny he replaced it.

* * *

Onward through thickets, woodlands, and clearings of primitive Kentucky he passed. Here a curious tree from which drooped bunches of long, cylindrical, cigar-shaped beans,[1] there another bearing short, chunky pods[2] containing black oval seeds. Just then from another tree, out of a hole not far from his head, a quizzical face peeped. The man stood very still, and the creature cautiously drew itself out of its retreat, a mother with a string of babies resting on her back, their little tails coiled around that of the parent, which was turned over her back. Thus they clung as the young family rode away.[3] Now he came to a tree bearing bunches of curious fruit, large as a kidney and shaped likewise. These fruits he examined a moment, finding as he broke one that it was filled with great seeds, each reminding of a black beetle.[4] Then came the greatest curiosity of all. A tree with trunk and branches thickly covered with interlacing thorns grouped into bunches.

[1] Ailanthus.
[2] Kentucky coffee nut.
[3] Opossum.
[4] Papaw.

Squirrel could not climb nor bird alight on that tree. The thorns were sharp as needles and close together as though to give protection to branch and trunk.[1] Warped pods, curiously twisted, hung from its limbs. Casting his eyes downward, he was startled to see in the leaves at his feet what appeared to be the eyeball of an animal. Removed from its socket, it lay, with pupil large and staring.[2] With a second glance he stepped over it and passed on.

As the afternoon wore away, his lagging footsteps moved more slowly until, on the crest of a hill that had been cleared for a crop, he stood facing the sun. Beyond a heavily wooded valley it slowly sank toward a distant ridge.

Removing his pack, he opened it and took out the sandwich, but did not remove its cabbage-leaf covering. Seated on the ground beside his carpet sack, his head dropped in utter weariness. He opened his vest and thrust his hand into the opening of his shirt until it rested on one of the "Four Corners" of his Arba kanfoth, in which was enclosed the bit of parchment carrying the prayer his mother had taught him in the long ago. Half aloud he murmured the words, then his head dropped until finally it rested on the pack by his side and he slept soundly.

[1] Honey locust. [2] Buckeye.

CHAPTER III

His Was No Empty Dream

DREAMS recalling scenes and events of childhood rise as realities before an old man who muses over times gone by. Almost as vivid are they as occurrences of yesterday. The impress of a great sorrow makes on the heart a wound more lasting than does the mark of a knife on the flesh. Anguish of spirit may last through life; materialistic wounds eventually heal; even their scars may fade away.

In dreams time ceases to be as it is known in waking hours. As one's mentality (by whatever name it may be called) is released from the here, the heretofore wedges itself again into being. Perhaps a single throb of the heart, one beat of the pulse, may to a dreamer cover the happenings of years or speculative centuries of sun-governed time. Legend, book-lore, and personal experience are so intertwined as to make the dreamer actively a part of it all. The unreal becomes normal. Surprise is no longer possible. That which to waking thought would be fantastic, preposterous, impossible, is by the dreamer accepted as a matter of course. He may find himself a participant in events prehistoric, in which grotesque forms of gigantic reptiles that then lived to plague his ancestors rise to confront him as naturally as do creatures that now exist about him. A book text relating to the far-distant past may breed a dream, if dream it be, in which imagination's fantasies seem as natural as are everyday experiences. Laying down a book describing a beast he has never seen, he closes his

eyes and falls into so-called sleep, to instantly meet that creature in the flesh. Having lost control of his mental balance as well as his physical self, he passes instantly from a scene of joy, to lie quivering with fright at an imaginative horror. Thus nightmares are bred. From such an illusion the sufferer may awake with a scream or may never revive. He lies helpless, unable to move. Death stares him in the face.

But dreams are not all somber, not all terrifying. There are bright scenes and happy events in dreamland's domain. The home of youthful days, the faces of loving mother, father, brothers, sisters, boyhood friends and companions, all come as they were in times past. Holy memories only are they during waking hours, but in the land of dreams they revive as present realities. Childish joys are once more the old man's portion. But to some persons there were no joys of childhood.

Our weary traveler in the strange Kentucky land, afar from childhood's scenes, resting his head upon his pack as sleep overcame him, was transported back instantly almost to his life's beginning. His was no empty dream due to imagination or hallucinations bred of a horrible book story or from mental disorder. A resuscitation was it of life as he knew it, revived, perhaps, by the incident in the Kentucky cabin, where he had been told that the man who had never seen a Jew sought as a retributive deed the slaying of a Jew! Though asleep in a Kentucky forest, he became once more a little child in a far-off land across the sea.

To his vision came first the mother, whose sacrifice for him, her first-born, could never be forgotten. From her he learned to prattle words that at the time meant nothing. Without comprehension of their import, he had nightly repeated after her the words of the prayer

she so patiently taught. Each night before his eyes closed in sleep he had been drilled until he could repeat it all, word for word. In his dream she again came to his bedside, carrying a bit of parchment on which was written the evening prayer. The scribe of the synagogue, at her earnest request, had written it for her on this scrap of parchment. The child watched her as she took the little talith which had been but lately made for him by Great-aunt Naomi, and placed in one of its four pockets the folded parchment, to be kept by him as a mother's gift.

Never once through the years had he failed at night to repeat those words spoken by his martyred mother. Sacred was her memory as in this foreign land he felt once more her good-night kiss.

Then came to his vision the home of his childhood, a single room in a great building, much like others close about it. In rows these buildings fronted a narrow street, in itself a mere passageway, packed in daytime with people ever moving to and fro. Their building was entered from the street by a narrow door opening into a stairway scarce wide enough to permit his mother to lead him by the hand. Even in daylight the hall was quite dark if the doors were closed. There were several turns and angles in the hallway, side passages opened into it, all bordered by rows of doors, each the entrance to a home like his own. Many were the children, pale-faced and puny, housed in these close rooms. Seldom did they see a ray of sunshine. Seldom were they entirely free from hunger.

In their one only room of that beehive stood two narrow, rude beds; a small table; a cupboard that held their few dishes; a miniature stove and a dark closet, where hung the few spare garments of the family, which

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְיָ אֶחָד:

בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד:

ווען מען זאגט דאס גרויס שמע ישראל, דעקט מען מיט דער רעכטער האנט די אויגן, כדי ניט צו זען קיין זאך וואס קען אפלייטן דעם מחשבה פון דער תפלה:

מען זאל זיך אפילו ניט אויפהאלטן בשום זאך ביז מען וועט ניט זאגן דעם פסוק: ברוך שם כבוד מלכותו לעולם ועד:

מען זאל ניט זאגן קיין ווארט אין דער תפלה, ווי לאנג מען וועט ניט זאגן דעם פסוק: ברוך שם כבוד מלכותו לעולם ועד:

מען זאל ניט זאגן קיין ווארט אין דער תפלה, ווי לאנג מען וועט ניט זאגן דעם פסוק: ברוך שם כבוד מלכותו לעולם ועד:

מען זאל ניט זאגן קיין ווארט אין דער תפלה, ווי לאנג מען וועט ניט זאגן דעם פסוק: ברוך שם כבוד מלכותו לעולם ועד:

consisted of his parents, a baby brother, and the old great-aunt, who by choice slept beside his bed on a pallet.

But in this frugal home was to be found family devotion, love, and affection such as perhaps only come where privation and persecution rule. Here, where the heart turned to hopeful religion as its chief solace, where a whole people in united lives lean upon a universal ideal founded on an historic past, their greatest heirloom, lived little Felix Moses. He knew no other life than a poverty-burdened home, but was blessed with the greatest of all riches—a religious mother's devoted love and care.

When but a small child Felix had learned, as had other children of his class and kin, that, widely separated from themselves, lived a people whom his parents greatly feared. He knew that he was not permitted to enter any street where these people walked, that if their children chased him he must run to his home, that if caught he would be beaten. At the end of the narrow street in which he lived opened a great park, in which grew trees and blossoming flowers, but he was forbidden to touch a leaf or flower or to sit beneath the shade. Only when accompanied by his mother, he might stand for a few moments at the entrance and look into this forbidden land.

Just why this was so he could not understand. Once, venturing to ask his mother why he must stay on the brick or stone pavements or play in the narrow alleys and crooked streets without sidewalks, why he could not go into the beautiful grounds where the sun shone and the flowers bloomed, she had put her hand over his lips in sudden fear as she looked about. Hesitating to speak aloud, she whispered: "Hush! You

must not go there; you must keep out." Then she suddenly took him in her arms and as if affrighted ran back to climb the narrow stairs that led to the one room he knew as home.

The incentive that leads a child to venture to intrude into forbidden places is by some persons ascribed to natural depravity, by others to an inquiring mind. Be that as it may, this child, perhaps five years of age, watching his chance, one day slyly slipped from his home, ran down the stairs to the street, and found his way to the forbidden park. In he rushed, gazed about a bit in childish wonderment, then rolled on the grass in utter delight, singing a little Yiddish song, romping on and on.

When his mother noted his absence she sought the street, questioning neighbors she met, one of whom had seen the boy near the Ghetto's limiting boundary. Fearfully she paused there for a moment. To invade that forbidden ground meant she knew not what. Trespassers told awful tales of their experiences. Some had never returned. But where a child is concerned a mother loses fear for herself and has no regard for tradition. Her searching eyes were arrested by the sight of a band of children in the distance, chasing a child—her child. Now they had caught him and were brutally striking him as he vainly tried to escape. Regardless of rules, she rushed over the boundary, on to the bunch of hoodlums, ruthlessly scattering them, forgetful for the time of whom they were. Raising her child, whose bleeding face and torn clothing so piteously appealed, she started back toward the Jewish quarters, "the home of Jewish misery." But the cry had been raised:

"The Jews are out! The Jews are escaping!"

Immediately a tall man of vicious countenance

mounted a table in the park, shouting in a loud voice: "Death to the ill-omened sorcerers! One of our children has just been stolen! To-night its blood will be a sacrifice on the altar of the synagogue!"

Inflamed by this, as well as by other fast-following cries not less fanatical, the mob rapidly forming, increasing as it moved, swept toward the Jewish quarters. They rushed into the narrow streets of the Ghetto, tramping ruthlessly over all they met. No child was too small, no pleading woman too feeble to be excepted. To have resisted, a strong man must needs have been armed. In all the Ghetto there was no weapon or arms.

Mobs, regardless of country or race, listen to no word of reason. To the fanatic no counsel of temperance appeals. When law is engulfed in unbridled passion, all instincts of humanity seem overwhelmed. This has been found true when the utmost efforts of officials are centered on quieting the turbulent torrents of human violence. Mobs are blinded, unbalanced, unrestrainable. That mob in the Ghetto met no restraining effort, but was led by officials in power who wore the uniform of the law.

* * *

With beaten and bleeding child clasped to her breast, the mother fled through the street, followed closely by an officer, who stopped instantly as she passed into the dark hallway, slamming the door behind her. The howling mob of crazed bigots increased, but the officer stood guard at the door, taking no part in the melée other than might a disinterested observer of an affair that was to him of little concern. Had he not caged his prey? There was no escape. There was no need for haste. The stolen child as well as the thief was in his power, but he might need companions before

venturing to invade that "den of infidels." As he thus stood, a fleeing man, scarcely looking at the officer, turned to enter the door, only to find his neck grasped by the strong hand of the man in uniform. Quivering, he sank limply upon the step.

"It is my home, my home," he muttered.

"Which floor?"

"Third."

"What is your name?"

"Samuel Moses, son of Felix."

"What room?"

"Front."

"Go in, but remember: if you have lied or if you live in the room with the woman who stole that child, it will go hard with you. Go!" He opened the door. The cringing man crept through it like a frightened animal.

Throughout the street from all sides now sounded cries and shrieks. Groans and pleadings of the wounded, mingled with the oaths of the rabble, assaulted the ear and horrified the eye. But the officer at the door, awaiting his superior and others of the guard, stood silently with pistol in one hand and club in the other. At last came the "guardians" of the Ghetto. A few words of explanation, then in a body they entered the hallway.

To the ears of the frightened family in the little room came the tramp, tramp, tramp of heavy feet, climbing the stairs with military precision. Shudderingly they huddled together, father, mother, children, all but the old aunt, who, unnoticed, had slipped into the closet.

"Open the door in the name of the law or we will break it down!" With scarcely a moment's wait, the shoulders of the officers crushed against the door and

"WITH HER BABY IN HER ARMS, THE FRIGHTENED LITTLE BOY CLINGING TO HER SIDE, THE MOTHER STOOD ERECT."

the group of "Guardians of the Ghetto" entered. The father shrank helpless upon knees that doubled beneath him. He seemed but a bundle of rags, a dummy in human form. With her baby in her arms, the frightened little boy clinging to her side, the mother stood erect, white-faced, staring at the intruders. Her plea for mercy needed no words. Striking the man with the butt of a great whip, the officer kicked him aside and faced the woman.

"Where is the stolen child?"

She shook her head. "These are my children," she said. "I stole no child."

Grasping her by the arm, he brought the heavy whip down upon her tender shoulders, cutting through the worn dress into the flesh. Stifling the moan the cruel lash involuntarily forced from her white lips, though she staggered for a moment under the barbarous stroke, she yet held herself upright. Fortified by her faith, that helpless mother faced the band of fanatics.

"Grab the brat! That will make her talk." Numb with terror, she hugged the baby more closely, but in vain. Tearing it from her arms, the man said, "If you do not tell where you have hidden the stolen child, your children will be killed before your eyes." Then overwhelming passion as a flood swept over him. He turned and threw the baby against the window with such force that, with crashing glass, the small body went down into the street to join the human wreckage. Next, the brute grasped the boy, throwing him into a corner of the room, where he lay quivering with wide, terrified eyes fixed on the scene before him.

"Search the room. Open that closet door."

Hidden in the darkness, the old woman lay bunched in a corner, with no resemblance to human form. The

officer gave the bundle a kick. She flinched no more than would a pile of rags. Pulling down the garments, he dropped them upon her, thus unintentionally covering her from sight.

"The closet is empty," he reported.

Brutes were they all, fanatics whose creed was vengeance. To them the law was a terror, they were its instruments, torture was their chief weapon.

Then it was that the cowering man who, through years of subjugation, had become a mere slave, arose and took his stand by his wife. The privilege of going where she went, to suffer as she suffered, to sacrifice with her for their God and their faith, was his. The drooping stoop of his shoulders was changed in an instant to erectness. The trembling muscles stiffened, the quaking knees ceased to tremble, the face assumed a firmness almost of defiance, as, throwing one arm about his wife, he spoke:

"We go together to the slaughter." Samuel Moses, son of Felix, had become a man.

The leader appeared to hesitate for a moment, then turned to his men with quick command.

"Bind their hands. To the torture with them!" The tightened cords sank deeply into the flesh of the wrists of both.

The mother's eyes turned warily toward the child in the corner, but the mother love, craving for a touch of the little son, was subdued by fear for him. To have begged that once more she might clasp him in her arms would have meant his death. Silently, in utter hopelessness, they moved from the room, obedient to the lash of the whip that brought no cry from either.

The boy lay motionless in the corner, face blanched, eyes fixed, staring silently at it all, petrified with fear.

Perhaps even to that little child came the realization that a cry, a deep breath, might mean betrayal. Taking in all the horror of the scene that passed before his childish eyes, the boy scarcely breathed. He lay motionless until the room was vacated. Then repeating to himself the little prayer learned by rote from his mother, the staring eyes closed and he sank into insensibility.

In prosperity God may be forgotten. In adversity the heart turns hopefully to the great Giver of all good. Luxury tends to breed forgetulness of all but self. Persecution or sorrow turns thought to one's helplessness in the struggle of life. This is true of nations as well as of individuals. Are not luxury and idleness the seeds of destruction?

The suffering of generations had welded the people of the Ghetto into dependence upon the living God, the God of their fathers. With one accord this persecuted people now turned to that most sacred edifice, their synagogue, crushing as a mass into the sanctuary. The story of their fate need not be related here. Does not history record the harrowing tale? Our interest lies with the child thrown into the corner.

When all was still the closet door slowly opened. As the old aunt cautiously peered into the empty room her eyes turned to the child in the corner. Slipping across the floor, she raised him in her arms and wrapped him in a shawl. Laying him down for a few minutes, she hastily made a bundle of a few scanty belongings, secured a bit of hidden wealth, took such food as she found, and again lifting the child in her withered arms, stealthily slipped down the stairs and into the awful wreckage of the now deserted street, over which approaching night hovered. She could not go toward the synagogue, for guards surrounded it. Observing this,

she turned countryward and rapidly fled from the scene of rapine and murder. But she was not altogether hopeless or helpless, although her mind was numbed with the weight of tragedy that had fallen upon her. Well did she know her way to another city, where people of her own faith lived in another Ghetto.

Just then there burst forth a terrific upheaval that bespoke even greater horrors. Terrified, she looked backward. Crackling flames and heavy smoke were rising ominously over that part of the city where the synagogue stood.

Imagine that fugitive surrounded by the darkness of night, gazing back toward the home where once were all she loved in the world, save the child in her arms and the one to whom she journeyed. Imagine her terror as there came to her ears the roar of increasing flames, accompanied by shooting tongues of fire now playing through the dense smoke much as lightning flashes in and out of a black cloud. Spreading quickly over and above the Ghetto, the devouring mushroom of destruction overhung it all. The gigantic stem resting in the spot where stood the synagogue in which were crowded her loved ones, her friends and neighbors. With a moan she sank upon the earth. For a brief space faintness possessed her, but not for long did she give way to her emotions. She had a task to perform. Rising, with the child in her arms, she passed on in the darkness, muttering the eternal death chant of her fathers:

שְׁמַע יִשְׂרָאֵל יְיָ אֱלֹהֵינוּ יְיָ אֶחָד׃
בָּרוּךְ שֵׁם כְּבוֹד מַלְכוּתוֹ לְעוֹלָם וָעֶד׃
יְיָ הוּא הָאֱלֹהִים׃

CHAPTER IV

A Law That Knew Little of Mercy

ARE there not vacancies on the surface of the skin where blunted sensibility or even total absence of nerve touch marks a neutral spot? May not a pin be thrust into the thick shield that covers the elbow of some persons, or the loose skin of the elbow be pinched, without pain or sensibility? Are there not periods of brain insensibility in which the eye, though open, carries no message, in which neither time nor passing events make record, in which vacancy—not sleep—takes possession of the mind? Does the person thus possessed experience cold or heat, light or darkness? Is not such existence a temporary phase of nonentity?

Insensible to externals, yet the muscles may mechanically move. Seemingly, the body guides itself as when one walks a familiar, beaten path. No mind record is made of objects on which the eye rests but which the brain does not register. The traveler starts on his journey which ends in his purposed destination, but little or nothing is recalled of objects on the way unless a something unusual startles the dormant mind.

Is not life as shown by the backward glance of memory dotted with obscure, even blind spots, wherein recollection of incidents seems lost beyond recall? Does not a name sometimes slip from memory or the details of an event, perhaps not wholly lost yet for the time unattainable, tantalizingly missing when wanted? Does such as this lie inert in a cerebral cluster, awaiting a stimulant to enable the brain to throw off this tempo-

rary inaction? May not conditions exist in which shock excites the latent memory, reviving by terror the faded recollection of a horrid experience? Such was the case with the old woman carrying the child. Without thought other than the preservation of the boy, obsessed with this one idea, she felt no pain or exhaustion, no care of self, no hope, other than to escape with the child.

A fugitive, she passed along each night, hiding by day, secreted by sympathetic charity, until some days thereafter, at early dawn, resting by the roadside, she faced another city in which lay another Ghetto, the haven she sought. No foreign Jews were admitted nor were any Jewish residents permitted to escape. She must either find secret entrance to that city or fall into the clutches of a law that knew little of mercy. As she thus sat with the child in her lap, there came, with slow motion and creaking noise, an ox cart driven by a dumb-looking clown, apparently less intelligent than the beasts he lashed with the whip. Beast and man alike were dull, plodding creatures. Assured that the creatures knew the road, the man sat, half asleep, head drooping. Abruptly he was aroused. The animals had stopped, nor did the whip lash start them. Chewing their cuds, they stood as motionless as the two-wheeled cart that had squeaked along behind them. Opening his sleepy eyes, the driver saw standing before the oxen a woman with a child in her arms. She spoke, but to him her language was as senseless as it was to the beasts. The language of signs, however, is common the world throughout. But the man shook his head stubbornly as the woman pointed first to the cart, then to the city, asking for a ride. His reply was a renewed lashing of the beasts, who, because she blocked the way, did not move. Their hides, thick as the bark of a beech tree,

were not more sensitive to the whip than might have been the bark.

The old woman came close beside the driver and spoke in a tongue that appealed as she held before his eyes a silver coin. That language he understood. His dull face brightened, and as he took the coin he pointed to the open space behind him in the cart. Without

"THAT LANGUAGE HE UNDERSTOOD"

words she quickly climbed in with the child, and together they huddled closely in the bottom of the cart, where the driver covered them with straw and litter. Again he beat the oxen and the cart moved slowly on. Evidently the clown was not a stranger to the smuggler's art, which always flourishes where oppression rules. Thus the man with his cart of vegetables passed the drowsy guard.

Tyranny breeds resistance. From unexpected sources comes sympathy for the downtrodden. In America the slaves of times gone by could by night intuitively follow the path of the "underground railway." They knew the stopping places, their friends on the way, their hoped-for destination north of the Ohio River. Long do names of such significance remain. "Nigger Hill," in west Cincinnati, is an example. In like manner that fleeting woman had known where safe stations were located, how to move forward by night, where to hide by day. Thus had she stealthily traveled toward her goal. To an old woman the way was long, but at last she had reached the haven of hoped-for refuge, another Ghetto.

But of all that journey there remained to the child no recollection of any incident. It was a mind blank, a period of mental torpor, absence of self or being. Occasionally he whimpered for his mother, then dozed off. His food was eaten without consciousness of hunger. When he awoke to realities of the present, many days had passed. Possibly his mind was stimulated to action by the fact that his eyes again rested on streets lined with houses similar to those with which he had been familiar in the old home, and that to his ears there came again the habitual Ghetto sounds. He found himself standing on the steps before a door that reminded him

of his abandoned home, his hand tightly clasped in that of his faithful guardian.

* * *

In a small room, one of many, in the third story of a house in the Ghetto, an old man pored over the pages of a well-worn book as he stood in the dim light of a small window. The book was bound in calfskin that shone like old ivory, excepting where worn by the fingers of the aged man, whose near-sighted eyes were held close to its pages. The leaves of the book, an ancestral heirloom, were thumbed and worn, whose lines had for decades been studied by his forefathers. From right to left his dim eyes moved over the Hebrew characters. For morning prayers he had already gone to the synagogue and now was busy with his daily reading.

While thus employed he was interrupted by a knock upon the door. So rarely did anyone seek entrance to that room that the knock, though faint, startled the old man. For a number of years he had lived alone. Neither child nor relative had he in all that thickly populated hive. Could it really have been a knock, or was it a noise from some other part of the building? He raised his eyes and listened. The sound came again. Quickly the book was slipped into a drawer of the stand at his side, then he again waited, listening. Once more came the knock, distinctly, yet little louder than before. The old man blew out the candle's flame and placed the brass holder on a shelf before he cautiously slipped to the door, his soft old shoes making no more noise than might the tread of a mouse. Turning the knob, the latch loosened, the door moved as though, imbued with life, it opened of itself. To the narrow slit he applied his eye, permitting himself a shadowy view of the immediate hallway, though he remained in darkness.

The dismal hall, lighted dimly by a window at one end, was so indistinct as to present an outline only of a woman who stood there. Hesitating as to whether or not he should further open the door, he slowly ventured to draw it toward him. Thrusting his face through the widening opening, he peered at the intruder, who stood so close that face almost touched face as vainly he tried to study her countenance. The darkened hall and the veil that covered her face would have given little view of her features to eyes much keener than his.

"Woman, who art thou?"

Without reply she pushed the yielding door until the aperture widened. "Hush," she said as she stepped into the room and closed the door. In the dim light they stood facing each other, the only sound being their breathing, which was quickened by the tenseness of the moment.

Again the man asked, "Who art thou, and what dost thou want with me?"

"A candle, light a candle," was the reply.

"Thou wilt find only poverty here. Why seek ye my barren home?"

Fumblingly he drew from a pocket of his gown a bit of punk, with steel and flint, conveniences often needed and carried in readiness. The lighted punk glowed, then came the feeble flame of the candle which he took from the little shelf above the stand. He raised the candle until its light fell upon his own face, but failed to pierce the veil of the woman. For a moment they peered at each other silently, then pushing back her veil, the woman spoke:

"Jacob, dost thou not know me? Am I forgotten?"

The hand that held the candle quivered, then shook as if with palsy. Eagerly he pressed closer, bringing his

face almost in touch with that of the woman as he scanned her features. Abruptly sinking to the chair beside the stand on which he tremblingly deposited the candle, he answered:

"Yea, I know thee, my sister. But why dost thou come here alone? Why art thou alone, Naomi?" The question was almost a wail, as if he instinctively knew and dreaded the answer.

"Am I alone?"

Clinging to her skirts stood a child with raised face, peering at the old man, who had not yet observed his presence.

"Am I alone, Jacob?" she repeated. "Dost thou not remember the answer that came in the days of our fathers when it was asked, 'Is this Naomi?' "

The old Jew placed his hand on his cheek. His head moved from left to right as he murmured, "Oi-veh, Oi-veh, Oi-veh." His words were scarcely audible. After a moment of waiting the woman repeated in dreary monotone:

"What said she of the Sacred Book when asked 'Is this Naomi?' "

"Call me not Naomi, for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me," mumbled the man, as if the reply were forced from his unwilling lips. He peered into the shadows behind her.

"Why dost thou come alone, Naomi? Why is Samuel not with thee?"

"Samuel of blessed memory sleeps with his fathers."

The face of the old man grew pallid, his breath came gaspingly as he yet further questioned:

"And Orpah, his wife, my daughter Orpah, why didst she not come with thee, Naomi?"

"Samuel and Orpah of blessed memory rest together, Jacob."

Limply as a rag the old man's head sank upon his arms thrown across the little stand. Paroxysms of dry sobs shook his feeble frame. Even the stand trembled, the candle flickered and wavered. Motionless the woman stood, her eyes fixed upon him, speaking no word of sympathy or of grief. Patiently she waited until he became quiet and faintly asked another question:

"The children, little Felix, the baby girl I have never seen—tell me, Naomi, they are not—"

"The baby thou wilt never see. She rests with her mother and father. God hath called them. The three are together, Samuel, Orpah and the little child." Then she added: "Am I well named 'Naomi' when I bring such tidings? Might it not better be 'Mara'?"

Brokenly the old man spoke: "Naomi, my Orpah's face, to me, was that of an angel. It was ever so from babyhood. I can see her now as, with my blessing, she went, a maiden, to the synagogue. Arm in arm with her chosen husband she joyously came out. Both are gone. Their children are gone. God hath stricken me, Naomi. The old man lives but to mourn. In sorrow I shall go to my grave."

Rising, he brokenly chanted the prayer for the dead. Tears coursed down his cheeks as he tore the corner of his garment and wrung his hands in anguish as he moved back and forth from the window. When he again spoke it was to ask, "What of the Ghetto, Naomi? Tell me of the Ghetto."

"It is gone—burned." The woman's words were listlessly spoken as though her capacity for grief and suffering were exhausted.

Stunned, only half comprehending the full import of her words, he murmured, "And the synagogue?"

"Where stood the synagogue as I turned my face

backward the night I fled there rose to the heavens a bank of smoke bigger than—I know no mightier thing. Streaks of fire like unto lightning shot from the top, blazes weaved through the smoke as it climbed to the skies. Jacob, the devil blew his breath to fan that furnace."

"Tell me no more, my sister. But, Naomi, why didst thou leave the children? How is it that thou escaped the wrath of the Gentile dogs? Would it not have been better to have been with them now?"

"God came to me as in the dark closet I lay upon the floor. 'Lie still, move not,' was whispered to my heart. The kick of the fiend who opened the door of the closet I did not feel. The curses of the soldiers in the room I did not heed. Jehovah was my strength. He guided my footsteps. To me was given a charge to save the child, the little Felix. I have brought him to you, Jacob. Our Felix Moses, son of Samuel, is God given."

Confusedly the old man murmured: "But you came alone, Naomi. What have you done with the child?"

"Did I say that I came alone, Jacob? Hast thou forgotten there were two children? The boy, who was the first-born of thy daughter, Orpah, little Felix. Dost thou not remember him?"

"My brain is numbed. I cannot think. Is the boy alive? Didst thou not say the children had perished? Where is he—the little Felix? Am I crazed, Naomi?"

"Together we are three in this room, Jacob."

"What dost thou say? Thy soul is racked, thy mind doth wander. We are but two."

"Cast down thine eyes, Jacob. Dost thou not see the face of him who, alone of all thy loved ones, is saved, the boy that I bring to thee?"

The old Jew bent further. He caught the candle and peered down. Into his eyes stared the wondering face of the child as he stood half hidden by the garments of the old woman to whom he clung. The candle wavered as the breath of the aged and the young blew upon it. The old man seemed speechless.

"Dost thou not see Felix, son of Samuel and of thy daughter, Orpah? He it is."

"Naomi, I see the face. It is that of our house. But what doth that smile mean? His whole face smiles, yet his heart is not smiling. What means that smile, Naomi?"

Reaching down, he grasped the child's hand, then turned with candle in one hand and, holding the boy with the other, he bade the woman follow him.

"Naomi, come with me. The boy is our charge, he is our gift from God."

He felt along the bare wall with his elbow, then handed the candle to the woman and pushed a spring. An unseen door slowly opened, exposing a room almost dazzling in light as contrasted with the gloom about them.

"Come thou with me," he repeated.

Leading the boy, the old man passed from the room, followed by the woman. The door swung back to its place. The wall was unbroken. Intuitively he caught the look of amazement that came over the face of his sister, but the unspoken questioning was only answered by a gesture.

"Let us sit, Naomi. Thou art weary, and I have much to say to thee. For my sins the God of my fathers hath stricken me. Near to the golden calf have I walked with open eyes, gazing, as once did the multitude, upon their false god. So have I bowed to Mammon. In the

"INTO HIS EYES STARED THE WONDERING FACE OF THE CHILD."

synagogue my tongue has chanted the praises of the one God, the Exalted One, but while my lips mumbled, my hands fingered the golden coin and precious stones in my pocket. God hath stricken me, Naomi. The yellow gold I sought these many years no longer shines. Dull and dead, it has turned to dross that gives no joy.

"Cast your thought back to that day when Orpah left with her husband. Then later thou, who hadst long been mother to my motherless daughter, wast called to go to her when this boy came to bless his parents. For many years I gathered and gleaned, but it was always for Orpah. In poverty I lived, my garments were as rags. My room was barren of comfort, my food was almost as husks. But into my hands was coming the gold I coveted, precious stones, great riches. Secretly I hired men to build me this hidden palace. Fool that I was to seek more and yet more of the worthless pelf!"

The old man moaned. His broken spirit spoke in the anguish of his face. He sat with hands clasped between his knees, his body rocked from side to side, his head was bowed low.

"No palace do I see, Jacob. Thy mind wanders."

Ignoring her remark, he raised his face and addressed her:

"Naomi, even after my wealth became great, usury was still my master. To me there was neither friend nor enemy. All alike who came for aid, old and feeble, young and helpless, it mattered not. From each I extorted all they could give. The Gentile prince became a beggar. I ground the infidel dog to his knees. And always in my heart I exulted, 'This is for Orpah and her children.' Clink of gold, glitter of gems, blinded me. At last came the day when I felt that gold was no

longer needed. More had I stored than child and children could need. Then secretly I fitted these rooms as now thou seest them. Naomi, on them I have spread much wealth. See." He opened another door. The room was richly furnished. Beyond it lay another, and further yet another.

"Ah, Naomi, but yesterday I stood here, surrounded with it all and said to myself: 'It is finished. Thy work is done. God has been good.' Blasphemy was it, for I had forgotten Jehovah and His holy law. I planned to start on the morrow for Orpah and her family. This home was not intended for me to enjoy, but for Samuel and Orpah and their children. In the pride of my heart I exulted over what I had done. I walked through these rooms, touching the smooth furniture, gloating over these possessions, but my heart gave no thanks to Jehovah, though my lips daily mumbled the prayers of our fathers. Was not this wealth the result of my brain, my care, my sacrifice? Did I not squeeze the coppers and starve myself to buy this building in which to secrete my hoard?"

Again he ceased to speak. No word came from the woman. Possibly her face grew more drawn and gray during the recital, but she made no comment. The child gazed wonderingly at the old man, smiling up into his face. Abruptly the old Jew turned vehemently upon him.

"Why dost thou laugh, child? Seest thou aught of pleasure in the story I have told? Am I a clown, born to bring laughter to children? Why dost thou laugh? Is it that thy grandfather hath been a fool? Dost even thou with thy childish eyes see that I have been a fool?" Then turning to the woman, he asked, "What means that laugh, Naomi?"

"Be not so harsh, Jacob, and I will tell thee what I know. On that dreadful day when I heard the tramp of the officers' feet, I crept into the closet and huddled down much as a pile of rags might lie on the floor, but my eyes sought a hole in the door near the floor. From there I saw it all—the cruelty, the horror. So did the child as he lay in a corner of the room where he was thrown by that wicked brute. His face was blanched with fear, his eyes were set, fixed upon the whip that lashed the back of thy daughter, Orpah. Before my eyes the agony of his soul spoke in the horror written on his little face. Verily, Jacob, God took pity on that suffering child. The lines of terror, the startled eyes, the drawn mouth, slowly changed. It became as thou seest it now. But for that kindly touch thy seed would have gone out forever. Be it in pain or in joy, Jacob, he smiles. God drew a veil over the horror on which his childish eyes were fixed and gave him a smile. He left it there. It is the mark of the finger of Jehovah."

She reached for the boy's hand and turned wearily toward the door.

"God be with thee, my brother, and have mercy upon thee in thy wealth. Come, Felix, we must go on."

Quickly the old man moved and thrust himself between the woman and the door.

"No so, Naomi! Hold!"

The woman turned and stood, awaiting his message.

"The child is all I have in life, Naomi. Take all else, but leave me the boy. I will teach him the faith of our fathers, the folly of ill-gotten wealth, the love of Jehovah. He shall ever carry that smile, that God-made laugh, to light the lives of others wherever he may go. The rabbi of our synagogue shall teach him the story of our people, how they lived, how they suffered,

how they died, our holy fathers, ever true to the faith of our father, Abraham. Then, Naomi, when comes the day when, according to our wise men's written word, this boy shall become a 'son of the covenant,' he will be ready to go out into the world with the true faith of the one God in his heart, with love and justice to all men everywhere. That smile shall cheer hearts we now know naught of. Naomi, he shall know that the Jew, though he be homeless and wander the world over, is yet one of God's chosen people. That strange smile came to our Felix through blood and sacrifice. He must carry it through life. But, Naomi, this boy shall be to others a bringer of happiness, verily a 'Felix.' Well it is that he was given that name.

"Naomi, dost thou not see that when he comes to manhood, though he be wordless, yet his face will speak, telling, first of all, that he is an Hebrew, and then that he is a bringer of joy? Give me the boy, Naomi! Let mine be the sacred trust."

The haggard face of the old man lighted as by an inward fire while he spoke of his people and their heritage. Now he spoke pleadingly as he begged for the boy.

"Thou wilt not deny me, Naomi?"

"Where wilt thou go, Jacob?"

Eagerly came the answer, "To the synagogue, to the rabbi."

"Art thou blaspheming, Jacob?" she questioned sternly.

"Nay. Would a man blaspheme who seeks the synagogue in repentant prayer?"

"It was thine own word, Jacob. Thou saidst of thyself, 'Blasphemy' it was." Then she continued as though she would probe his very soul:

"Through all the years were not thine eyes cast de-

voutly upon the rabbi, thine ears listening to the cantor as he unrolled the sacred scroll and chanted aloud from it whilst thy hand was fingering the ill-gotten gold in thy pocket? Was not thy thought then afar from the Holy Word? Didst thou not mumble thy prayers with thy mouth, thy soul being busy with thy worldly goods? Dost thou not know that God seest the heart? Thou canst not mock Jehovah!"

"My sister, thou speakest only that which is true, but the scales have fallen from my long-blinded eyes. The synagogue, the house of the God of my fathers, is the place I must seek now in humble spirit."

He emptied his pockets, throwing afar from him the coin and jewels they contained. They lay scattered on the floor in token of his renunciation of his past.

"My sins are great. 'My heart is smitten and withered like grass.' God hath chastened me sorely. I would go now to the synagogue. Like Jacob of old, my sins have fallen upon me."

* * * * *

Eight years passed, during which the small boy became a lad, schooled in the faith of his people. No evidence was left of the gold and jewels gathered through starved years by "Jacob, the Usurer," who, in atonement for his sin, had used the greater part of it in relieving the distress of others about him. No longer did people point at him with contempt. The lesson of his life had been most bitter, but in his latter days had come peace and joy through helpful spending of his wealth such as had never been his in its gathering. Never a lesson other than that of duty to God and service to fellow men had been given to the boy who was destined to be the last of his family.

When little Felix reached his fifth birthday, he was

taken to the synagogue by his grandfather, and at the appointed time led to the sacred elevation where the Torah was read each Sabbath day. The "wimple" of pure linen bearing the name of the lad and his family record had been provided for him and, in accord with what had been taught him, his childish hands assisted his grandfather in wrapping the sacred scrolls in the presence of the congregation. Perhaps the ceremony meant little to the boy of five, yet this scene was one of those that came back to him, a man, as he wearily slept and dreamed of the past.

The smile that came from the crucible of horrors had never been effaced. As the lad walked the streets of the Ghetto, his beaming face led passers-by to give more than a casual glance at the young Jew.

Soon after his twelfth birthday more strenuous training became his daily portion in preparation for that eventful Sabbath in which he was to become a "son of the Covenant." The teacher that his grandfather employed faithfully drilled him in the reading of that portion of the law which would be the lesson of the day on the Sabbath following his thirteenth birthday. No small task was it for a boy to learn to read the unpointed Hebrew text without error. Then came the prophetical portion.* Patiently and smilingly he worked until he was letter-perfect. The teacher assured his grandfather that when he was thirteen "and one day more" he would be ready for his appointed service. For three months he had daily worn the phylacteries at his devo-

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* Very grateful is the author to Rabbi David Philipson, Mr. Jesse Joseph, and Dr. Sigmund Waldbott for their detailed care in the verification of the account of Jewish customs. Not the least has been the opening to me of a great, wonderful literature of Jewish history, poetry, and sacred lore, embodying the wisdom of the ages.—J. U. L.

tions, afterward carefully removing them and placing them in the embroidered velvet bag Great-aunt Naomi had provided.

To the day of his death Felix Moses would never forget that eventful Sabbath when he was called to the bema to read and chant the Holy Law. Without hesitation he gravely went through the ceremony, in which his instructor's keen ear could not detect the slightest error. Felix Moses, son of Samuel, had now become "Bar Mitzvah."

At the conclusion of his portion of the service he passed on to the pew of his grandfather, from there to his home, where a feast had been prepared in which a few chosen friends participated. Then it was that Jacob brought forth a small velvet bag, in which rested a flawless diamond. This he gave to the lad, saying:

"This jewel was meant for thy mother. It is the only one I now possess. To-day it is thine—thy mother's gift. May it stand between thee and want. Sew it, Naomi, in the corner of his talith."

To the lad, eager for new experiences, the hours of the next day dragged; to the two old people, it seemed the day had but begun when came the shadows of evening. After sunset the boy and his grandfather went to the aged rabbi, who bestowed his blessing upon the lad now ready to go out into a world of which he knew nothing, but which would mean freedom from the Ghetto, with its restrictions and possible perils. Silently they walked back to the house, where Naomi sat weeping.

No great wealth had these old people to give to the boy who was now leaving them. In his purse and sewed in his talith were coins sufficient to well start him on his journey. His bag held food prepared by the old woman, as well as the simple clothing they were able to

"THE GRANDFATHER PLACED HIS HANDS UPON THE HEAD OF THE BOY AND BLESSED HIM." PAGE 55

provide. Nor was the velvet bag containing his phylacteries forgotten.

Then it was that the grandfather placed his hands upon the head of the boy and blessed him, even as Jacob of old blessed his sons before he left them. With smiling face, though fast-beating heart, Felix Moses slipped from the Ghetto into the great outside world to become truly a "Wandering Jew."

Details of his journey from the time he left his grandfather until he reached Kentucky are needless. The author's aim has been merely to give a glimpse of Ghetto life in foreign lands as a description of the early years of Felix Moses.

CHAPTER V

Interlude

TOGETHER the comrades about the clock-watched table sat in the home of the host. The hours of the evening had passed in general conversation, there having been as yet no suggestion of any subject connected with the previous discussion. Most persons can recall similar experiences where each, anticipating a many-sided debatable subject, yet waits for another to introduce the initial word.

"To everything there is a season and a time," according to the Sacred Word. Our three friends had evidently accepted that neither the beginning nor the passing along of a dinner was the time to discuss subjects which might well be delayed, awaiting the comforting influence of a generous repast such as mellowed the spirit, breeding kindly thoughts. Although the course of that dinner bred recollection of previous gatherings beneath the old clock, no reference had yet been made to the former occasion, when the host had ventured to interpret the ticking voice. Long drawn out were the general discussions on the present occasion. It was nearing the usual time of separation when, after a moment of silence in which, simultaneously, the two guests reached, one for a fresh cigar, the other a refilled pipe and turned questioning faces toward their host.

"I am ready," he quietly remarked.

"Have you read the story of Salem witchcraft?" he was asked.

"More than once. I have visited the locality, inspected the witch pins and other museum specimens and have listened to folk-lore narratives as told me by my New England ancestors. From the days of Governor John Webster and other Pilgrim ancestors these stories have been handed down, and so have come to me."

"That will do as an introduction," interrupted one friend. "We will frankly concede that you have by ancestral record heired the right to be irregular, dogmatic, superstitious, visionary, even bigoted—certainly most audacious in your thinking. Some of your ancestors came from Boston, it seems, which might explain many of your idiosyncrasies."

"For these very reasons may it not be that I have acquired a more balanced conception of what may in simple language be termed 'the science of the mind' than those who lack such heirloom attributes? Idiosyncrasies, perhaps. But, having inherited these qualities, should they not be utilized to help me comprehend the fanaticism of others as well as to be charitable toward the shortcomings of some of my friends? Perhaps you would place old-time schooling, which was in some respects the very acme of bigotry, outside the realm of fanaticism. You kindly refrain from charging me with that phase of Puritanical dogmatism."

"With that, we could not charge you for precious little schooling of any kind did fate (in which you seem to believe) send in your direction.

Instantly came the reply of the host:

"Cannot a well-schooled man be a fanatic? Cannot he in whose behalf you continuously argue be one-sided in thought and action, even cruel in his processes of thought?" Without waiting for a reply, he continued: "Let me admit that education is our great hope, but is not schooling only a part of education, perhaps only a minor part, even a harmful one if misapplied? There is much over-schooling, it seems to me, or misschooling that—" He left the sentence unfinished, though a moment later he resumed.

"Cotton Mather, of Boston, was a very learned and pious scholar, occupying a distinguished place in literature, his father being president of Harvard College, where Cotton was also a professor. Were not both of these men highly schooled? And yet are not both now considered as representative fanatics, especially the son? Both believed in witches. Cotton Mather's book, 'The Wonders of the Invisible World,' was largely devoted to proving that witchcraft was a reality."

"What I should like to know," interrupted a guest, "is, can you make a distinction between the Rev. Cotton Mather's 'Wonders of the Invisible World' with his ever-present devils and superhuman witches and *your* 'unseen companions' of our recent discussion, your 'appealing voices' of illimitable space, your 'spirit of matter unweighable and immeasurable,' the 'entities that hover about and in our very selves,' sounds that ring in the deaf man's ear and beat like the hammer on the anvil—are they necessarily imaginary? Might not such sophistries as these seemingly harmless

minded creations, outgrowths of what is to you a pleasurable diversion in mental gymnastics, be taken seriously by others and lead susceptible persons to believe in the Black Art? The idea of the massacre of a multitude because of a child's wandering footsteps is surely a parallel to the sacrifice of the devil-possessed witches, horribly destroyed because of the dogmatism of the Harvard professor and his circle of believers."

Pondering a moment, the host spoke rather as one who communes with himself than replies directly to the questioner:

"A mighty problem is it, this conflict with greed, viciousness, passion, hatred, justice stripped of mercy. Very cold, sometimes wicked, may be the rulings of the law. You speak of exaggerations in my descriptions of the slaughter of the Jews. Consider the story engraved in recorded history." He stepped into an adjoining room and returned with two small volumes, one of which he opened, remarking as he did so, "A little book, but prodigious in its content."

"It is the work of our fellow townsman, Dr. David Philipson, than whom I know no man better informed, more temperate, more charitable to those prejudiced against his people. He has been very careful to understand rather than to exaggerate the story of the European Ghetto that, for its terrors, bids us pause."

"Oh, well, why revive events of those far-away days of barbarism? Ours is the age of enlightenment. This is the land of freedom, liberty, justice."

"Perhaps we may, with this thought in mind, consider the record of our dealings with the Ameri-

can Indians as an example of our enlightenment of which you speak. Our justice! Consider the story of the Six Nations, the Pequot Wars, Sullivan's midwinter destruction of the villages of the Indians of the Honeoye River in New York. Read the speech of Logan, the Mingo chief. What do you think of Tecumseh's views of the white man after being driven by the 'virtuous invaders' to a war that meant extermination of his tribe and his own destruction? Read—"

"That's enough. I get you! Come back to your folklore story of Kentucky. We are interested in Felix Moses, not in witchcraft or ancient history. Why dwell on the gruesome? Let us have more of pleasantry and diversion."

"If I select pleasant features only, will I be showing life as it was or is lived? In making the record of a people is it desirable to portray them as experiencing only joys? That would truly be a work of impossible fiction. Could you imagine a character whose life bore no imprint of hardship or care, no mark of sorrow or sacrifice, an effortless, non-sacrificing, insipid existence? Cut the record of war and bloodshed, privation and sorrow from your histories, ancient or modern, and what remains to appeal as a lesson? Can greater pain be imagined or a more vivid picture of horror be drawn than the Good Book's record of the crucifixion of—"

Click! sounded the old clock, announcing that the midnight hour had arrived. The hammer began to beat upon the steel spiral.

The guests arose and moved toward the door, accompanied by their host.

"I fear," he said, "I have not been very hospitable this evening."

"Have we not reciprocated?" said one guest, and the other added: "What could have taken possession of us? Could it have been—"

"Be careful," interrupted the host. "Much lies outside the pages of your school books. Watch your tongues, is a good policy. Thoughts cannot be controlled, perhaps, but the words to voice them need not always be uttered. Silence is sometimes far better and more effective than speech. Possibly we have not been altogether alone tonight."

"Give us no more of your occult speculation." Then, addressing the chauffeur, "Let's go," and with a "Good-night" to the host, they rolled away.

Returning to the table, the host seated himself beneath the clock. After a time it began to strike —one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve! Twice that night he had heard it strike the midnight hour. What did this mean?

"The old adage that 'Children and fools tell the truth' should be changed to 'children, fools, and dreams,' " he muttered as he arose. But he added, "Men of science will yet discover that the fool's dream may not all be a dream."

CHAPTER VI

Again Sounded the Mournful Cry

THE traveler in the Kentucky forest who, by backward vision had in dream lived over portions of his life, awoke and sprang to his feet. Across the valley, centered by a stream over which there was no bridge, the setting sun now touched the crest of the distant hill. He stood gazing intently at the glowing body, copper-red in color, assuming an oval form as it sank until only a tiny rim was left, a streak of fire resting on the earth's crest. Then it, too, disappeared. Still the man waited as increasing shadows fell. True to the training of his early youth, that Hebrew, long years absent from his Jewish home, living much of the time among Gentiles, now far from all his race and faith, remembered the sacred fast day. He was yet a Jew.

As his eyes searched the heavens he repeated the evening prayer, and when three stars appeared in the fast-darkening sky he turned to the food he had long craved.

Now there came over him the depression that follows excessive effort. His mental as well as his physical self had been exhausted by the day's experiences. At his age, in good health, the body revives more rapidly than does the spirit. Sleep, even though it be of brief duration, soon restores physical strength, but the wearied mind demands further rest. Historical dreams such as came to the traveler are akin to hallucinations, far from restful. They sap mind energy and impoverish vitality. For many hours there had come to him no relaxation

"STILL THE MAN WAITED"

other than the bit of abnormal sleep, burdened, as it had been, with realistic nightmare. His eyelids were still weighted, his brain craved rest. But he must move onward.

Resuming his load, with dragging feet he turned down the hill, still following the path which as he progressed became less distinct, plunging soon into the forest. To be lost in a great wood is not a pleasant experience. If the traveler be a woodsman or an experienced hunter, before night closes in he will provide a temporary resting place of leaves and brush, a small fire being built near by to ward off the night's chill and, by its smoke, to scatter insects. But our traveler was not an experienced woodsman. On he stumblingly wandered until very soon overtaken by absolute night. He seated himself on a fallen tree trunk. Not altogether unprepared was he for nightfall, for he took from his pack an oilskin blanket, and in the light from the stars filtering through the trees spread it close to a fallen trunk, against which the wind had heaped a pile of leaves. Lying down, he wrapped the oilskin about him. Carpetsack beneath his head, the pack close beside him, snuggled close to the trunk of the tree, he was not uncomfortable, even after the fire had burned itself out. Excepting the chirp of insects and the drip of dewdrops that began to fall from the foliage above, no sound was to be heard. Closing his eyes, healthful, dreamless slumber fell upon him.

How long the sleep lasted when came a cry that awakened him, he did not know. Seemingly close above his head a voice three times repeated a single word, "Who, Who, Who!"

When awakened from deep sleep, especially amid strange surroundings, the first sensation before the mind

functions is likely to be momentary fright. Before comes conscious expression a sensation of terror may seize the half-awake man. Involuntarily this suddenly awakened slumberer replied to the voice, "It vas me, Felix Moses."

Again sounded the mournful cry, three times repeated, each word long-drawn, "Who-oo! Who-oo! Who-oo!" Weirdly it came on the night air. The first cry had been uttered to the right, but as though the speaker floated in the air, the last call came from the left. Mournfully, almost a moan, it fell tremblingly upon his ear. Fully awake now, he made no reply, but from the distance in answer, almost an as echo, came back the selfsame three words. Then followed a puffiness or flutter in the air about him, while very gently, almost a whisper, again moaned the weird voice close above him: "Who-oo, Who-oo, Who-oo."

Just then the moon broke forth from behind a cloud, lighting the space above and about him. Near his head, perched on the log, with great startling eyes beneath two upright ears, sat a bird-like creature with wise face and hooked bill, looking down upon him. Snapping its beak, the apparition, in a very gentle voice, again softly moaned the three words as the eyes, so near the man's face, glittered by light of their own. The strange bird, if bird it was, sat thus, wisely gazing into the face of the man. After a moment of silence the creature spread its wings and, darting down between its perch and the man, jerked out a snake that twisted in its beak much as a whip lash might as the bird flutteringly rose and disappeared in the night.

Could it all have been a dream? Was he now awake or was he yet a dreamer? The great-eyed bird, the contemplative gaze, the mournful cry, the snake, the flight of the bird in the night—was it fact or fancy?

Rubbing his eyes to assure himself of his own reality, accepting that it must have been a vivid dream, he again closed them in sleep. The night was nearly spent when next he awakened.

Shivering, he opened his eyes. The night air had chilled him to the very bone. But thought was quickly diverted from himself, for now he comprehended that not a dream, but an actual cry, long drawn out, had awakened him, following which came short, snapping barks that reminded him of no voice of man or beast that he had ever heard. At first the cry seemed far away, but steadily increased in loudness as it came nearer. In the dim light of approaching day he saw a creature with head close to ground, from which came a steady flow of yelps and howls. On reaching the reclining man it raised its head and sent forth such howling cries as he had not before heard. With nose pointing toward him the beast now stood, eyes glistening, staring him in the face, occasionally lifting his head to give voice to that curious howl. Closer to the log wedged the shrinking man, but as he moved so did the beast, his nose pointing almost into the face of the prisoner, who could even feel the warm breath fanning his face.

The tone of the cry again changed as from the distance came an answer, indistinct, but evidently understood by the animal, who in response sent forth an answering howl. How long the traveler thus lay could not be measured in time. To him, the minutes seemed as hours, until he heard the breaking of brush, the rustle of leaves, and then the distinct tread of feet. As the form of a man appeared, the watchful creature lay down, with nose actually resting on the chest of the traveler. A moment later a tall man bent over him and, reaching down, shook him gently.

"Yo' hed bettah hev stayed with we'uns ovah night. Yo' sho' ain't hed no 'sperience in sich places as these Kaintuck woods. Yo' jest wait a bit, friend, whilst I

"WITH NOSE POINTING TOWARD HIM THE BEAST NOW STOOD, STARING HIM IN THE FACE"

makes a fiah. Yo's shiverin' mighty. Thet dawg got yo' scent, all right, when he kissed yo' by the baby's grave."*

* May the writer of these memoirs break the thread of the story to suggest to the reader that if he has never been lost in a great forest where wild beasts yet roamed, he cannot understand how, when night falls, imagination even of a woodsman plays a strong part. To a critic I would say that, in the vital part of this incident, I have held my pen very close to a boyhood experience. —J. U. L.

Instead of obeying the suggestion, the wanderer arose quickly and held out his hand in greeting to the man whose friendly thought had led him to follow his steps. In broken words he expressed his gratitude. At the direction of the woodsman, he found a small stream of water not far away, where he attended to his morning ablutions, nor was his morning prayer forgotten.* When he returned, his woodsman friend was busy with preparations for breakfast.

"Mornin's 'bout heah. S'pose yo' wahms yo' insides with a tin ov rye. It air bettah'n anything else when yo' ain't got no stoah coffee. A slice ov smoked pig 'twixt two halves ov cohn pone'll go good fer yo' breakfast."

The traveler, who now sat by the grateful fire, shook his head as in a low voice he answered, "Me eats no meat of swine."

"Fer Gawd's sake, man, what—" Then, as though the subject was too delicate to continue, the giant said: "Thar's chicken an' squirrel, too, baked fer yo' suppah. The basket's filled with a bit of everything we got ter eat er drink." And so it proved, even to a bottle of whiskey, from which the host poured himself a liberal supply.

"It'll quick wahm yo' insides. The fiah heat don't go no deeper than yo' skin."

After the breakfast, which included a generous portion for the dog, who fell heir to the bacon sandwich, a silence fell upon the two men. Evidently each waited for the other to speak. Finally the pioneer broke the spell.

"Es yo' left the house wife, she said, 'Thet man'll

* It may be accepted that when possible this Jew lived true to the methods taught him in his youth.

git lost in them woods, pap. He don't know nothin' 'bout sich places as we live in. Bettah keep yo' eye on him.' So, 'cordin' ter her notion, I watched yo' es yo' clumb the hill. Yo' met crazy Tim agin?" His eyes spoke inquiringly as he waited for confirmation.

"Ya, I meets him."

"An' he answahed me with his gun es yo' stood by the tree. Thet wah a centah shot, Mistah. Tim suah ain't lost his nerve, even ef he hes gotten a spell on religion. He's a fine fellah, pahdnah. Him'n me trailed tergethah fer yeahs. Then I jined the Missionary Baptists an' he went crazy ginst me. He tuhned ter readin' ov the Bible ter find out what ailed me, I guess, but he's like piles ov othah folks thet ain't hed much schoolin' an' kain't much moah'n read. The furthah he readed the less he know'd, till at last he tuhned plum ginst me an' the Jews. He's 'bout half crazy, but, jest like othah crazy folks, he don't know he's got the spell. It's a pity thet I've got ter kill him er he'll kill me. We wah raised tergethah es boys an' I loved him like a brothah. Many a time we've fit the same bar an' fished the same creek. He's a fine shot."

A cloud rested on the face of the man as he continued slowly: "I don't wanter ter kill Tim, but what kin I do? One ov us hes ter kill tothah ter prove which'n is right. An'," he added grimly, "I've got a fambly ter keer fer. I kain't fergit that. Thar nevah would hev been no hard feelin's ef I hed my way. He's swohn he'd kill me, but I 'low he'll not do it ef I kin help it."

"Then if he kills you, your religion iss wrong. If you kills him, his religion iss wrong. Iss dot vhat you means?"

"Killed er not killed, it'll not change my belief, but ef Tim kills me he's crazy 'nough ter think Gawd made

him do it, an' thet he's proved ter be right. It's an awful mix-up, friend."

Musingly the traveler spoke as though thinking aloud: "In the country I comes from the soldiers puts peoples what haf a different religion in a pen."

"Yo' don't say! What do they do ter them then?"

"They shuts them up avay from other peoples."

"Fer Gawd's sake, man, yo' don't mean women an' children an' men wah drove inter a pen like sheep?"

"Ya, dot iss it."

"What happens ter them then?" The woodsman was deeply interested. This was a something beyond his knowledge or experience. But with childhood's life revived the traveler shuddered. He covered his face with his hands for a moment, then raised his head and, with an effort, answered:

"Them in the pen I knows about vas killed or burned to death."

"Wah thar many ov 'em?"

"There vas t'ousands of them, men, women, and children."

"Did none git out?"

"Two iss all I knows."

"Man, whar wah Gawd Almighty?"

The traveler did not answer that question. Indeed, no answer was expected by the woodsman, who marveled at the cruelty of man to man. Presently the traveler said, "I moost go on."

"Friend," the backwoodsman replied, "I'd like ter hev been thar ter help them penned-up people ter fight them big cowards. Sounds pow'ful like stories of the Injuns ov Kaintuck, only p'raps we bettah not—" He stopped. The traveler looked questioningly, but the man abruptly changed the subject.

"Wife, she jest couldn't sleep fer thinkin' ov yo' out in the woods. So when she got that basket filled she told me ter put Wolf on yo' trail an' find yo' an' see that yo' was put on the right way. She said she seen Wolf git yo' breath an' nose yo' shoes, so she know'd thet he could trail yo'. Then she tuk the shawl yo' give her an' she let the dawg smell et. She said, 'When the man give me that shawl I kinda felt it wah fer somethin' we didn't know.' She 'lowed Gawd made the dawg's nose an' He made nothin' without meanin' somethin'. So when she got the lunch ready Wolf tooken the trail an' heah we be. When yo' makes a dawg yo' friend, Mistah, it's ferevah. He'll die fer yo', too. Mebbe Gawd means fer Wolf'n me ter do something moah fer yo' yet. No one but Gawd knows what's ter come next. I asked wife, 'What ef I meets Tim?' an' she said, 'Yo' mought es well meet him one time's 'nothah. Yo' kain't meet him lessen the Lord's willin'. Yo'll hev ter jest shoot him an' go on huntin' fer that man yo' air tryin' ter help.'

"Friend, yo' steps wah pow'ful wanderin' till Wolf lets me know he hed treed yo'. Yo' suah ain't much at home in these woods. Now I axes what kin I do fer yo'? Yo' hev sot at my table an' made nice presents ter us all, an' we'uns don't fergit. Ef yo' hev any trouble in this paht ov the country, send fer me. Thet's my name." He handed the man a piece of pressed bark, on which he had laboriously written as he talked a family name not unfamiliar in Boone County.

"Keep the sun first ter yo' right es it moves ter yo' left, an' next ter yo' back. Foller the creek 'till it branches, cross the ridge an' keep on; yo' won't git lost. Since yo' don't seem ter keer whar yo' air goin' yo' kin jest keep on 'till yo' gits thar. Ef anybody makes

trouble fer yo' jest show 'em thet piece ov bark, an' ef yo' needs me yo' kin send fer me. I'll suah come an' do what I kin."

While the man talked the traveler, who little comprehended the directions, had packed the remaining contents of the basket in his pack and carpetsack, after which he returned the hickory basket to its owner. Before resuming his pack he held out his hand in farewell to the woodsman, bowing his head again and again as he thanked him for his kindness.

"You vas goot to me. I t'anks you mooch—mooch. If I spokes the English more better I vould tell you more. Vhen I finds a place to peddle, den I makes friends and learns dot English and how to say more better vhat I vhants."

"Stop a minute, friend. Yo'll strike Gunpowdah Creek ef yo' keeps goin' 'till yo' reaches it. Foller up er down, whichevah needs be, 'till yo' gits ter thet old Baptist Church thet stands on the island. Thet's whah I wah baptized. The pool's thar yit an' always will be, fer Gawd made it fer baptizin' in, an' put a cliff beside it ter keep off the Injuns. Rock bottom an' rock sides, thet pool an' cliff'll stand ferevah ter sheltah the old church."

As the memory of the day of his baptism came back to the man, he continued: "Thet wah a pow'ful cold day, mistah, the day I got religion. We men, six ov us, chopped the ice offen the big hole ov watah 'till the preachah could lead us out whar it wah deep 'nough fer 'mersin'. Whilst the brethren an' sisteren sung the hymns we wah led one by one down an' baptized inter the church."

"You say it vas in the winter times?"

"Suah. Ice don't freeze in summah. We couldn't

wait fer wahm weathah. The Lord hed called us ter witness fer Him. Thar wah a lot ov men and women ter be baptized thet day. Ef a feller's afeard ter be baptized in ice watah his religion's pow'ful thin spread. Besides, the Lord takes keer ov his sheep. Nevah nobody evah tooken cold at no baptizin'."

As the traveler listened to his loquacious friend's rambling talk, a shadow fell momentarily over his smiling face, but he made no comment. He was thinking of those whom he believed to be God's sheep and of what befell them in the Ghetto.

The morning sun was now high enough to give plenty of light even in the woods, and he started on his way with a feeling of regret in leaving this big-hearted woodsman, who had proved himself a friend both in need and in deed. As he turned to look back, through the intervening bushes he saw the giant leaning on his gun, the dog motionless at his side, nose pointed toward the retreating man.*

Recalling part of the directions given, he attempted to turn his course as the sun moved. The hills grew higher, the valleys broader, the creeks wider, the forests more dense, the trees more grand. Details that had first caught his eye and impressed his thought were no longer noticed.

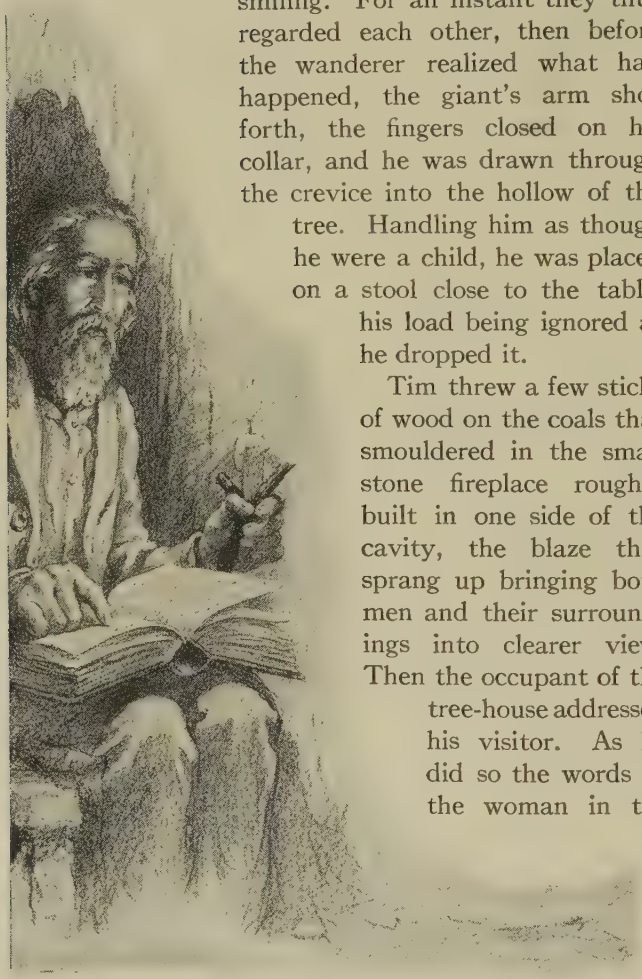
As night approached before him loomed a marvel that bade even one cloyed with wonders to pause. A gigantic tree,† grandfather in size to any he had yet seen, was without branches to near the height of an ordinarily tall tree. High up where the trunk had once branched one limb had been broken away by the wind,

* Possibly a reader unfamiliar with loquacious pioneers will question the long discourse of the Kentuckian. Although others are almost speechless, using monosyllables only, the author believes the conversation of this speaker is not overdrawn.

† Liriodendron, tulip poplar.

creating, as time decayed the stub, a hollow, chimney-like stump. From out this chimney poured a column of smoke. As he gazed a medley of sparks flew with the smoke, dying out as they showered the adjacent forest. For a few moments he stood, then as inquisitiveness prevailed, he stepped to the tree and started slowly to encircle it. As he reached the opposite side, there came to his ear the low tones of a person apparently speaking to another, not in a whisper, but rather in a chanting voice. A few steps brought him close to a crevice in the trunk, through which he peeped. In a miniature room, beside a small, rude table, sat a man reading from a book that rested upon his knees. With the forefinger of one hand he lined the words as he mumblingly read. The other hand, daubed with dripping grease, held the candle close over the page. The flitting light made shadows that pulsated about the tree's cavity in unison with the movements of the flame. As the traveler stood before the opening the reader raised his head. It was Tim, the fanatic, whose aim in life was to kill a Jew.

The peeping intruder bowed politely, but the man seated within the tree did not speak. He appeared much as might an overgrown turtle with extended head. The candle blaze wavered, almost fading out, as the hand that held the forked stick capped by the candle moved slowly toward the rough stand where it was deposited upright in a groove. The book was also placed on the stand as the man arose and moved slowly toward the intruder. The outstretched neck seemed to lengthen yet further as he approached, the head to grow larger, the eyes to brighten as do those of a cat in the dark as his face came nearer. When close together the two stood fixed, one maliciously glaring, the other



smiling. For an instant they thus regarded each other, then before the wanderer realized what had happened, the giant's arm shot forth, the fingers closed on his collar, and he was drawn through the crevice into the hollow of the tree. Handling him as though he were a child, he was placed on a stool close to the table, his load being ignored as he dropped it.

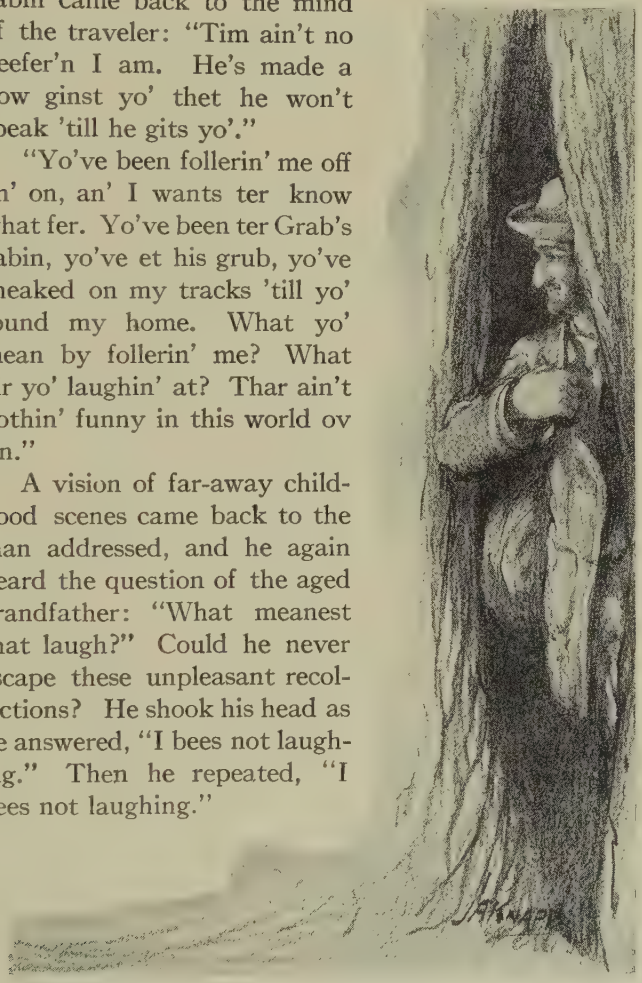
Tim threw a few sticks of wood on the coals that smouldered in the small stone fireplace roughly built in one side of the cavity, the blaze that sprang up bringing both men and their surroundings into clearer view. Then the occupant of the tree-house addressed his visitor. As he did so the words of the woman in the

"IT WAS TIM THE FANATIC, WHOSE MISSION

cabin came back to the mind of the traveler: "Tim ain't no deefer'n I am. He's made a vow ginst yo' thet he won't speak 'till he gits yo'."

"Yo've been follerin' me off an' on, an' I wants ter know what fer. Yo've been ter Grab's cabin, yo've et his grub, yo've sneaked on my tracks 'till yo' found my home. What yo' mean by follerin' me? What air yo' laughin' at? Thar ain't nothin' funny in this world ov sin."

A vision of far-away childhood scenes came back to the man addressed, and he again heard the question of the aged grandfather: "What meanest that laugh?" Could he never escape these unpleasant recollections? He shook his head as he answered, "I bees not laughing." Then he repeated, "I bees not laughing."



IN LIFE WAS TO KILL A JEW." PAGE 73

"What air yo' grinnin' at, then? Whar air yo' goin'?"

"I knows not vere. I looks for a place to peddle."

"Whar did yo' come from?"

"Europe."

"Did yo' walk all the way with that pack?"

"I comes by ship to New Orleans, then I takes a steamboat the river up. I valks from the river."

The woodsman steadily regarded his guest as if wondering about him, then spoke in a kindlier tone.

"Hev yo' any kinfolks here'bouts?"

"No, I haf no one in diss country."

The next question came in lowered voice: "How come yo' ter find Grabblehard?"

"You pointed in dot vay und I see a house."

"Did you show him that slab ov bark?"

"Ya."

"What did he say?"

"Noddings. He yust mit the big gun killed the bird."

"Thet's 'nough."

"I goes now on my vay." The traveler who had, retained his pack, arose and turned toward the opening but the hand of Tim held him back.

"Grab give yo' back anothah bark. I want a look at et."

The fragment, which for the time had been forgotten, was handed over to him. Holding it close to the light, Tim studied its markings. Then as he returned it without referring to its message, he said, "Jest take off yo' pack. No one kin evah say thet Grabblehard treated a strangah bettah than me. Yo'll bunk here to-night."

Helping him to unload, he placed the trappings

against the side of the room and next spread a bearskin over the one spare, roughly made stool.

"Take thet seat. Yo' air tired an' hungry. I'll toast yo' a cohn pone an' roast yo' a squirrel. After yo've et yo' suppah we'll talk agin, fer I've got some quistions ter ask."

Tim hung a skin over the opening of the tree so that not a ray of light could escape, then poured into a tin cup a liberal supply of "white lickah," which he offered to his guest, but which was declined.

"Pow'ful strengthenin' ter the stomach, it air, an' warmin' ter the blood. Ef yo' don't git drunk, which no sensible man evah does, lickah's 'cordin' ter the Bible, too. I've read thet book through. Nothin' ginst takin' whiskey nowhar in et. The word ain't in the Bible nowhar, friend. No man evah seen me drunk er evah will. Thet's agin the Good Book."

The simple supper served on the rude stand, lighted by candle and fire, proved most appetizing to the tired and hungry traveler. When finished, the host offered him a new corncob pipe, taking an old one for himself. The Jew shook his head. His companion remarked: "Yo' suah hev currus habits thet makes yo' miss a mighty lot ov pleasure. Mebbe yo're tryin' ter win a bet. Ef so, yo'd bettah lose it an' be happy. Ef yo' don't mind I'll take 'nothah swaller, then whiles I smoke I'll ask a quistion er two." The tin cup saw service again, the pipe was lighted, then came the quistions:

"I've nevah seen thet name 'Europe' yo' tells 'bout in the Bible. It ain't thar, I reckon. Guess the Good Book wah written befoah thet place wah stahted. What kind ov people lives thar?"

"All kinds of peoples."

"White, black, yaller?"

"Ya, but mostly vite peoples."

"Good people and bad people?"

"Ya. The good and the bad peoples bees everywhere."

The woodsman leaned closer, his bushy face peering into that of his guest.

"Friend, in yo' travels did yo' evah see a Jew?" Hesitatingly came the reply:

"Ya, I haf seen mooch Jews."

"I stahted ter read the Bible through out loud, but they was so many names ov peoples thet I kain't pronounce thet I given it up. Then I got interested in the back part of the book, and thar's whar them crucifyin' Jews come in. Thar must've been a pow'ful lot ov 'em oncet. The more I read 'bout their goin's on the maddah I got, 'till I made a vow ter Gawd ter kill a Jew ef I could find one. Then Grab got mixed up with them Missionary Baptists an' begins ter tell me ter love all people, 'specially them what hates yo'. Thet led on from one thing ter anothah, till I given him up. But thet's not what stahted the row twixt him an' me. We've got ter fight it out, thet's all thar is to it. What's the colah ov a Jew?"

"They vas all vite peoples."

"Air they big men?"

"Like odder peoples, some as big as me, some not so big, some bigger."

"What kind ov talk do they use?"

"They uses same talk as the peoples of the country vere they lives in, but some Jews knows Hebrew, too."

"Hebrew, yo' say. Why thet's a word in the old Bible.

"Ya, it iss old language of the Jews."

"I heerd a man say thet Jews hev horns on their heads. Did yo' evah see one with horns?"

"Such like Jews I never saw. They bees like other peoples."

"Friend," the woodsman spoke earnestly, "them Jews air worser'n varmints, er they wouldn't hev crucified Christ Jesus. Ef evah I meets one, thar won't be no arguin'. I'll suah kill him quick."

"Did Jesus haf horns on his head?"

"Of course not, man. He wah the Son of Gawd." A note of surprise and anger as well came into his voice. He half reached out as if to take his guest by the collar, then mumbling to himself, he grabbed his Bible and began to turn the greasy, well-worn leaves. "We'll change the subject, er somethin' mout happen. Many a feller's been killed fer lessen sich talk," he muttered. Apparently undecided as to his duty, he stared questioningly into the face of his visitor.

The deeply set bright dark eyes, the prominent nose, the high cheek bones, together with the ever-present smile, contrasted with the face of the woodsman as well as with the bitterness in the heart of the self-appointed avenger. But as he looked it seemed as though he came somewhat under the influence of that kindly face, for he changed his tone and said: "Time fer sleep. I'll fix yo' bed."

CHAPTER VII

The Devil in the Woods

Is NOT sleep occasionally so sound as to make hours pass as moments? An exhausted slumberer closes his eyes in the evening, to awaken in the morning unaware of anything that has transpired. The night is to him a vacancy. Under other conditions seemingly as conducive to sleep a wandering mind sometimes refuses to slumber. Turning from side to side, tossing restlessly, the victim vainly seeks the solace that only sleep can give. There is also an intermediate condition, when sleep comes by intervals. An hour or less may pass in slumber, to be displaced by a like period of wakefulness. Thus alternately the whole night through, snatches of wakefulness that is not normal succeeds sleep that is not restful. Such was the experience that came to the woodsman's guest that night, as, curled on a soft, home-cured and tanned bearskin, covered with another, he "cat napped."

When he opened his eyes they fell upon the figure of the half (or wholly) crazed man, who sat intently reading or attempting to read a book that he comprehended no more than could a child an abstruse problem in mathematics. Unlike the child, his lack of world knowledge, even of the meaning of the words, incidents, events, did not prevent his forming dogmatic mind-pictures of the most vicious positiveness.

To him the word "wilderness" meant only a woods; a desert was a plain of smooth sand; a manger was only a slatted trough in which horses were fed. The Bible

as a whole, taking in the record from all time, its history, allegory, lessons in life ethics, fragments of experiences recorded by inspired men, tortured by translators in various languages, the simplest words of which were unknown to him, led the perverted mind of that mental mountebank to first create his enemy, then to take the part of an avenging judge. As a fanatic, seeing so little outside his narrow vision, he believed his horizon to be all-embracing, and through his perverted conception he became a self-appointed agent to right wrongs committed more than eighteen centuries before. Since he read that it was the Jews who cried, "Crucify Him, Crucify Him," he became obsessed with the hallucination that to kill a Jew was his duty, somewhat akin to that of ridding the Kentucky forest of "varmints." So whenever the traveler in that night of fitful slumber opened his eyes they fell upon the crazed man whose thoughts were wilder than was the forest life without.

As he thus half slept, half waked, there came to his ears a cry from the distance, a child's cry as though in pain. That it was not imaginary was evidenced by the movements of the man at the table, who raised his head, listened, and with hand behind his ear, sat intent. Soon came another cry, more distinct, much like that of a tortured child. Springing from his bed, he stood before the host, who as yet had made no movement.

"Dot child—it iss lost?" He turned to the opening, but the woodsman gripped his arm and forced him into the opposite seat.

"Thet crittah's on yo' track, man."

"But dot little child, it iss lost!"

"Fer Gawd's sake, man, whah yo' been raised? Ef thet 'child' gits his claws an' teeth in yo' skin, yo'll suah stop travelin' ter yo' land ov nowhar!"

Again came the cry, nearer and nearer, still like that of a child, long-drawn-out, pitiful.

"He's trackin' yo' suah. Man, ef yo' hadn't found me thet crittah'd been crunchin' yo' bones an' suckin' yo' blood befoah yo' could turn ovah. Sit still. Don't yo' move." He rose, took the long gun from its place, and turned again to his guest.

"Don't yo' move, man, no mattah what yo' heahs. Ef thet child yo' feels so sorry fer yells down the chimbly er scratches at the bark ov this ol' tree, yo' jest sit still. He's trackin' yo' an' yo' smilin' face won't save yo' ef them claws gits hold ov yo' hide."

"Vat iss it?"

"Yo'll suah think it's the devil ef he gits inter this hole. Man, thet's the 'devil ov the woods.' "

He blew out the flame of the candle. The fire had long since died down to a few embers. The traveler sat in darkness. Cautiously raising the skin that closed the entrance to the tree, with gun in hand, the woodsman slipped through, carefully replaced the curtain, and was gone.

Are there not influences that come only in the forest, threading through the night of what seems to be perfect stillness? These sounds of the wildwood are unnoticed until they cease. The Jew sat as might a prisoner in a cell, unconsciously impressed by the childlike screams or shrieks, drawing nearer and nearer. Next came sounds as though some great body, sailing through the air, was leaping from tree to tree, scratching their trunks, bending their limbs, from time to time crying aloud, as might an overgrown child in great pain. At last the "woods' devil" reached the very tree where the man sat expectantly waiting for the return of the woodsman. Not on the ground, but far above, the creature traveled,

"A MAGNIFICENT CREATURE, IT LAY AT THE FEET OF THE JEW."

until he reached a limb of the tree that housed the listener, when he turned his head downward and yelled more fiercely than before. It was an exultant cry, presaging a triumphant victory. Then came the sharp crack of a rifle and an abrupt ending of the voice. Thumping down and down, a great beast at last struck the ground, crashing through the underbrush and striking the earth at the opening of the cavity in the tree. The woodsman raised the skin curtain, entered, struck a light with flint and punk, then drew the beast into the room. With twitching muscles and jerking legs, a magnificent creature, it lay at the feet of the Jew.

"Pahdnah, heah's yo' 'child,' the biggest paintah* I evah seed. I cotch a bead on him es he slipped down twixt me an' the moon. Ef I hadn't got him he'd-a got yo'."

* Panther.

CHAPTER VIII

The Unusual Becomes Usual

SHOULD a traveler in a new and strange country, where customs differ greatly from home habits, propose to record his experiences or give a description of the manner and dress of the people he meets, there must be little delay in so doing. Within a comparatively short period the unusual becomes customary; that which at first excites attention becomes ordinary. This the writer of these memoirs has many times experienced. The different dress and manners of the Hopi (Moki) Indians or the Navajos of America, as contrasted with those of the Yaqui Indians of Mexico, as well as the blanketed, native Mexicans, is at first striking; but as one passes time among them it all becomes conventional. Egyptians, Arabians, Turks, have their several marked attractions, which to a traveler soon become commonplace. Ruins of the Moslem Orient, Egyptian tombs and colossal structures, wrecked palaces of Hindoo lands, after a time excite no more attention than does the tepee of the Blackfeet, the hogan of the blanket-weaving Navajo, or the homes of the Hopi on the crest of the cliffs of Arizona. First they strikingly appeal, often amaze the traveler, but gradually come to be accepted as part of a familiar landscape or a picturesque people, fitted to their environment. Even traditional stories, interesting legends, as well as exciting historical narratives, to a cloyed mind, fade into dullness. Our traveler in Kentucky was at first interested in the scenes that came before him, marveling at curious trees

and their fruits, listening to the call of strange birds and other woodland creatures. In the beginning he moved in a wonderland, but as similar sights and sounds were repeated over and over, he came to view them as casually as one looks upon the repeated surroundings of his daily life.

Such experiences are not restricted to travelers. A fascinating story may become tiresome if continuously read, but after an interval of rest as one again turns to the book interest is revived. The same applies to science. Unbroken application in one direction becomes finally wearisome. Change of thought relieves the mind. The word "cloyed" applies to other than appetite for food. The *mind* may be surfeited, the intellect wearied, the imagination exhausted. Thus, after leaving the hollow-tree home, scenes that followed excited in the mind of our traveler less and less of wonder.

Heedlessly he moved through the forest that, for unusual scenes, was equal to anything he had yet observed. The clearings of the "squatters" no longer interested him. They did not appeal as offering opportunity for business. The meal of victuals to which he was always welcomed was partaken of with relish if it broke no rule of his creed. The group of children about each log cabin, the ever-present lean dogs, the small patches of corn and tobacco in each clearing, were anticipated. Peculiarities of the language of the people were likewise now unnoticed. The traveler was unconsciously beginning to be a Kentuckian of the primitive style, a people who in those years were a clan to themselves. Thus he slowly moved on toward his unknown destination.

Perhaps it was two days, perhaps four or five—it

matters little. He may have traveled many miles as, burdened with his load, he slowly followed neglected paths, creeping up winding creeks, crossing ridges, passing down other streams. Forests, hills, and creeks were everywhere.* In many places there was scarcely cultivated land sufficient to be called a field. Inspired by the pure air, the pleasant breeze, the mellowed sunshine of autumn that in primitive Kentucky charmed as perhaps in no other land the writer knows, he moved contentedly on. And yet a few unusual events bade him pause.

Once he came upon a peculiar house such as he had never before seen. It was situated in thick woods, no living creature near it. Constructed of young tree trunks, each about the size of a man's wrist, it appeared much like a house made of miniature logs. It was about six or eight feet square and somewhat less in height. The top was also of saplings much like the sides. Beneath one side a deep trench led to the interior. Inside, the floor was covered with shelled corn, thickly spread, a scattered trail leading out through the trench into the forest, where it separated into several branches. The traveler stopped and examined the small building, wondering as to its use, doorless, windowless, so small that a child could not enter other than by crawling through the trench. No sign of man was near. Indeed, the structure was built amid thick underbrush. Resting for a time on a fallen log, he vaguely wondered about the place and its significance, then passed on his journey.

Before nightfall ended his day's travel he began to hear the "gobble, gobble" cry of big birds such as he had seen and heard about the homes of the settlers and

*See reproduction of government map (topographical) of Boone County inside front cover.

occasionally met in his journey, but there seemed to be no home near. Turning in the direction from which the sound came, he found a miniature house such as he had seen earlier in the day. In it were several big birds with uplifted heads. On seeing the man approach they beat their wings against the sides of the building in a vain effort to escape. But the cage was too securely staked to the earth. Thus he became acquainted with a turkey trap and had his first experience with wild turkeys.* The dumb birds, with heads down, had followed the trail of the corn to and through the trench into the miniature cabin. Raising their heads when their greediness was somewhat appeased, they found themselves trapped, and thereafter continuously looked up, never down. Something in the locality now appealed to the traveler as being familiar. Surely this must be the house he had seen before, yet it could not be, for he had traveled hours since then. But there was the log on which he sat that morning when the trap was empty.

"Strangah, thet's a purty good ketch."

The startled traveler turned, to meet a pleasant face, that of a woodsman who had silently approached. It was good to see a human face in this solitude, and Felix responded, "Ya, it iss goot."

"Mout yo' be goin' somewhar heah'bouts?" asked the man as he seated himself beside the traveler.

"I—" he stammered, "I does not know. I vants a place to peddle. I goes from here novhere."

"Peahs ter me thet place is pow'ful easy ter find in these woods, but night don't wait fer a man ter find nowhar er somewhar, either. Ef yo'll help me ketch them turkeys I'll take yo' ter my cabin, which is jest 'bout es neah nowhar es yo' kin find in these hills.

*Addenda. See Charlie Alloway.

Yo'll need some suppah an' a bed ter lie on ternight." The man knelt down, thrust his hand through the trench, grasped the legs of a turkey that struggled and fought as he drew its legs through the opening, tied them together with strips of pawpaw bark, and finally threw the helpless bird to one side, repeating this process until the trap was empty. The asked-for help was given by the traveler, who, as directed, stepped around the trap, driving the frightened birds toward the trench.

"Be keerful ter keep yo' hands out of the way, or yo' suah'll git yo' arm broke." This advice was scarcely needed after the first bird was secured. So viciously did he fight that bird and man rolled over together, the man avoiding the beating wings and clawing feet, the bird viciously attempting to prevent either from being tethered.

"Et's pow'ful hahd ter git hold ov them legs when a feller's by hisself. Yo' wah jest in time ter help. The trap wah empty when yo' wah heah this mornin'."

"It iss the first time I comes this vay."

"Suah, yo' wah heah this mornin'. I watched yo' come an' seed yo' go. Yo' sot on thet same log."

"But I valks many miles since this morning."

"Yo' walked in a circle, mistah. Folks thet ain't used ter the woods often does thet."

"It vas cloudy. The sun—I could not see him."

"The moss on the sides of the sugah trees would've told yo' which way to go. It's thickest and the bark is blackest on the south side."

During this conversation the wings of the turkeys had been tied flatly to their sides, the birds being fastened together in pairs.

"Come, pahdnah," as he slung them over his shoulders, "we'll strike fer the cabin."

"Vat will you do mit four big birds?"

"Them's fer the barbecue day after to-morrer."

The next morning the traveler declined the invitation to "stay a bit," and again struck out on his journey "nowhere," a word he only partly comprehended, but which was not destined to be a squatter's cabin in the forest. Methodlessly, even heedlessly, he moved onward. Hills, valleys, creeks, came and went in succession. Back and forth he trod the forest's solitudes, seeking the most favorable paths or bypaths. The lure of the native woods appeals much or more than does the charm of the desert.

It might have been an hour, perhaps longer, when, in an open place among the trees near a creek, he came unexpectly upon a man seated upon a log, intently peering at a short board resting on a stump before him. Not a movement did he make as the intruder came slowly forward until, at a point where he could see over the man's shoulder, he stopped and wonderingly stood as silent as the man on the log, who intently watched the scene before him. On the board were fragments of honeycomb, the honey oozing from it, smearing the surface of the plank. He now noticed that bees were sucking the sweet, and that after eating their fill they flew away, while others alighted in their place. As each bee arose with zigzag movements, the silent watcher gazed intently upward, endeavoring to locate the direction finally taken, but to the traveler's eyes the bees seemed to disappear at once after leaving the board. Another and yet another came and went, the watcher apparently so intent as to be oblivious of the stranger's presence. At last he spoke mumblingly:

"I know thet tree. Et's a blue gum thet I've 'spicioned fer some time. Yisterday I sighted thet bee

line from 'bout a quarter ov a mile ter the right. I knows whar thet line an' this'n comes tergethah. Ef yo' don't mind walkin' half a mile er so, mistah, I'll show yo' the finest lot ov honey any gum tree in these woods evah tuhned out. Thet tree's holler from about ten feet above the ground ter 'bout halfways up, but it won't take long ter chop it down." He picked up a tin boiler and an ax from behind the log and added, "Come along."*

Arriving at the tree, the woodsman pointed upward, where, over half the length of its body, through a knot-hole poured a stream of bees, some coming, some departing.

"Put yo' traps out ov reach ov the tree an' stand beside 'em whilst I staht a smoke."

This he accomplished by means of flint and steel, then stepped back to survey the tree from different angles, murmuring to himself, thinking aloud: "Ef I lands it in thet direction it may lodge 'ginst thet oak. Ovah this way, it'll smash ovah the cliff. Thar's only one way it kin fall, but it suah leans in tothah direction." After a moment of survey, he seemed satisfied. "I kin give it a slantin' twist an' land it twixt them two trees, whar it won't hit nothin'." With ax he turned to the tree, from which soon flew a volley of chips as the sharp blade of the expert cut its way into one side, then into the other, but not directly opposite.

True to calculation, as the tree started to fall, it slowly twisted in its course, striking the earth at precisely the spot the expert woodsman had planned for it to fall. As it struck the earth the trunk split at the

* One of the characteristics of our pioneers was absence of manifestation of surprise. They were ever ready for whatever came. Without intent I have featured that.—J. U. L.

knot-hole doorway of the bees, exposing a mass of honeycomb more than sufficient to fill the boiler. It would be superfluous to describe how the smoke screen was made by the woodsman, whereby the disconsolate bees were driven from their home, the methods of gatherers of "wild honey" being probably well known to most readers.

The "bee tree" of northern Kentucky has followed the trapper, who followed the Indian, who followed the buffalo, that followed the mammoth. In a few years the term "bee gum"* will be meaningless to the generation that walks in the path the pioneers blazed. Even now the gum-tree hive is no longer seen. However, we are concerned with the traveler, who, after a little conversation with the bee man, resumed his load and left him to his task of gathering the honey.

After a time there came from the distance the sound of guns. As he went onward the repeated crack, crack at irregular intervals seemed to strike his ears from all sides. It seemed as if he were being surrounded, though as yet he had seen no one. He paused beneath a great tree to listen. Crack! came a gun startlingly near to where he stood. Catching vainly at bark and twigs of the tree above him, a squirrel fell at his feet. Not yet dead, the little creature raised its head and looked appealingly into the man's face as though begging for sympathy and protection. Stooping, the traveler raised the helpless little creature in his hand. As it lay twitching, the eyes were pitifully fastened on the smiling face of the only human friend it had ever known. A few struggles, then they closed; all was over. The smile yet lingered on the man's face, but his heart was saddened. So intent had he been in watching the dying animal that

*Addenda.

he failed to notice the approach of the hunter until aroused by his voice:

"If you please, I'll take that squirrel." The traveler handed him the squirrel, remarking, "Many guns shoots to-day."

"Yes, there's to be a barbecue to-morrow. We need game for the burgoo. You appear to be a stranger." The speaker's language indicated that he was well schooled, though he seemed perfectly at home in the forest.

"Ya," replied the traveler.

"Bound for where?"

"I does not know yust vere."

"Well, perhaps you will not be the only one to-morrow who'll start for that place."

This remark was enigmatical to the traveler, so he made no comment, but asked, "What bees dot barbecue und burgoo you says comes to-morrow?"

"If you have nothing special in view and will come with me I shall take pleasure in showing you what I mean by a barbecue. The burgoo has to be started boiling and the trench lighted to-day to make coals for to-morrow. It'll be a great day, plenty to eat and plenty to drink. Speakers and visitors, congressmen, preachers, from all parts of the state will be on hand. Boone County is planning for a big day to-morrow." Meditatingly he continued: "I shouldn't be surprised if there were a bit of fighting, too. There always is. Whigs, Know-Nothings, and Democrats in Kentucky do not often settle their differences without a fight—and they are not settled then. Some of the Whig Party left over from Henry Clay's time are still trying to explain to us Democrats why Henry Clay voted to make John Quincy Adams President instead of Andrew Jackson."

He clenched his fist, then, coming to himself, added, "He was a brainy man, Henry Clay, a brainy man," all of which meant little to the traveler.

The two men passed on together, conversing pleasantly, although the somewhat garrulous guide who directed their course did most of the talking. About dusk they came to their destination—a newly made clearing, where the stumps were freshly cut. The fallen logs had been trimmed of their limbs and smoothed, the shrubs and underbrush had been removed. The spot selected was a natural earth semicircle, where a creek found its source between two sloping hillsides, thus giving an ideal location for the rude benches that, in addition to the fallen logs, had been arranged to face the speakers' stand.

CHAPTER IX

"I'm the Burgoo Man"

Evening came as the hunter, accompanied by his new-found friend, carrying carpetsack and pack, arrived on the ground, where a scene of activity met them. Many men were engaged, each attending to a needed task, making ready for the great event.

The traveler was guided to a temporary tent and directed to place his "belongings" there, his guide assuring him they would be safe, adding that when he got sleepy he could "bunk" in the straw for the night. As he wandered about the grounds he met the man who had caught the wild turkeys, and who welcomed him with hearty cordiality.

"Jest make yo'self at home. Everything's free heah. Et don't mattah what yo' wants er needs, it's your'n. Eat and drink yo' fill. Ef anyone axes any questions, jest send 'em ter me. Yo'll find me 'bout the burgoo kittles. Make yo'self at home."

Very strange was the scene to our traveler, but not more so than would an old-time Kentucky barbecue be to residents of to-day. He knew nothing of the customs, ideals, politics, or religion of the people among whom he found himself, which, to a degree, would be true of most of us to-day. No greater contrast can well be imagined than that which his mind could draw between the lands with which he was familiar and present scenes.

Chief among the surprising things he saw was a long, wide trench several feet deep, into which men

were feeding a slow fire of newly cut green wood. As he stood watching them his "burgoo" friend approached.

"Gittin' a bed ov coals ready an' heatin' the sides ov the trench fer ter roast the beef an' sheep. Takes time ter git thet bank hot an' a bed ov coals deep 'nough ter roast meat fer the crowd thet's comin' ter-morrer. Yo' know, pahdnah, it won't do ter put fresh wood undah the roasts. The smoke'd spile the taste."

All of which meant little to the traveler, with his limited knowledge of the language and his utter lack of information concerning the customs of people about him. He smiled and nodded to the "burgoo man" in recognition of his explanation, and turned to watch the men who, near by, were feeding wood to the fires under a row of large iron kettles, resting on rude stone foundations. Observing his interest, the burgoo man seized the opportunity to exalt his task.

"Overseein' the burgoo's my job. Thet's why I come a day ahead. Them roasts'll take keer of themselves. All them men needs ter do is to tuhn them animals ovah by the chains yo' see 'cross in the ditch. A little scorchin' don't do no hahm ter roast beef, but if burgoo gits too hot and burns at the bottom, the whole kittle's spiled. Et takes time an' jest heat 'nough ter simmah the stew. Ef it don't bile it'll nevah git done. Not much dangah now, but ter-morrer when the burgoo gits thick, them men what's stirrin' won't hev time ter stop a minute. They've got ter keep the bottom scraped an' the fiah jest right undah it. Friend," —the speaker waxed enthusiastic—"to-day I'm mighty proud ov myself, fer to-morrer the big guns from upstate'll be heah, the kinfolks of Henry Clay an' Breckenridge, Boone County Congressman George Terrell, an' "—he leaned over to whisper—"the biggest ov 'em

all, ter my way ov thinkin', Jimmy Kirtley, ov Boone. He's comin' by special invite. Thar'll be more'n a thousand people ef thar's one, but ov all Kaintuck, leavin' out preachah Kirtley, I'll be the biggest, fer *I'm the burgoo man.* An' what, I ax yo' would a barbecue be without no burgoo?"

With keen interest, the smiling traveler listened to the boastful burgoo man as he watched the novel proceedings about him.

"Peahs ter me yo' air wohn out," the speaker continued. "Let's git a snack an' then yo' kin bunk by yo' belonging's. I've got pow'ful little time fer sleep. I'll tell yo' what, friend,"—he leaned over and slowly and impressively stated—"yo'd orter be mighty proud thet yo' air my company, fer don't yo' fergit es long es yo' live, *I'm the burgoo man.*"

The "snack" mentioned proved to be a very hearty lunch mainly of cold meat, hot corn bread and coffee. After this came the "bunk." With head pillowed upon his pack, carpetsack by his side, a deep bed of fresh straw beneath him, the tired traveler slept. But before his eyes closed, the events of the day ran through his mind. That which impressed him most was the new language, curious words such as "burgoo," "barbecue," "roasting trench." The persons called the "big guns," such as Breckenridge, Terrell, and, "biggest ov them all," Jimmy Kirtley, of Boone County, caused wonder as to who these men were and why they were designated as "big guns."

As he lay in the tent, there came in contrast scenes long past, yet still so vivid. The little, horrid room of his childhood in the Ghetto contrasted strangely with the wide reaches of this new land. Had he been familiar with the lines, "the groves were God's first temples,"

surely his thought would have applied them to this magnificent woodland. As he repeated the never-neglected night prayer of his people, there rose before him the angelic face of his devoted mother, fading into peaceful, dreamless sleep. So sound was his slumber that the noises due to the activities of the night were unheard. Not until he was shaken by the shoulder did he awaken, to be greeted by the kindly face of the "burgoo man":

"Time ter git up, friend."

The customary tin pan and bucket of water stood on a near-by bench, several towels, common to all, hanging on adjacent limbs. After taking advantage of these conveniences, there came the invitation to breakfast, which proved to be abundant in quantity, though restricted in variety.

"Now, jest make yo'self ter home fer the day. Ef yo' wants fer anything yo'll find me down 'bout the burgoo kittles."

At breakfast he sat at a long wooden table, in company with the men who were preparing for the feast to come, a jovial crowd, full of anecdotes and stories. When finished, he again wandered about wonderingly. Much had been accomplished during the hours of his sleep. The stand for the speakers had been completed and profusely decorated with American flags, intertwined with which were portraits of the celebrities of the day. These flags were everywhere, while, tacked on trees and suspended by cords about the clearing, were party slogans, unintelligible to him.

Over the great trench, now deeply filled with live coals, he saw suspended in a row beef in quarters and sheep in halves. They were turned, raised, or lowered as needed, by men who knew how to handle the chains

and rods as well as how to stir or smother the coals fed by the dripping fat, which in falling burst into spitting flames. It was a slow fire, often smothered by a sprinkling of ashes when the roasting flesh demanded less heat. Perhaps half the night had been thus spent by the attendants. Even then the slowly cooking roasts would not be "done through" before noon.

Not far away were the burgoo kettles, cared for by men stirrers who, under the eye of the "burgoo man," were intent on scraping the bottoms of the kettles as well as by constant agitation, mixing the contents. From adjacent tables carriers brought chopped turkeys, chickens, squirrels, fragments of beef and mutton, dried red peppers, whole black-pepper corns, and such vegetables as were obtainable, and as directed dropped them into the big kettles, all under the vigilant eye of the "burgoo man," who also helped to regulate the slow fires.

"Ef one ov them stirrers scorches the bottom ov his kittle, my reputation's gone," he remarked to a bystander. With ladle in hand as a "taster," he moved from kettle to kettle, adding an occasional handful of salt or chopped peppers, continuously talking, but to no one in particular.

"Feed the kittles slow and bile 'em steady. Add a little ov this an' a little ov thet, not too much ov nothin' to oncet. Burgoo must be jest so. When noontime comes, thar mustn't be no taste ov no one thing, jest a blendin' ov all what's in it. Thar mustn't be nothin' ter chew, else it ain't done. The meat an' the vegetables has ter jest grow tergethah es they simmah with the seasonin' in the burgoo thet I makes, an' I'm the burgoo boss ov all Kaintuck. Burgoo's too thin ter stand still an' too thick ter move. Et ain't like nothin'

else on airth ner in the heavens; et's a twixt an' tween, soup on one side and vittles on tothah, all in one." He leaned over to his nearest auditor and whispered loud enough for all to hear: "Burgoo's like whiskey. Thar ain't neither one ov 'em made to perfection nowhar but in Kaintuck."

He straightened and spoke directly to the traveler: "Yo' ought ter be proud ov yo' friend, mistah, fer he's the champeen burgoo man of all Kaintuck, which means ov the whole world."

The garrulous tongue and vainglorious boasting of the burgoo man were little noticed by his helpers or the bystanders, other than an occasional smile or low-toned chuckling comment, for the fact remained—he *did* know how to make burgoo.

In a burst of unusual confidence as though divulging a mighty secret, he leaned over and whispered to a man evidently well known: "Whiskey's the foundation stone ov burgoo. It's the cement thet binds everything inter one. A sartain 'mount goes inter each kittle, but yo' must mix et with cold watah befo' you adds et. Keep this ter yo'self. Yo' mustn't add the whiskey 'till jest befo' the burgoo's sarved. Keep this ter yo'self, I says, fer I'm givin' yo' one ov my secrets.

"I reckon I'm 'bout the knowin'est man thet'll be heah ter-day 'ceptin' Jimmy Kirtley. He knows 'bout everything thet's in his line an' wuth knowin', an' he's pow'ful close ter God. My folks is all Baptists, too, but I don't make no perfession to nothin' but burgoo. Yo'll heah lots ov praises ov Breckenridge an' Clay an' Terrell an' them fellers thet's goin' ter speak, er ef they're dead, be talked 'bout. An' them speakers'll give yo' a mighty pile ov advice 'bout runnin' this country, but I'll bet not one ov 'em, dead er livin' kin

make a kittle of burgoo. They's pow'ful larned in their talk, which ain't nothin' but common schoolin, an' mebbe most ov it uncommon, but any feller what ain't got sense ov his own kin git thet outen books. Fer genuwine eddication they cain't hold a candle ter fellers like me. Book people kin be mighty ignor'nt, fer they don't none ov 'em know how ter make a kittle ov burgoo, an' they never kin larn, fer thar ain't no book written ter tell 'em. Jest remember, boys," turning with a prodigious wink to a near-by group, "I'm the knowin'est man heah." Then turning back to his work, he added: "Thar'll be a thousand men, mo' er less, at this barbecue ter eat. Git out ov the way, fellers! I'm a busy man. Stand back from them kittles!"

The traveler, a part of the crowd so summarily scattered, passed on.

CHAPTER X

"Yo'll Hev ter Kill Me First, Tim"

Rows of rude tables with backless benches along their sides were being erected. Men were busy setting them with plates, cups, spoons, all of tin; black-handled iron case knives, and two-tined black iron forks. Those were primitive days, but the writer questions whether, with all our progress, it would not be difficult in the forests of any country district to care for that gathering to-day as it was served then. The barbecue of olden time in Kentucky was certainly an event.*

Before noon the adjacent woods were alive with hitched saddle horses, interspersed with a moderate number of one-horse buggies and two-horse carry-alls. Seemingly the predicted thousand was not an exaggeration. Animated discussions were being indulged here and there as groups gathered, all participants appearing to be in holiday humor as well as attire, a general spirit of neighborly friendliness thus far prevailing.

Somewhat bewildered, our traveler wandered about alone. Of all that multitude his only friend, so far as he knew was the "burgoo man," now too busy to give thought to anything other than his kettles. As he volubly expressed it, "et don't take no brains ner no think ter roast a beast. Any kind ov a feller kin do thet, but ef this burgoo fails, thar mout es well be no barbecue."

Thus his neglected friend wandered aimlessly until, after a time, he stood on rising ground, watching two

*Addenda. Use of table utensils, such as knives and forks.

parties of men with books, pencils, badges in hand, busily moving through the crowd. On each coat lapel, as the wearer answered a question, a badge was pinned. They came on toward where he stood, and before he could well move onward the crowd surrounded him. Short were the questions asked, quick the answers. He heard some of the words, but did not comprehend their meaning. The system and object of the counters, as well as the questions and replies, meant nothing to him. The surging crowd packed more closely about him, then unexpectedly the questioners addressed him, asking in quick succession if he were for Buchanan, Fillmore, or Fremont.* As he made no reply, looking at them smilingly, yet with vaguely puzzled gaze, they questioned him more in detail, asking if he were Democrat, Whig, or Know-nothing.

He turned in bewilderment from one to another until his eyes rested on the face of a man who had just arrived, who stood a head taller than most of the men about him, a man whose shaggy hair, once-bewhiskered face, and rough dress had then appalled him. It was Tim, but a new Tim, clean shaven, neatly dressed. His face, even with the red scar, might have been attractive but for its expression of bitterness. Few would have connected him with the crude woodsman who but recently peered from the cavity of the great tree. He was staring with fixed gaze at the perplexed man.

"Hurry up! We must move on. What are you?"

"Vat I bees, who I bees?" He hesitated, then spoke clearly.

"Who I bees? I bees Felix Moses. Vat I bees?" Fixing his eyes upon the waiting giant, without a quiver he spoke, not to the questioner, but to Tim:

* See Addenda. Campaign of 1856.

"I bees a Jew."

The pencils of the tellers ceased to move. The badge distributors paused, the busy tongues of groups about were suddenly quieted. That reply "I bees a Jew" bred curious effects, so distant was it from the subject of their census. The momentary silence was quickly broken by Tim. In a voice resembling the bellowing of a bull rather than that of a human being, he shouted:

"Let me git to him! Out ov my way, men! A Jew! I'll choke the life outen him! Let me git to him!"

With the strength of an ox he crushed through the throng, throwing his coat aside as he moved, baring his arms to their elbows, his face set with viciousness while his sharp black eyes flashed with insane hatred. Before resistance could be made he had almost reached the Jew, over whose smiling face came no change. The hands of the fanatic were not far from his throat, but before they could close upon the victim, a long arm and strong hand was thrust between them. The Jew was jerked aside as a man not less stalwart than the would-be murderer wedged into his place. The faces of the two were close as the intruder quietly spoke:

"*Yo'll hev ter kill me first, Tim.*"

A more unexpected event could scarcely strike a body of men than came when those giants on the knoll stood face to face. For a moment they eyed each other mutely, then the champion of the Jew spoke in a low voice, addressing his opponent as if he had forgotten the men about them:

"Tim, yo' an' me hev been tergethah since we war little shavers. We've fished an' hunted in these woods, in an' out, nearly all our lives. We've both belonged ter the Predestinari'n Babtists es we seen the way 'till

I heer'd Preachah Robert Kirtley, who believed in missionaryin'. Aftah hearin' him I jined the Missionary Baptist Church. Yo' know thet's all so, Tim."

There was no reply. Argument is not the weapon of a mind-locked fanatic, yet he seemed held by the steady eye of his one-time friend, who continued:

"Tim, yo' tuhned 'ginst me. Yo' read yo' Bible ter find moah an' moah reasons fer yo' hate 'till yo' went plum crazy 'ginst me. Yo' hed heer'd a pow'ful lot of preachin' 'bout them Jews crucifyin' Christ, an' then yo' tuk ter yo' gun. Nobody evah thought yo'd find a Jew in these woods, but wife an' me hed been suah yo'd find me. Yo've found yo' Jew first an' now yo've found me."

He paused for a moment, still with steady eyes upon his enemy, but no word of reply came.

"Tim, we mout jest es well fight it out now with our fists. Ef yo' whips me, jest fergit the Jew. God'll 'tend ter him. Anyhow, thet's God's business, not your'n. Let him go on his way. He ain't hahmed yo' ner nobody else. Ef I whips yo' thar won't be nothin ter forgive, fer I ain't hatin' no one. Whichevah whips, Tim, we'll make up friends agin an' count the old scoah settled. Thar's no need ter kill each othah. A dead feller's no good ter no one."

Neither man appeared to be excited, yet both were tense with feeling and seemed equally oblivious of the bystanders. Tim now replied. Somehow there was something a little plaintive in the voice of the brain-bewildered man. Perhaps something of old-time thought stirred within him:

"I've sot an' read the Bible 'till I gits tiahed, tryin' ter larn what I cain't understand. But one thing is suah. Thet Old Testament is full ov fight from beginnin'

ter end. Killin's, murderin's ov great kings, burnin' ov big cities an' their people. Thet's fact, an' thet's what's made me know thet, 'cordin' ter what's thar, et's right ter fight an' kill people thet's done evil. Yo' went back on yo' God, an' fer thet sin I'm goin' ter kill yo' er yo' must kill me. Ef the Lord didn't want them people ter fight He wouldn't-a let 'em done et. Ef He don't want us ter fight, we cain't do it. No man's biggah'n God. Take off yo' coat an' strip ter the waist. The Lord willin', I'll give yo' what's perdestined fer yo' ter git. Then I'll 'tend ter thet Jew."

"Mebbe yo'll find the Lord's on my side, Tim. Ef so, I'm perdestined ter whip yo', 'cordin' ter yo' way ov thinkin'. Ef I do I'll take keer ov the Jew. Yo' know it mout be, Tim, thet the Lord's on the side ov the Jew."

The crowd, always willing to witness a fight, stepped back to form a ring about the three men. As they prepared for the contest it was evident that the two were evenly matched. Neither appeared to have the advantage either in height, weight, or muscular development. As they stood thus confronting each other, a bystander remarked:

"The Lord suah hes got a job ter pick out thet winnah. Thar'll be a pile ov blood squirt befo'—" He stopped abruptly, quickly removing his hat as he ceased to speak. A murmur of low voices ran through the crowd. Some had begun betting on one or the other as the prospective winner, a few were protesting against the brutality of the proceeding, but most were looking with keen interest for what promised to be an exciting combat. But now there came instant quiet as faces were turned from the combatants toward a man who had driven in a buggy to the outskirts of the crowd.

As the gaze of the multitude turned upon him, hats were courteously raised as a token of deep respect for one in some way exalted above the others. There was not a cheer, not a loud salute such as might be given to some celebrated personage of political fame, but the manner in which the crowd stood with bared heads spoke more forcibly than words of the exceptional place this man occupied in the hearts and minds of the people.

"Jimmy Kirtley, Jimmy Kirtley," a voice here and there whispered the name. Momentarily the Jew, his enemy, and his champion were forgotten. The man alighted from the buggy amid outstretched hands. To assist "Jimmy Kirtley," as he was affectionately known to all, was an honor. A dozen men were ready to hitch his horse. Of the average height of men in a country where most men were tall, he was a striking figure of dignified bearing. His eyes bespoke utmost kindness. His neatly trimmed hair and beard were touched with gray. Removing his linen duster, which he tossed into the buggy, he smoothed his glossy hat with a silk handkerchief, straightened his black necktie with a touch, accomplishing it all so naturally as to apparently be giving little if any thought to dress or appearance. Certainly this man was the perfect type of the old-time Kentucky gentleman. A graceful, commanding figure, hat in hand, with smiling face, he returned the salutations of those about him, where all were his admirers, none his enemy.

For a moment the eyes of Mr. Kirtley scanned the crowd, resting at last on the two combatants and the unhappy Jew. They, too, had turned their faces toward the beloved minister of Boone County. A shadow came over the face of Mr. Kirtley. Asking no questions, comprehending at a glance the scene, as though he were

REV. JAMES A. KIRTLEY

"A KENTUCKY GENTLEMAN OF THE OLD SCHOOL"

Portrait taken on fiftieth anniversary of Gunpowder Baptist Church

walking calmly down the aisle of his church, he turned his steps toward them. An aisle it was, in fact, for men drew back, opening a straight path to the two men stripped for battle. Nor did either speak or move as he stepped between them. Handing his hat to a bystander, he gently placed a hand on the bare shoulder of each.

"Brethren, what is the meaning of this?"

It was Tim who answered: "We're goin' ter fight et out, pahson."

"Fight out what?"

The other now spoke: "We've got a difference ter settle, Brothah Kirtley, concernin' his'n an' my religion."

"But thet ain't all ov et, Pahson. He's wedgin' inter my affairs consarnin' thet Jew," interrupted Tim.

With his hands still on the men's shoulders, the parson turned his eyes to the Jew, whose uplifted face smiled back winningly and yet inquiringly. Evidently he was bewildered by the rapid shaping of events in which he was unwittingly the center.

"What has the Jew done to either of you, my friends?"

"I've swohn an oath ter kill a Jew ef I evah finds one, an' jest es the Lord sends him ter me, Grab wedges in. I'm fightin' fer the glory ov the Lord, Pahson. Et war the Jews what killed Christ. Thet's 'nough fer me." Then as the old spirit of venom swept over him he shook off the hand of the minister. The whisper of the devil within proved louder than the voice of the peace-making parson. He spoke viciously as with flushed countenance he angrily shook his fist.

"Pahson, this ain't none ov yo' affair. Yo' kin do yo' preachin' in the meetin' house an' missionaryin' ain't my kind ov preachin', nohow. This ain't no place

fer a sarmon. A barbecue ain't no place fer preachin'. Ef—" He did not complete the sentence, for the rising tide of indignation about him boded no good to the man who assumed such an attitude and tone toward the Reverend James Kirtley.

Tim feared neither man nor body of men. Fear was to him unknown. Without a quiver he would have faced a bear or other beast of the forest. But that low buzz of indignation, the silent form of his antagonist, who stood looking him straight in the eye but made no movement other than to take a step closer to the minister, indicating his intention to protect him if protection were needed, together made him pause. Then in a low but not unkind tone Grab said: "Tim, fer Gawd's sake, Tim, yo' don't know what yo' air sayin'."

As whispers quieted about them, calmness again fell upon those within the circle, all appreciating that a tragedy was being enacted.

"Tim, yo' air fergettin' yo'self," he added. Tim's eyes nervously flitted from face to face. It seemed as if some doubt of the wisdom of his course was filtering through his beclouded brain.

"Yo' says this ain't no place fer preachin'. Ain't yo' makin' a mistake, Tim? Peahs ter me thet the gospel kin be preached anywhar." Tim moved uneasily, but did not answer.

"Tim, yo' an' me hev heerd Brothah Kirtley preach in Association meetin's out in the woods whar nothin' but trees growed. 'Member how he stood on a big stump with his Bible in his hand an' preached fer an hour an' nobody wanted him ter stop? Suah Gawd war with him then. Yo' an' me hev stood on the bank ov old Gunpowdah Creek when the snow war a foot deep an' the ice needed a ax ter break it. We've seen Preachah

Kirtley preach his sermon in the old church at the foot of the bluff an' wade inter thet ice watah more'n once ter baptise whoevah the savin' grace hed fallen on. One Sunday the wind war so cold thet our ears tuhned blue, but Brothah Kirtley waded inter thet ice-cold watah an' nevah left 'till ev'ry sinnah thet hed confessed wah babtized. Yo' knows thet's so, Tim." Still looking at his opponent, who made no reply, speaking earnestly, he seemed to have forgotten the crowd about as memory possessed him.

"We've tooken off our hats time an' agin when he wah speakin' words ov comfort ovah the graves ov our kinfolks an' friends. Tim, yo' knows thet Preachah Kirtley is pow'ful close ter Gawd, an' He ain't shut up in no house. Whar Brothah Kirtley er any othah Gawd-fearin' minister is, thet's Gawd's meetin' house. Mebbe, Tim, this heah barbecue is held on one ov Gawd's porches."

Something of emotional fervor gradually crept over a goodly portion of the audience as the men continued their discussion. In those days emotion was an important part of religion. To "line the hymn" was an honor, and in that group stood one who was accustomed to fill that position. Unable to resist, he raised his deep voice, strong and musical:

"Praise ye the Lord; on every height
  Songs to His glory raise.
Ye angel hosts, ye stars of night,
  Join in immortal praise.
Praise ye His name, to whom alone
  All homage should be given,
Whose glory from the eternal throne
  Spreads wide o'er earth and heaven."

Before he finished, all heads were uncovered, the larger portion of the throng, as he "lined" the verse, joining in the well-known hymn.

The head of the angered man had gradually drooped until his eyes rested on the ground. The words of his opponent had brought back scenes of the past. That very hymn had been a favorite of his mother. He had not always been alone in the world, and Mr. Kirtley had stood with him at the grave of the last of his family. There was a heart struggle. The "still small voice" of truth and reason was pleading for a hearing. But it is difficult to acknowledge error even to a friend, much more so an enemy. The clutch of the devil is not readily loosened. Surely this man had been devil-possessed, as were many in centuries past. The psychological moment had come. Mr. Kirtley divined the opportunity and quietly addressed the downcast man:

"Tim, why should you want to kill this man. Has he harmed you?"

"He's a Jew, pahson. Thet's 'nough." Though somewhat sullen, his tone was no longer aggressive. He spoke hesitatingly, as if there were other things he would say, but had lost faith in his own arguments. Now came the opportunity for which the minister waited.

"Tim, you are a predestinarian Baptist?"

Tim's face brightened. He was on familiar ground now. "Yes, pahson, fathah'n mothah, too, an' granddad an' grandmammy befo' 'em."

"You believe God knows what is right?'

"He knows everything, pahson."

"Are you bigger than God?"

"Thet's a mighty cur'us question ter ask a pore human."

"If God wanted the Jews to die, couldn't He have blotted them out long ago?"

The beclouded brain of the giant began to comprehend in some measure where his own concepts were leading him. He did not reply, but uneasily shifted his feet.

"Don't you think, Tim, we had better let God attend to His own affairs?" The voice was gently persuasive. That a struggle was going on between the heart and the mind of the giant was increasingly evident. For a time he stood undecided, then his shoulders drooped and his head bowed lower.

"I reckon I'm whipped, pahson."

"No, Tim, you are not whipped. You have conquered yourself. Our Bible says that 'He that ruleth his spirit is better than he that taketh a city.' "

Straightening his form as if he had thrown off a load, Tim again faced his enemy as he said with something of his old-time spirit, "But *Grab* ain't whipped me." One could almost hear the breathing of the crowd as he continued:

"Yo' cain't whip me, Grab. It's not yo', but them words yo' spoke an' thet hymn thet pulled me down. I seen the faces in the old graveyard rise up betwixt yo' an' me. I couldn't seem ter see yo' face fer them betwixt us. Ef et twarn't fer them faces I could beat yo'—"

"Tut, tut, Tim," interrupted the minister. "You have beaten the devil this time. Hold fast. You have won a much greater victory than if you had beaten this man to his knees. Shake hands, boys, and help in the day's pleasure."

Grab held out his hand. Slowly Tim extended his, half ashamed, wholly glad to feel the grasp of his old-time

friend. For a brief moment Mr. Kirtley's hand rested on the clasped hands as he said, "God bless you both."

To the eyes of Tim came a clearer light than had been there for many days as he spoke haltingly:

"When a feller's mad he ain't got no sound sense, an' I reckon thet's the devil's own chance. I—I hev been a fool, pahson, an' I—"

Cheerfully Mr. Kirtley interrupted the man's broken effort at confession: "I expect to preach at old Gunpowder Church, under the cliff on the island, next Sunday, boys, and I hope to see you both there."

"We'll suah be thar." The men spoke in unison.

* * * * *

Is it possible for telepathy to speak to human ear or mind where no voice sounds? Can thought cross space and strike the heart of a distant loved one? Some may doubt, but to the woman in the cabin of Grab came words distinctly spoken as she stood in the door, her children playing before her.

"Somehow, I don't feel so worried 'bout pap es I did. I jest feels he's all right. He'll be tooken keer ov." She put her hand to her ear and leaned forward.

"I heah's them singin' thet good old hymn, 'Praise ye the Lord.' Suah, pap is safe," she murmured.

* * * * *

From the direction of the kettles came a strong voice singing:

"Thar's work in the barbecue fer you, young man,
Thar's work in the barbecue fer you, young man,
Thar's work in the barbecue, do et ef yo' can,
But none ov yo' kin evah tech the burgoo man."

Then came the refrain, in which the moving crowd lustily joined:

"The burgoo man, the burgoo man,
The boss of the barbecue's the burgoo man."

Several verses followed, the multitude joining with much hilarity in the refrain. The census takers moved on, continuing their task, the crowd surging away in various directions. The two who had so recently prepared for battle walked away together. The Jew was left companionless. Noticing him standing alone, after a few moments Mr. Kirtley broke away from the friends about him and invited the Jew to accompany him. Under the shade of a great tree, they paused as Mr. Kirtley asked, "Are you alone?"

"I comes here mit the burgoo man. I meets him in the woods."

"May I ask your name?"

"Moses, Felix Moses."

"An historic combination," Mr. Kirtley said, smiling. Musingly he added, "Felix means happiness. Moses means 'saved from the water.' "

"And your home, where is your home?"

"I haf no home but vere I is."

"I mean where has been your home?"

"Sometimes mit one peoples, sometimes mit others. I bees home 'most everyvhere. Ven I vas leetle my home vas across the sea."

"You are traveling—where to?"

"I knows not. I goes on to find a place to peddle."

The pleasant face with its kindly smile appealed to the minister, as it had to others.

"Will you go with me to my home for the night? I shall be glad to welcome you."

The Jew bowed smilingly. "I t'anks you, I t'anks you much."

Just then a man approached with the information that dinner was ready.

"Come, you will sit with me," Mr. Kirtley said.

They were guided to a table that had been arranged on the knoll where shortly before had stood the two woodsmen, ready for combat. It commanded the scene where now more than a thousand were collecting about the rude tables, so arranged as to permit all to see the group on the knoll. In a voice not pronounced for loudness, but so clear and distinct as to be heard for some distance, Mr. Kirtley pronounced the simple yet impressive invocation. With eyes cast down Felix Moses. who sat next to the minister, was initiated into a lifelong companionship with representative Kentucky Americans.

Next came the bugle's call. The servers turned to their duty, singing:

"Here comes a present from the burgoo man,
The burgoo man, the burgoo man;
Fill up your tin cup, be happy while you can,
The life of the barbecue's
The burgoo man."

Tin cups were filled with the thick soup, after which came roast beef, chicken, mutton, vegetables, corn bread, and coffee—in fact, everything that Boone County then raised, which was about everything that grew in the state of Kentucky.

As the chronicler looks back to that distant day, he realizes that much has been omitted in his description of the barbecue.* In the morning the speech-making was preceded, as was the custom on all such public occasions, by the reading of the Declaration of Independence, to which the whole assembly gave heed. The reader was a man of splendid, far-reaching voice, speaking most deliberately and impressively. Many di-

*Addenda. See "barbecue."

versions of that day have been unmentioned, such as marksmanship tests with rifles, a turkey being the prize. One contest proved of special interest to the Jew.

Mr. Kirtley and Moses had wandered about for a time, as "Jimmy" Kirtley must meet as many as possible of his friends. Finally they came to one of the marksmanship contests. Behind a tree, about one hundred yards from the marksmen, a turkey was tied, only its head protruding to the marksman's view. "Two bits" a shot (twenty-five cents) was the fee, the one hitting the head gaining the turkey as his prize. After several fruitless shots were fired, Tim and his former adversary appeared, each with his big gun. The feud was over, never to be renewed. At Tim's first shot the head of the turkey disappeared. The next turkey likewise received a center shot from Tim's companion.

Varied were the diversions, such as quoit-pitching contests. Card games were played on stumps in lieu of tables. Eager groups argued politics, while bands played campaign songs. Here and there might be found a joyous group of negroes, "patting Jupiter," playing the banjo, singing melodies, often wordless, extemporized mumbles in which, excepting the effect of the weird melody, the refrain only was intelligible to other than themselves. Troups of boys carrying flags shouted lustily for their candidate, sometimes resorting to a boyish fight to enforce an opinion. Dogs seemed to be without number, two being roped, ready for the big dog fight that had been long planned. One happy man of uncertain step amused those he met by his clownish antics and ludicrous attempts at song and speech, having imbibed enough to lead to such a demonstration but not yet to sleep. Fragments of one of his songs yet linger in memory:

"When yo' catch a black cat, shave him, shave him;
But when yo' catch a black cat don't grab him by
the tail."

Let us now leave the barbecue, the burgoo man, the gladiators, the speakers, the contests, the songs, and turn to the buggy of Mr. Kirtley, on the floor of which rested the pack and carpetsack of Felix Moses.

CHAPTER XI

With "Jimmy Kirtley"

As they rode along there was little conversation between Mr. Kirtley and his companion other than casual remarks concerning the country through which they passed. Each was apparently busy with his own thoughts. A peculiar position was it, considering the events of the day. The horse, which well knew the way, wound in and out among stumps and trees until he reached the beaten road, while each man wondered concerning the other, though in quite a different manner.

To Mr. Kirtley, who knew the history of the Jewish people as recorded in both sacred and profane history, whose comprehensive mind had been cultivated to the highest degree, this strange man who had wandered afar from his people was of peculiar interest.

To Felix Moses, the attractive face of Mr. Kirtley appealed, intensified by the admiration and respect accorded him by the crowds at the barbecue. With a few words, he had turned enemies into friends. In the face of a hostile fanatic bent on murder, he had taken the part of a "despised Jew."

Strange how some men attract others, a quality born in Reverend James Kirtley, an heirloom from his father, the reverend pioneer preacher of Boone County, Robert Kirtley.* Within a short time Mr. Kirtley had so impressed the Jew with confidence as to have led him to relate his life story, told in language as simple as a child might use, marked by his foreign accent and broken

*Addenda.

English. It was noticed that he gave no account of the years between the time of leaving the Ghetto at the age of thirteen and the landing from the steamer in Kentucky. The years of his life in which he had learned to speak his broken English had also been neglected. In the following fragment we have all that is known of that interval.

"Where did you go on leaving the Ghetto?"

"First one place, then a next place. Not long anywheres. Often I bees not velcome."

"Were you in any large city?"

"Long I worked in London. It vas there I learned to speak und write a leetle English. There bees many Jews in London. Then I comes to America in a big ship."

"Where did you land?"

"New Orleans. Many Jews live in dot city. I vas there some time—I knows not joost how long. The Jewish peoples helped me to find work. Then I bought my goods und started north—I does not know to vere."

"Had you no relatives in either London or New Orleans?"

"Vat is relatifs?"

"Brother, sister, uncle, aunt, anyone of your own blood and family."

The thought of the Jew flashed back to the terrors of the past. Mother and father bound together, driven from their home, the great whip that lashed their shoulders, the baby flung through the window. He covered his face with his hands, his frame shook. Deep grief flooded his soul.

"I bees alone, I haf no one."

"Forgive me, friend," Mr. Kirtley said gently. "I should have known better than to ask such a question,

after what you have told me. Where do you plan to go from here?"

"I go to—" he stammered, uncertain of his words, "novhere dot I knows. I vants to find peddling vork to do, to buy und to sell. I comes to no place yet dot seems good, so I joost goes on."

To this Mr. Kirtley made no reply, and after a few moments, in which he seemed to be considering the situation, announced that it was bedtime and that he would show him to his room.

The Jew looked around. The room was empty save for themselves, but the door was ajar. He slipped over to the door, cautiously closed it, and turned the key. Then he turned to Mr. Kirtley, who was somewhat astonished at his movements.

"See," said the Jew, "I shows you somet'ings." He opened his vest and from a secret pocket in the talith he wore above his shirt he drew out of its corner a small package. It was made of strong drilling, yellowed with the years. Probably it had been replaced by a new one more than once since Great-aunt Naomi had made the first one for him. This he opened, and taking Mr. Kirtley's hand, placed within it a large diamond that sparked in the lamplight.

"You takes it, mein friend." He pointed to the diamond. "Dot keeps you, no more vork ven you gets old, mein good friend. You haf saved mein life."

The surprised minister gazed at the gem for a moment, marveling at its beauty, then replaced it in the hand of the Jew. "I do not need jewels," he quietly remarked. "I hope always to be your friend and to claim you as one of mine. You may sometime need money, and this jewel should bring you a considerable sum."

Felix Moses was bewildered. Why should this man who had so befriended him, had shown him such generous hospitality and kindness, whom he felt he could trust so implicitly, decline the exceptional gift he had offered? Slowly he replaced it in its secret pocket, then ventured to give explanation of its possession.

"Myself, I makes enough to buy my goods to peddle. Dot stone comes to me from the father of mein mutter."

There is no explanation of the influence that leads a man to unexpectedly give his confidence to another, yet there are few indeed who do not at some time impart their most sacred secrets to someone—perhaps to their sorrow. It is probable that Mr. Kirtley was the only person to whom the Jew had yet shown his heritage.

Next morning he bade Mr. Kirtley farewell. Asking no questions concerning a location or the country beyond, he turned his steps toward his unknown destination.

But before he departed Mr. Kirtley placed in his hand a letter he had written the previous night after the Jew had retired.

"You may have use for this letter. If anyone in our section asks who is your friend, show him the letter. Stop a minute," he added reflectively. "The town of Florence is a thrifty little place; you may find a location there."

CHAPTER XII

Ghosts, "Hants," Mysteries, Occultism

THE three friends again sat in after-dinner —meditation, one of the guests with his ever-present cigar, the other enjoying his faithful pipe. The host broodingly looked at his plate. Finally he broke the silence that followed a reading from his manuscript.

"Well?"

"Parts of your narrative are likely to be disputed, others at least questioned."

"Name a questionable statement."

"The smiling Jew seems somewhat overdone."

"The portrait was faithfully drawn from a tintype in my possession. Never can I recall that the smile left the face of Felix Moses. It is not exaggerated. The artist even subdued his first draft, an exact reproduction of the photograph, because he felt that to present it true to life would bring adverse criticism.* Much to my regret, he (Mr. Knapp) could not show both the hump and the peculiar bend. His Jewish friends in Cincinnati called him "Nosey Mosey," which, instead of offending, pleased him as a mark of affectionate intimacy. What other criticism have you to offer?"

"How about the barren spot you describe where no trees grew?"

"I have passed from forest depths abruptly into a Kentucky 'barren,' where even scrub oak

*Addenda.

did not grow. Like a miniature prairie, the patch contained no trees."

"What is your explanation of such barren spots?"

"I have none; that is, I accept none. One explanation is that the Indians had cleared away the forest. Another, that the spot had been devastated by fire. There may be other theories. I am only giving the fact, verified by personal observation. It might be equally difficult to explain why or how any tree grows anywhere as it is to explain why no tree grows on a Kentucky 'barren.' The negroes believed the barrens were playgrounds of 'hants,' witches, goblins. Have you never heard of witches taking groomed horses from the stable at night, riding them to exhaustion, plaiting their tails and braiding their manes, leaving them trembling and exhausted in their stalls? Next day it would take hours to untangle tail and mane."

"Do you believe such stuff as that? Why do not witches now perform such feats?"

"I do not claim to be an authority on witches. I merely state what others report and believe. Perhaps the witch tradition presents as good evidence of the use and purpose of the Kentucky barrens as do many of the scientific opinions accepted concerning other problems which you can neither verify nor disprove."

"You have more than once referred to 'hants.' What is a 'hant'? "

"If I defined the term as I can, perhaps as I should, you might be further fortified in your belief that I am afflicted with superstitious imaginings."

"Where do you find your 'hants'?"

"I have no 'hants.' "

"Well, where are the 'hants' of other people to be found?"

"In the borderland, perhaps—between the once was and the now is or the may be yet. Just as well accept that as any other theory. Let me ask you, can you locate them more definitely?"

"We do not locate them at all. Come, now. Do you really know of one authentic instance of a 'hant' having been actually seen?"

"Certainly, two at least. That is, if unexplained manifestation may be counted as authentic when verified by witnesses. Doty's ghost is well verified by old residents of Grant County."*

"You say there were witnesses?"

"Several."

"Well, let us have the story and we'll then judge of the witnesses."

"Do you call the records of historians stories?"

"Why quibble over words? There is a vast difference between the record of past events and hobgoblin stories, passed from one tongue to another, and losing nothing in the passing."

"But we are getting away from our subject—Felix Moses. Perhaps we had better let the 'hant' problem alone to-night."

In a low tone not intended for the ear of their companion of blunted hearing, one guest said to

* In Mrs. Lloyd's genealogical record of the Rouse, Henderson, McClure, and connected families, some attention has been given to the prevailing belief in "Doty's ghost." As a statement of negro superstition, my version is inadequate.—J. U. L.

the other, "Before that book is printed we shall be in our dotage."

"Possibly you may," replied the host. "You might have gone further and said that, according to our years, the three of us are perilously near that period now."

"Let us hear about the 'hant.' "

"Yes, tell us, was Felix Moses acquainted with the location of this ghost you have called Doty's Hant?" Seemingly they were intent on driving the host into a hole. However, he replied, "Yes, indeed."

"Was he afraid of it?"

"Moses was not afraid of anything. Often as he drove his wagon late at night, even midnight, through that section, this floating 'hant' must have been his only companion if he were favored as were other travelers."

"Go on, tell the story or history if you prefer to so call it."

"If we are not interrupted I shall relate the story of this 'hant,' at least enough of it to satisfy you. I hope you may get enough of 'hants' and ghosts to open your eyes and make you wish you had not driven me to this."

"We promise there shall be no interruption."

"Very well, I shall hold you to that promise."

The host turned his face upward and gazed intently at the clock.

"Why waste time? We told you we would not interrupt."

"I was not thinking of you," replied the host.

"He is the perfect type of a typical eccentric," whispered a guest, then added aloud:

"Of whom, then, were you thinking—of old Doty?" Flippantly the remark was made. "Otherwise, we are alone, the three of us."

"Perhaps you may form a different opinion before the hour of twelve strikes. Now you shall have, in part, the story of Doty's Hant. But remember, *you asked for it.*"

* * *

"In the beginning of the last century a man named Doty lived in the neighborhood of the home of the Reverend Thomas Henderson, of whom I have spoken. His home was situated near the road John Filson blazed from Lexington to the Ohio River, now often known as the Stringtown Pike.

"I shall, as essential to my story, refer to two wells, one sulphurous, leading down, it was believed by some persons, to the fumes that arose from the devil's own sulphur supply, the water of the other being pure and cold, though only a short distance away." With eyes dropped toward his plate, he resumed as though speaking to himself it a low monotone, "I do not fancy telling this story."

"No time to stop now. You promised to tell it."

"Remember, this is no figment of the imagination or legend. Doty was a notorious northern Kentucky outlaw of pioneering days, credited with many crimes as well as continuous horse stealing. But he was so adroit that he always escaped conviction. It was asserted, and by many believed, that he had sold himself to the Evil One, who protected him in his law-breaking exploits."

"What 'many believed' is not what we desire;

we are wanting to hear the facts concerning Doty's Hant."

The host cast at the speaker a quick glance almost of reproach. Apparently he was inclined to make a sharp retort, but suppressed his feeling and continued:

"Near midnight Doty once passed down the road, now the Dixie Highway. When near the clearing in the forest, now a locust grove south of Crittenden, that to-day shades the two wells I have mentioned, Doty stopped.* The sky was clear, the air still, but 'within a twinkling,' distant at first, then quickly coming nearer, a storm arose, the lightning flashing continually, the thunder reverberating so as to shake the earth. Doty turned for shelter to a rude shed which had been built close to the wells. As he neared it, from out the sulphur well there arose the form of a man, monstrous in size, if man it were."

As the host spoke, there came to the eyes of the guests a sharp flash of lightning, followed by another even brighter flash, then a tremendous crash of thunder. The host made no recognition of the interruption. Then came another crash, ushered in by electrical snappings that stung the men like whiplashes. The dishes on the table rattled, they moved mysteriously; the clock swung back and forth, as though, on wavering legs, it were attempting to balance itself.

* These wells were scarcely one hundred feet apart. The course of the pike has been changed in order to avoid twice crossing the railroad. The wells and locust grove yet remain beside the old pike way. Anyone may visit them. —J. U. L.

Crash! Again came the thunder. The roar of the storm increased. Wind, rain, and sleet beat against the windows. Lightning danced in the room, weird shadows were cast over the walls. Then as abruptly as it came the storm ceased. All was quiet.

Click, came the warning of the approaching hour of twelve. The hammer began to strike the steel coil. Slowly fell the blows. Tremulously the air responded in intermittent sound waves that after the last blow lingeringly faded away. Midnight had come and gone. The head of the host drooped, his eyes remained closed.

"Did you ever?" questioned one guest. "Ever what?" the other replied. "Observe such a breach of etiquette. We are his guests. He started to tell us a story—promised, in fact, to tell it—and now stops at the most interesting point as if he had forgotten it."

"I am half inclined to think he really believes in apparitions."

"Either that or he is toying with us, attempting to make us believe in them, twisting us as his mind wanders—'meanders' would better express it perhaps—among problems that lie between, as he asserts, the has been, the may be, and that to come."

"Well, I am glad we are not also subject to such mental illusions or delusions."

"We might as well be asked to believe that a revitalized human being, a spirit, or a ghost could float into this room as that Doty's 'hant' wandered over that Kentucky pike."

"Hush! Hush!" interjected his companion, who sat with eyes fixed on the twin doors that

opened on the outside porch, doors that had been locked before the call to dinner. Then he repeated the word in a voice so tense that his companion leaned forward in wonderment.

"Turn your head slowly. Look at the upper glass of the porch door." There, veiled somewhat by the thin curtain, was suspended a face that stared into the room. Seemingly it floated in the air, nothing being visible below it, although the form should have been plainly seen through the glass, that reached to the floor. Pen could not describe that face, nor could the guests, had they attempted it. Now to their startled ears came words, low, yet as distinctly spoken as though no glass were between the speaker and themselves, nor did his lips move:

"Why have you challenged all that lies in the immensity of space, be it material or immaterial? Is it all known to you?"

There came no reply. Slowly he moved into the room, although no hand opened the door or closed it after him. Slipping, or gliding, or perhaps floating, better expresses the movement. The intruder seated himself in the vacant chair opposite the host and turned his eyes to the clock. Sitting thus silently about the table, the eyes of the guests followed those of the unbidden comrade whose gaze rested on the clock. The host did not move or raise his head. Indifferently he sat as though absorbed in thought. Steadily the pendulum swung back and forth; continuously came the monotonous ticks, loud-sounding in the silent room. Again the uninvited one spoke:

"You have challenged, I repeat, illimitable life

that exists throughout immeasurable space. You have actually dared to doubt the evidence of your own senses. Phenomena that you know not, feel not, hear not, beat in waves through your body unfelt. Do you doubt this?"

"Yes," interrupted a guest. "Our host recently tried to describe such delusions as these which, he argued, were about us. Whoever, whatever you may be, I deny the assertion you have made. Neither of us could be so obtuse as to accept as truths something we know could not be. We believe in facts, not fallacies; in what can be seen, touched, heard."

Gazing intently for a moment at the speaker, then at his companion, the visitor remarked:

"Did you not recently hear distant thunder? Was not a storm coming then? Did you not see the flash of the lightning?"

"Certainly we heard the storm. That was a fact. It ended the story our host was telling."

"What storm?" It was the host who inquired as he raised his head.

"The one through which you slept," was the reply, tinged with sarcasm.

"I heard no storm."

"It stopped your story and you seemed to fall asleep."

"No, I was thinking."

"Then you saw the visitor, the intruder, who entered the room and seated himself in the chair before you, where he now sits."

"I saw no visitor."

The eyes of the guests turned toward the intruder's seat. His place was vacant, the room, but for the party of three, was empty.

"Fortunate are you in that you are not susceptible to illusions, else I might accept that both of you had been seeing visions. Have not the doors been closed and locked?"

"Yes, the maid locked them as we came in."

"Did both of you see this intruder?"

"We did."

"Did he speak?"

"Yes, he gave us some of your erratic philosophy."

"I am half inclined to accept that you believe in apparitions and ghosts. Either that or you are toying with me."

"We had better go," said one, and the other added: "Those are the very words we applied to him. We have not questioned him about other problems. Too late now."

As the guests stepped out of the house they looked up at the heavens. Brightly shone the moon, clearly twinkled the stars. There was no breeze, no sign of cloud in the skies. As they entered the car that awaited them, one remarked to the chauffeur, "That was a terrible storm."

"Storm, sir, what storm?"

"Why, the storm this evening. It has only been a short time since it ceased."

The man stared at them as though he scarcely knew what answer to make to such a statement. "There hasn't been any storm," he replied.

* * *

The host re-entered the house, seated himself in the vacated room beneath the clock that steadily ticked away the hours.

"These digressions are annoying," he remarked,

"but is not life made up of a series of depressions, uplifts, annoyances, imaginings, and misunderstandings. 'None so blind as those who will not see,' seems yet to apply."

* * *

The men in the automobile rode for a time in silence, then one abruptly stopped the chauffeur.

"What now?" queried his friend.

"I am going back."

"Where?"

"Back to the house. I'll get to the bottom of this mystery. You can see for yourself there has been no storm. Turn and go back," he ordered.

"Are you demented? It is after midnight."

"What difference does that make? Perhaps I am crazy. Who knows, anyhow, who is crazy and who sane?"

They reached the house and the chauffeur rang the bell. As the host opened the door, the men faced him.

"We have returned."

"So I perceive. Come in. Did you forget something?"

"Yes." There was a tinge of hostility in both tone and glance. The glare of the hall light shone full on their faces.

"This is an unexpected pleasure. Come in. The table is as you left it. Your chairs await you."

The three resumed their places. In brooding silence they sat, each awaiting the voice of the other. At last, waving his hand over the table, the host suggested, "Perhaps you will have a fragment, or—" A guest interrupted with: "Perhaps we have already had more than we needed of

'or.' It certainly seems like it." He was irritated, almost belligerent in his attitude.

After a moment the other spoke: "There was no storm."

"Well? Did I say there was a storm?"

"You saw the lightning flash, you heard the thunder, you pulled down the shade. The dishes rattled, the clock wabbled. You know all this is true." The guest spoke as if he dared anyone to dispute the statement. "We could have sworn there was a storm, but outside there is no evidence whatever of a storm."

Quietly the host replied: "I saw no lightning. I heard no rain beat upon the windows. I did not see the dishes move or the clock waver. I did not pull down the shade."

"But, man, we saw and heard. We were not even thinking of a storm when that hurricane came and the impudent intruder forced himself upon us."

"What intruder? I know of no intruder." The guests eyed the host in helpless amazement at this statement. The host continued:

"Have you so soon forgotten the other evening we spent around this table? You charged me then with believing in phantoms, ghosts, creations that exist on planes separated by invisible zones from those comprehended by normal minds, which, in your opinion, therefore, must not exist. Did I not once suggest to you that, in the views of some persons, the old clock might harbor colonies of ethereal forms we cannot see; that even our own bodies may be hosts to other intelligences or existences?

"Yes, you did. And did we not tell you such

persons were dealing in self-created sophistries, *and that you knew it?*"

For a time the host appeared lost in thought. When he again spoke, it was in a low tone.

"My friends, may I not ask, have you not mistaken your calling? Might you not better have been old-style, materialistic, dogmatic scientists? What *you* cannot see is not. What *you* cannot touch or hear has no existence. Whoever wanders outside the narrow line that circumscribes the present knowledge of mortal minds is possessed of hallucinations. He is an irregular, a sophist, who bases his arguments and premises on the speculative, visional, hence his reasonings are illogical. Do you think that the millions of people who believe in spirit existences and creations imponderable, angels, if you will, rest their faith on fallacies? So be it. We need not discuss that." Abruptly he changed the line of thought.

"Are you sure that door was locked?" he asked.

"Yes, I tried it after the intruder disappeared."

"Very strange," remarked the host.

"What is strange?"

"How he came, disappeared, and how he returned. See, he is there now, sitting across the table from you."

The uninvited guest again sat in the same place.

* * *

As though he were one of the party, he joined directly in the conversation.

"May I give you my opinion of the problem that partly takes your thought?"

"We are listening." It was the host who answered.

"When men learn to make spectacles of materials other than glass or quartz, they may see, by means of heat rays, electricity modifications, beams of the dark rays of the spectrum, rays of energy that can be made to illuminate objects now invisible to us. Where there is heat, there will be no darkness, nor where electricity or magnetism or other forces as yet unknown to you prevail. There can, then, be no night anywhere. May not spectacles yet be made of substances that materialize certain of the invisible ethereal vibrations and pulsations about us, and thus bring to our senses ever-present entities that hover in space? Who knows?"

"What is space?" he added.

"Absence of anything," quickly came the reply.

"Ah, I perceive you have not read Etidorhpa. Had you done so you would possibly accept that space is the reality; matter, vacuity."

"Can you show us the 'hant' of Doty, the mythical spirit of the story introduced to us by our host and then abandoned?" questioned a guest.

"Have you not to-night had enough of the mysterious? Why do you yet 'ask for a sign'?"

"We want the end of this Doty story." The speaker seemed to have forgotten he was addressing a "spook."

"You shall see the ghost of Doty, as well as other phantoms that surround mankind, but you must be quick. Waste no time. When the liquid that moistens the lens of the spectacles I shall lend you evaporates, the forms will disappear."

"Let me first state," he continued, "there is

an herb known as Bittersweet, so named because it first imparts a bitterness that next turns to sweetness. Doty shall be the bitter. Next will come the sweet."

By means of the liquid in the vial he held in one hand he moistened each lens of two pairs of spectacles, which he quickly handed to the guests, but gave none to the host.

"Behold the phantom! See the face of Doty. Quick, look toward the clock."

Spellbound, the two men gazed shudderingly.

"The devil grins at us," whispered one as he covered his face with his hands.

"Now be quick—look about the room. What do you see?"

"Beautiful, wonderful, ethereal creatures. They glide, they float, they dance in the air, they smile, they hover about us, they fade away, dissolve into nothing and are gone!"

The two guests sat speechless. The host did not move.

"Was it a glimpse, first of the devil, then of heavenly angels?" asked one.

"No. Only a view of life that exists on other planes."

"Where are these creatures now?"

"About us, but invisible."

"Why did they disappear? Where is the ghost of Doty?"

"The liquid on the lenses of your spectacles evaporated. You cannot perceive them by means of natural eyes, unaided, or by the assistance of the usual glass lens," replied the mysterious one.

"The liquid temporarily brings creatures on their plane to our perception."

"Shall we ever see them again?"

"You challenged me to show you Doty's 'hant.' You wanted the bitter. Would you like to see him again?"

"Not on your life. Give us more of the sweet."

* * *

Just how it happened neither of the guests could tell, although the eyes of both were fixed on the uninvited guest. He did not rise and walk away, nor did he disappear as might a shadow dissolve in an increasing light. The chair in which he sat was occupied, then it was vacant.

* * *

Again the greatly bewildered guests were dismissed. Without a word they entered the waiting car and moved away. Returning to his chair, the host was soon lost in reverie.

"Fortunate is it that such unusual experiences as these vanish as do dreams, in which nothing appears marvelous, wherein the details disappear when we awaken," he remarked. "Neither of my friends will remember the occurrences of this night. When next we meet they will recall only our dinner together, with the usual friendly converse. All that happened to-night will be to them a blank. Can a man be expected to remember what did not occur?" he murmured aloud.

"Yes," came the reply. "Dreamland is real to the dreamer, and you must have had a lengthy dream. Come, I have brought you a nice evening lunch."

"How long has it been since my friends left?"

"You have had no friends here to-night." She threw her arms about him, left a kiss on his forehead as she said, "*This* is not a dream, and 'nother won't hurt you, I know."

He looked down at the table. Before him was a tray on which his thoughtful wife had arranged his favorite bedtime luncheon. Nothing needful had been forgotten. The old clock struck nine.

CHAPTER XIII

"The Jew Was Seized by Unseen Hands"

After bidding Mr. Kirtley farewell, Felix Moses wandered on, without keeping account of passing days, stopping at the homes of settlers, eating where he could, selling some goods, seemingly contented in a land so primitive that in many of the forest depths scarce any evidence of man was apparent. An arduous life was it, burdened with his pack, yet his active mind was recording possibilities that only an exploring Jew with an eye for business could balance.

Just where the event now to be related occurred, the narrator cannot establish. Many spots among the hills and winding creeks of Boone County would answer.

Methodlessly he trod a country road which after a time branched, the less-traveled arm leading into deepest forest. He now stood questioning for a moment, then took the unattractive branch that plunged rapidly down the hill, finally ending in a creek, where, over the flat stone bed, the path made no mark. Among the weeds and fallen leaves near a great beech tree he noticed what appeared to be a roughly carved white stool of such curious form as to lead him to lay down his load and examine the object. With some effort he succeeded in turning it over, to discover that it was a vertebra of some mighty creature. Then his eye caught sight, near by, of the shoulder blade of the beast, which someone had upturned against a tree. This he found to be near his own height as he stepped around it. However, neither object greatly interested him, and he seated him-

self on the vertebra. An overgrown bone promised no financial opportunity.

The evening shadows grew deeper. The air became very still. Not a breath of breeze stirred in the oppressive atmosphere, not a sound of living creature other than the chirp of buzzing night insects that at dusk began to awaken. The murmur of the creek, scarcely heard in daylight, had now become audible. Under the spell of night it gurgled and splashed aloud as the water tumbled over the shelving rock bed it followed. In such situations as this, night voices become oppressive. Silence is magnified into sensations that to the susceptible person increasingly pound imagination's drum. Depressing forebodings may thus be engendered where a trembling leaf only is the incentive. The Jew instinctively shuddered, he knew not why. The bone on which he sat, the great blade leaning against the tree, bade him in terms unmistakable to reflect on passing life. He arose, shivering, but not from cold, resumed his pack, and moved away from the influences of that graveyard of prehistoric beasts. Night was almost upon him as he crossed and recrossed the winding creek, treading, of necessity, the flat stone bed that in the dusk was nearly lost to view. Faintly he caught a sound that led thought to the day of the recent barbecue. At first but a distant murmur, finally a very welcome sound, the words came floating:

"The life of the barbecue's the burgoo man, the burgoo man." Then it ceased, not to be resumed.

The now worried traveler turned back, hoping to retrace the creek path and escape the oppression of the wooded valley. A few feet from the bank he noticed a gnarled stump that, unobserved as he passed the location, stood dimly outlined. Shuffling wearily to it, he

unloaded his pack on the ground and leaned against the grotesquely shaped object. As he did so two arms reached out and quickly encircled his body. The leering face of a man was thrust into his own. Grasping him firmly, the lone sentinel whispered in the ear of the astonished prisoner:

"Your name?"

"Felix Moses."

"Have you the password?"

"I know noddings," was the reply of the bewildered man.

"All right, come!"

The order could not be misconstrued. Resuming his load, the Jew followed his captor, who, leading him by the hand, trod the rough creek bed as though it were a familiar highway until, as they rounded a bend, there came abruptly to sight a flickering light, cast either by a lantern or a candle. Toward this spot the prisoner was led. As they neared the location indistinct forms of men became visible, some seated, some standing, all silently awaiting the sentinel, who had given a shrill whistle as he grasped the Jew.

The men were grouped on a broad flat stone beneath the floor of a bridge which, a few feet above their heads, served as a covering. In high water the flat stone was submerged, but now the dwindled creek flowed in a crevice that left the broad stone dry. In front of one of the group, resting on a stone that served as a desk, was an open book, on which the light of the lone candle fell. Advancing, the guide led the Jew to the man who held the book. Then he was released, one of the group who stood in the shadows addressing the guide in a deep evidently disguised voice, low and guttural:

"Brother, who comes with you?"

A SPY! A SPY!

"THE JEW WAS SEIZED BY UNSEEN HANDS, THE LANTERN WAS THRUST BEFORE HIS FACE."

"I know nothing, but he has the password."

In a monotone one of the group drawled, "He has the password." Simultaneously from every side came deep voices, speaking slowly.

"Let it be re-cord-ed. He has the password."

"Is he friend or foe?"

"I know nothing," replied the guide.

Another voice now chanted in like deep tones, "I know nothing, I know nothing." Over and over the sentence was spoken. Abruptly the voice ceased, the lantern was instantly masked, darkness surrounded them. The Jew was seized by unseen hands, the lantern was quickly unmasked and thrust before his face. By its light he saw only part of the surrounding group. Close to him was a bewhiskered man who acted as spokesman.

"What is your name?"

"Felix Moses."

"What do you know? Answer! What do you know?"

Into the ear of Felix someone from the gloom whispered softly, "Say 'I know nothing.' "

In a low voice Felix Moses replied "I know noddings."

"The password, the password," came in unison from the group.

"How came you with the password?" asked the old man. For a moment there was no reply, then the Jew answered "I know noddings."

"Who is this that wanders about our country with our password on his lips? Is he spying upon us?" The lantern was thrust close to his face. "He is the Jew who was at the barbecue. Why is he here? What is he smiling about?"

"Who knows this fellow?" someone spoke sternly. A man on the outskirts of the group answered, "He is a

spy." From every side the words were repeated, 'A spy! A spy!"

"Let it be re-cord-ed," droned the response, "he is a spy."

In the dim light of the lantern the man engaged in making the record turned to his book, and after the name of Felix Moses wrote, "He is a spy."

"America for Americans. Away with this foreigner Felix Moses, whom no man knows. Away—"

"Hold!" The voice was one of command. "I know the man."

"Speak, brother."

"He and I have traveled together and have slept in the same room. He seeks to do no harm. Let us have no undue guilt upon us. He came among us as a stranger on a lawful mission, a brother from another land."

The speaker's language showed culture and education. "I will be responsible for him," he continued. "He is no spy."

What might have followed can only be imagined, for just then a whistle sounded in the distance, followed by another close at hand. The light was quickly extinguished. There followed the hasty movement of many feet as the indistinct forms about the Jew melted away in the night. In a moment he stood alone beneath the bridge. Exhausted, he sank on the stone floor.

* * * * *

Nature no longer asked, but demanded rest and sleep. Man cannot forever resist harassing fatigue. From daylight until the climax of the evening marvels and unexpected experiences had wrecked his nerves in quick succession as Felix Moses trudged through the forest's depths, weighted with his pack and sack. Half consciously as he sank to the stone floor his head sought

the carpetsack pillow. The pack slipped from his shoulders. Immediately he was asleep.

Some persons are awakened by an unusual sound, others more readily by light; to others the sense of smell is more acute than either sight or hearing. Man is not far from other animals as concerns the known senses, unless it be that other creatures are possessed of gifts denied to men. The dog sleeps soundly in the glare of a bright light, but awakens instantly if a rabbit skin be held before his nose. The buzzard circles far above, and many miles from, a dying sheep, then catching a something—we know not what—takes a straight line to his victim and perhaps perches on a fence to await the death struggle. In the din of battle exhausted men close their eyes and sleep amid the roar of cannon. Our wearied traveler rested in oblivion until daylight. Even then he did not awaken until into his ear like a morning dream drifted strains in which he hazily distinguished a familiar voice, singing a lively melody:

"All around the American flag,
All around the eagle,
That's the way the money goes,
Pop goes the weasel."

To his nostrils came the aroma of coffee, that cosmopolitan stimulant of all lands.

Opening his eyes, the Jew saw, next to the wall of the bridge, a familiar form busy with frying pan, coffeepot, tin cups, and plates, a small fire serving to boil the coffee and fry a couple of squirrels. Rubbing his eyes, he sat up, bewildered. As he did so the woodsman of the cabin where he had first been entertained remarked:

"Pow'ful tiahed, yo' hev been travelin' all day ovah these hills and hollers. Ef I hedn't come to the meetin'

undah the bridge yo' might hev messed yo'self up with thet bunch ov 'Know Nothin's."

"Who vas dem?"

"Didn't I whispah in yo' ear '*Know Nothing*'?"

"Ach, vas dot you?"

"Suah. I've been on yo' track all day, man. Yo' friend Wolf kept yo' scent since yo' left us. Didn't I tell yo' him an' me mout be ov some use ter yo' agin? Peahs ter me ef yo' ain't no spy, yo' knows mighty well how ter act like one. When yo' leaned ginst me, lettin' on thet yo' thought I wah a stump, yo' wah playin' yo' keards mighty fine. Lucky fer yo' thet stump wah me."

The preparations for breakfast were now completed, and with a hearty invitation from the cook, Felix joined him in partaking of the savory food, after which the utensils were washed in the creek.

"Whar to now, pahdnah? Et's time yo' wah beginnin' ter know whar yo' air goin'. What brung yo' mongst us people, anyhow?" The man's voice was earnest. He spoke as one who felt he had a right to know.

A shadow came over the smiling face of the Jew. It seemed as if the woodsman's continued kindness opened his lips, long closed because of the strangeness of his surroundings, even quickening his limited English. His words, though few, came with force.

"I vants to be in no big town. I haf had plenty of them big places vere I comes from. They vas bad to my peoples—they hates the Jews. You lif in the country here, und you vas my goot, kind friend. I looks for country peoples to live among vere I can sell my goods. I bees a peddler und I vants to buy und to sell."

Something of the real feeling of the foreigner seemed to be understood by the woodsman and there was a note

of kindness in his voice, though his words carried a shade of reproof.

"Fer Gawd's sake, man, why didn't yo' say so befoah yo' begun ter walk these hills. Yo've made us people a pile ov trouble, fer yo' ain't been out ov sight ov one er tothah ov us since yo' landed from the steamboat. Yo' cain't sell nothin' ter hills an' hollers er trees an' creeks. Coons an' possums an' snakes an' ol' bones ov crittahs long time dead ain't no good customahs fer any peddler. Ef yo' wants ter peddle, go whar people lives. Stop in one ov the towns on the ridge. Thet country's thick settled, women an' childern a-plenty ter buy yo' stuff. Go up ter the ridge, man, an' locate on the pike."

"The pike? Vere is dot pike?"

"I'll tell yo' how ter go. Make a bee line fer the town ov Florence. Them people needs a peddler, an' yo' smilin' face'll suah do 'em good. I'll put yo' on the nearest road. Hev yo' got thet lettah Preachah Kirtley give yo'?" He did not explain how he had learned of the letter.

"Ya, I haf it."

"Well, yo' won't need nothin' more'n that, an' yo' won't need ter show it ter more'n one person in any town. When the first feller reads it yo'll find yo' interduction'll be passed half 'round the county befoah night. Pity yo' didn't show it ter them Know Nothings. Come on, I'll lead yo' up ter the road."

Within an hour they reached a country road that the woodsman said would "land" the traveler in Florence by night time. As they stood ready to part, the Jew received a warm clasp of the hand, accompanied by a hearty farewell. Felix watched him until he passed from sight, the dog Wolf following closely at his heels. Then he turned his steps toward his future home, where

he was destined to become a citizen of a new country. A few minutes after parting he heard a call. His guide had returned to give him further advice.

"Bettah fergit thet 'Know Nothin' talk. Ef people ask yo' cur'us questions 'bout yo' travels 'mongst us, jest say yo' come up the Mississippi Rivah on a steamboat ter Boone County, huntin' fer a place ter peddle, an' thet yo' ain't nevah hed time ter think ov nothin' else but peddlin' an' don't know nothin' else."

CHAPTER XIV

Entering Stringtown

THE town of Florence was then but a hamlet strung along both sides of a mud road that began in Lexington and terminated in Covington. Near the center a branch road leading north was for a short distance bordered with a few scattered houses. This road led to where now stands the county seat, Burlington. Another branch road led to the incipient village of Union. Most of the territory surrounding Florence was unfenced forest, through which so-called roads were cut, many logs and stumps littering the winding passages between them. The villages mentioned, as well as others not far distant, were hamlets, closely edged by natural forests.*

Two primitive road houses, designated as "hotels," faced each other in the village of Florence. One stood on the corner at the junction of the Burlington road, the other across the way (now the Dixie Highway), fronted the road leading to Lexington.

The strenuous days of the Kentucky pioneers were not long past. Events once of vital concern, as evidenced by tales of trappers and hunters, were yet current in neighborhood conversation as well as home discussion. With widening eyes children listened to stories of Simon Girty, pictured as a "base renegade," as well as to praises of other adventurers, such as Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton. Indeed, one family of the

* In my boyhood days the forest closed in on all sides, even to our very homes. I have never learned how the village came to be called Florence.—J. U. L.

village, the Tungates, were "kinfolks" to Boone. Many were the stories depicting deeds of their own pioneering ancestors, whose personal sacrifices, unrecorded in print, were not less heroic than those of the far-famed men. But their names are long since lost to memory, very few being known even to historians. Most of them sleep in unmarked graves.

About the time of early candlelight that evening there trudged into the village the pack-laden Jew with weary, lagging footsteps. As he slowly moved along, there came to his ears a succession of noises as though large balls were rolling over a wooden floor, the rolling sound being interspersed with repeated crashes, the turmoil being intensified by the clamor of men in boisterous hilarity. In marked contrast was it with the silence of the forest and the voices of Nature that had so recently been the Jew's companions. There being no sidewalk, he necessarily followed the dusty road, passing a few windows lighted by candles in the widely separated village homes. The light of the old-time tallow candle, usually bent from heat, cast but a spark in the gloom, intensifying the darkness about, though giving enough light to show a front entrance. Over the door of the more pretentious building where the streets cornered and from which came the noise of the rolling balls, hung two lanterns, feebly lighting a small board, on which was roughly lettered the word "Hotel." This door was the common entrance to barroom, hotel, and the bowling alley, kept by a resident, Mr. Miles Marcus.

"Miles Marcus' Roll Yo' Dough" was a long one-story room, parallel with the road by which the Jew entered the village. It was reached only by passing through the barroom, which served also as the hotel office.

"THEN HE ADVANCED AND STRUCK THE DOOR WITH A TIMID KNOCK."

"Roll Yo' Dough," so satirized, was an evening game just introduced. Supper being over at the hotel, the long wooden table in the dining room was deserted for the bowling alley by the few guests, who had stopped for the night on their way to Lexington. The participants in the new game were mostly young men from settlements in the adjoining country and citizens of the little hamlet of Florence. Boisterous bursts of laughter over homely anecdotes came from the group of watchers seated on stools along the side of the alley and from those who leaned against the wall, awaiting their turn in the game. Outside the Jew stopped and stood listening and wondering. For a moment he seemed undecided as he viewed the door of the tavern, from beyond which came the rolling sounds and the loud voices. Then he advanced and struck the door with a timid knock which, unheard, brought no response, nor did the louder one that followed. No one was expected to knock on the door of a Kentucky tavern, which in those days was never locked. Finally he slowly opened the door. About a stove sat a number of men, not for warmth, there being no necessity for fire that night, but for the service offered by the large box of sand, in which the legs of the wood-burning stove rested. To a group of Kentucky tobacco users of the olden time the box of sand was as necessary in summer as was the stove in winter, which thus as the seasons passed did double duty. Hesitatingly the Jew stepped in, closed the door, and advanced a few steps, standing thus with pack on back and carpetsack in hand, as silent as were the men who, suspending their discussions, turned their eyes upon him. Whatever may have been his sensation under their scrutinizing gaze, his smile was as pronounced and as guileless as though he were greeting a party of friends.

To the group of men the figure of the traveler was somewhat ludicrous, yet perhaps pathetic. His garments were torn and ragged by reason of his wanderings through brush and thorns of Boone and adjacent counties. His much-worn shoes, as well as his garments of foreign make were dust covered to the whiteness of a miller's clothing. But what impressed that assembly most forcibly was the smiling face and bright eyes. So interested were the men in the Jew as he slowly advanced into the barroom that they failed to observe the figure of the man who followed and stood inside the room near the door, which he had opened after the Jew and closed so quietly as to make no noise. The candles on the overhead shelf afforded only a dim light, and in the shadows his form was partly lost in the gloom about him. Had the men noticed his entrance they would have seen that it was necessary for him to stoop as he entered the doorway, and that his colossal bulk brushed the sides as he squeezed through the entrance. Had the light been stronger it would have shown a face marked by prominent cheek bones, high forehead, heavy-set jaws, eyes deep sunken in their sockets. His somberness was in marked contrast to the droll aspect of the smiling Jew, as yet unaware of his presence.

The stranger was dressed in undyed gray homespun jeans, his buckskin trousers being tucked into leggings extending from just below his knees to the soft deerskin moccasins that encased his feet. For a moment he stood an unnoticed observer of the scene. Looking beyond to the men strung along the bowling alley, he walked to an empty stool that stood in the deepest shadows of the farthest corner near the boy who set up the ninepins. As he passed, it could be observed that he towered a full head above the tallest, but he seemed utterly indifferent to their inquisitive eyes.

One man whispered to his companion, "Thet feller seems mighty like an Injun. See how his toes pint in when his feet tech the floor. Thet's Injun style. White people put their heels down first. See, his feet track each other in a line. A hundred men could foller him, Injun style, an' make only one track. Better keep an eye on thet man."

The rolling of the balls had momentarily ceased, the players being attracted by the strange figure of the smiling traveler who stood before the flickering candles on the shelf. The game was temporarily suspended while they waited to hear what might be said by him to satisfy their curiosity as the barkeeper addressed him.

"Lookin' fer a place to sleep, stranger?"

"Ya, I vants a place for the night."

The barkeeper considered for a moment, then replied, "There's a room with two beds upstairs. One's been tooken, but so fur as I know, you kin bunk in tother." Then he added more hospitably, "You look as if you might be tired. Mebbe you ain't had no supper."

The Jew shook his head: "I haf had no supper yet."

The barkeeper, who was host as well, seized a bell and rang it violently. In response a black head was thrust through a door that opened at the side of the room.

"Sam, git supper fer one. Fried chicken, eggs, cohn griddle cakes, and store coffee. Be quick 'bout it, too; this man's 'bout starved." He picked up two candles and, lighting one, addressed the traveler:

"I'll show you the room." Evidently he thought it desirable to get his strange guest out of sight. As they turned to the stairway the men about the stove resumed their conversation and the bowlers their game. Nothing was said to or about the big man who sat in the shadows

at the end of the alley, though some watched him somewhat furtively.

When the host and guest entered the upstairs room the host remarked: "You kin leave your traps here. They're safe as in a bank. You won't need ter lock the door, fer the good reason that there ain't no lock on it. We're honest here in Florence."

Felix Moses nodded and smiled, yet casting inquiring glances at his possessions. As if in answer to his thought, the host said: "You know, stranger, it ain't safe fer nobody ter steal nothin' hereabouts. Thet's the reason we don't put no locks on none of our doors." He turned as if to leave, then reconsidered:

"There's strange stories being told 'bout a wild man that's wanderin' over the country without no business thet anyone knows 'bout. Mebbe you've met him in your travels," he added inquiringly as he eyed the listener closely. The traveler waited as if expecting further information.

"P'raps you may happen to have some credentials 'bout yourself, papers er letters. Them men downstairs are pow'ful curious 'bout what ain't none of their business. That's a habit with most of us, an' suah travelers have the same affliction. I ain't suspicionin' nothin', mind you; jest occurred to me if you have any kind of interduction it won't do no harm to show it to me."

The Jew nodded and, opening his wallet, took from it the letter Mr. Kirtley had given him and handed it to the host, who slowly read it half aloud:

"To whom it may concern:

Felix Moses, the bearer of this note, is a Jewish peddler, whose signature is on the margin. He spent the night at my home and related to me his

life story, which affected me deeply. He is seeking a location where he may earn a living, in which object I hope he may succeed in Boone County.

"James A. Kirtley."

"That's 'nough fer anybody," said the host. He turned to the door, having lighted the extra candle, but at the top of the stairway leading down into the room where the men sat, he abruptly extinguished the light and stood looking into the room below. The balls had ceased to roll, the men were all gathered about or near the stove, speaking in low tones, occasionally glancing up the steps in the direction the traveler had been led.

"Thet's the feller, suah, thet's been wanderin' 'round this country fer something, nobody seems ter know jest what."

"He's the one thet made the fuss at the barbecue. Called himself a Jew. What's he up to, anyway?" said another.

Then a low voice spoke: "He sure has got the Know Nothings on his list, fer he even had the password and got into their meeting."

"How did you find thet out, Jim? Are you a Know Nothing?"

"That's my business, not your'n," was the sulky reply.

"Well, I'm a Democrat, and not ashamed of it. I don't slip 'round in the night time to no meetin' and use no passwords to git in like a sneak," was the quick rejoinder.

The two stood facing each other, apparently questioning the move that might next be made. So quickly do long-smoldering antagonisms flash up at a word that the

man charged with being a "Know Nothing" spoke vehemently.

"I tell you this country is for Americans, and not for foreigners. Jest as sure as we lets down the bars and opens the doors to them hordes of emigrants from Europe, just so sure will our children and children's children be run out of house and home. Them Dutch and other what-nots lives on nothin'. They saves their coppers until they has dollars, then they turns in and buys our best terbaccer land, an' they'll keep on savin' an' buyin till they owns everything in sight. Then they'll kick us fellers out and put our children to work fer their own selves. If you Whigs, who ain't got no party left, don't stop jinin' the Democrats, you'll put that damn little Massachusetts Abolition party in power that Henry Clay told us is growin' faster than a poplar tree in the bottoms. Yo' couldn't fool Henry Clay. He saw what's comin' an' he wasn't afeered to speak out." Shaking his finger in the face of his opponent, he continued:

"Them abolitionists'll sell yo' niggers, and when they git yo' money they'll talk about the sin of slavery and make yo' free the niggers they sold yo'. Them foreigners'll gobble your land till your children work in shirt sleeves whilst their children rides in carriages."

Quietly came the opponent's reply. Not less in earnest was he than the first speaker:

"Seems ter me yo' Know Nothin's who thinks yo'-selves sich pure Americans an' air so anxious to argy 'ginst furriners comin' ter America, fergits thet yo' daddies er granddaddies were furriners, an' yo' grandmammies, too. Half ov 'em couldn't talk English an' tothah half couldn't talk nothin' but Dutch an' sich. Ef that slogan 'Ameriky fer Americans' hed been raised

'bout fifty years ago, most ov the fellers in this room would hev been found a-scratchin' fer a livin' in Europe er some othah furrin country. Yo' seem pow'ful anxious ter brag on yo'self bekase yo' own a farm in this land ov Kaintuck. Who did yo' git yo' farm from, an' how did they git it? Ef yo' air so pow'ful anxious ter give Americans their chance, s'pose yo' hunt up the Injuns ef any air left that warn't killed by yo' dads thet helped ter drive them out. Mebbe yo'll give 'em back their land. Stealin' is stealin', an' I don't see no diff'rence twixt what Daniel Boone and Simon Kenton did in cheatin' an' killin' the Indians, even ef it was fer othahs, an' a Know Nothin' who owns a fahm stolen from them Indians an' then slobbahs ovah es he yells 'Ameriky fer Americans.' "

At this point the door at the head of the stairs opened wide and the host thumped his way down and loudly rang the bell on the barroom counter, a signal understood by all the men around him. Holding up the letter he had received from the Jew, he addressed the assembly:

"Men, this is a letter from Preacher Kirtley, interducin' that man upstairs as one of his friends. That's all he needs, I 'low. Parson Kirtley's word is enough fer anybody in this country. The man's a Jew. His name is Felix Moses. He's a foreigner and the under dog in this crowd, but he's a peddler lookin' fer a place, and we need a peddler. Ef he takes my advice, he's goin' ter make his home in this tavern. Ef there's any back talk from any of you, make it now, fer I say I'm his friend, an' I don't want any pryin' inter his affairs. Ef he wasn't born in Ameriky, that ain't his fault. He's here, and here he's goin' ter stay ef he wants to. I don't keer whether you are Whig, Democrat, Abolitionist, er

Know Nothin', whichsomever you are, just speak up now er hold your peace hereafter, 'lessen you are out lookin' fer trouble." As no one replied, he added in a lower tone, "He's comin' down to supper. Give him a handshake, men." In this he was doomed to disappointment. The discussion he aimed to suppress was continued, being resumed from an unexpected direction. Indeed, he did not have the opportunity to read the letter.

During the dialogue concerning the Know Nothings, which had drawn all present to the barroom, where they had collected near the foot of the stairs, the man on the stool in the rear sat quietly, apparently indifferent, but when came the reference to the pioneers of Kentucky, hard lines drew his face into a frown and his hands clinched as he arose to his full height and started toward them. His moccasin-clad feet made no sound on the puncheon floor of the alley. Noiselessly he glided until he reached the group gathered about the parties concerned in the argument. The men in his path were brushed aside as easily as might a heavy bull scatter a bunch of shrinking yearlings. As he faced the two contestants, he looked directly at the Jew, who had reached the foot of the stairs, then drew him to his side and vehemently addressed the "Know Nothing":

"Who are you and who were your ancestors? By what right do you make this demand, 'America for Americans'?"

As no answer came from the astonished man, he continued: "Who was that great hero, Daniel Boone, and his famous friend, Simon Kenton? What did they do to earn for you this land of Kentucky, which had been the hunting ground of my people for centuries? What were their methods?" No word was spoken by any of the group.

"THEN DREW HIM TO HIS SIDE"

"I am an Indian. The very graves of my ancestors have been desecrated. The lands of my fathers have been taken by subterfuge or by force, just as any brigand seizes the property of persons weaker than himself. You called them 'savages,' but white man's intrigue was beyond their understanding. They were helpless where laws that were made to protect piracy were held sacred, where wrong was called right, where thievery was lauded and enforced legally as a God-given privilege. Who are you that cry 'America for Americans'?" He paused as if to give his hearers time for thought, then drew the Jew directly before him.

"This man has as much right to live in this land as you have. I know nothing of his home history or family record, but, by the Great Spirit of my ancestors, I stand before you, not an ignorant, unlettered savage, but a so-called 'educated Indian,' a much-needed champion for such as he. Take gun or arrow, fist or wrestling, and I challenge you one and all, separate or in a body, to face me on this floor or outside. Come on, now, if you propose to support the doctrine that 'might makes right,' which has always been that of the tyrant when he crushed out the life of him whose house he had burned, whose land he had stolen."

The speaker ceased abruptly. As no move was made by his astonished hearers, he drew from his pocket a sealed envelope, which he handed to the schoolmaster, who stood near.

"Read," he said. "I bring a message from my ancestors." Then he turned deliberately toward the door. The teacher hastily tore open the envelope and read the few words written therein. Deeply agitated, he cried: "Hold him, don't let him go. I must speak to him." In a body they made for the man, who had not yet reached the door.

"Come on," he cried defiantly. "Hold me if you can." Although the men fell upon him much as boys at play pile together, they met only rude contact with the floor, where they were thrown with ease, while the giant snatched the paper from the teacher's hand, leisurely opened the door, and departed.

"Quick! Get a lantern and follow him," shouted the teacher. The men rushed into the night, but saw no trace of the stranger. Nor was there fresh track of horse's hoofs before the hitching rack. A late-comer just approaching was asked which way the man had ridden.

"What man?"

"The big man. Didn't you meet him?"

"No, I didn't meet anyone."

In mental perplexity the teacher held up his clinched hand. "I have here the name of—" He stopped as he missed the letter. Only the empty envelope remained. His sentence was not finished.

CHAPTER XV

"What Was Written on the Paper?"

About the dinner table, in the home of the recorder of these memoirs, again sat the three so closely linked by long years of friendship. It was growing late, dinner was long since ended, the host had read portions of the foregoing manuscript, and now they sat in silence, the guests peacefully smoking, the host evidently lost in reflections. The old clock ticked its memories and messages to blunted ears.

After a time the host roused himself, pinched the flesh of his wrist, then pricked his finger with a pin.

"Why act so silly?" questioned one friend.

"To establish whether you are there and I am here. It may seem silly to you, but not to me."

As there came no answer, both evidently waiting to see what freakish move might next be made, he asked with something of peevishness in his voice, "Have you no comment concerning the part of this evening's narrative I have read to you?"

"Oh, yes, a few," replied the one at his right, "but we leave at twelve sharp, and that is not far away."

"We have heard worse," commented the other friend, and added with a grin, "but not much."

"You are as candid as an Ohio critic of 'Stringtown on the Pike,' whom I asked for the foundation of his editorial criticism of the book's negro

dialect. He said he had never visited Kentucky, but that a few years before 'Stringtown' was published he had taken a trip on an Ohio River steamer and had heard no such negro dialect as that used by Cupe."

"I presume you enlightened him."

"No. He stood too high as an Ohio authority." Changing the subject, he added, "Tell me what you mean by saying you have heard worse stories, though not much."

"Do you expect us to believe that the Jew sat on the vertebra of a backbone so large it could be used as a stool?"

"Yes. In my boyhood days I could have done the same. The mere fragment of a tooth I found in the woods near Big Bone was used by me to crack walnuts. Thomas Rouse* and his little brother crept beneath the shoulder blade of a mastodon or mammoth which had been upturned against a beech tree in the forest near his home in the Big Bone country. Such relics as these were not rare in my boyhood. Years ago I recorded my views concerning the date of the disappearance of the mammoth.†

"Surely you have exaggerated the story about the methods of the Kentucky Know Nothings. Confess now. It is largely a myth, is it not?"

"On the contrary, that bridge across Gunpowder Creek, beneath which they met, has only recently been replaced by another. The flat stone floor of the creek is now about as it was then. Read the story of that political order as it is described in

* Father of Mrs. Lloyd.

† Records of the Past, Vol. III, 1904, pp. 43-46.

the *Courier Journal's* history of Kentucky, of which the Honorable Z. F. Smith was the editor. I know persons who were involved in the America for Americans' party, who afterward laughingly discussed incidents that once were almost tragedies in Kentucky politics. The disintegration of the Kentucky Whigs was pathetic in the extreme. But have we not fanatics with us yet?"

"If your manuscript is ever published, do you think any reader will believe that an Indian existed in Kentucky in the days of Felix Moses?" queried one guest, and the other added:

"An Indian using good language, correct English, versed in history, familiar with Kentucky's story of the past. You are counting much on our credulity," interrupted the other. "But are you not intending to give us the reason for the teacher's excitement? What was written on that bit of paper? You have a habit of breaking a narrative just as you reach an interesting point."

"Why, it really seems as if you want more of 'We have heard worse, but not much.' "

"Certainly it is not good form to leave any incident unfinished. You have no recognized literary authority for that freak of fancy."

"Does life always follow good literary form?"

"You are evading the question. Your story is incomplete."

In an undertone one guest spoke to the other: "He can be most provoking when he so chooses." Low tones sometimes carry more readily to the dulled ear than do louder voices. The host caught the sentence and made answer:

"Perhaps *life* may sometimes be provoking.

You have my thanks for your compliments. The facts are that an Indian school under government control was instituted by Colonel Richard M. Johnson on his own estate, not far from where now stands Georgetown. This school was for years under the superintendency of Rev. Thomas Henderson. Its ruins remain to-day, as well as do fragments of the adjacent stone-built homes of the Indian boys. Why could not a boy who was educated therein have an ambitious son, thoroughly schooled in an American college? Do you think the pathetic story of his ancestors that came to him as historic fact, not alone in legend, would be lost to his memory?"

"Very well, that's enough. We did not intend to irritate you, but we, too, have learned a few things by experience. We have found that the best way to get the inwardness of your erratic views and the reason for your much-involved statements is to provoke you a little. You—"

"Go on. What is it you wish to say?"

"Tell us what was written on that piece of paper," interjected the other, "before you get entirely away from the subject."

The host made no reply.

"How long since you gave us 'Etidorhpa'?"

"It has been thirty-five years."

"How long since you published 'Stringtown-on-the-Pike'?"

"Thirty years."

"Of your folk-lore stories, none was completed. You carry some characters from one to another. Now you are featuring Felix Moses, introduced in 'Stringtown-on-the-Pike.' Probably, judging from

the past, the present book will leave us hanging in the air. Why can't you marry some of your characters, kill others, or finish them up in happy fashion? That's always in good literary form and decidedly pleasing to most readers."

"Do you find that life is governed by 'good literary form'? I repeat."

"Stories are."

"Am I writing stories? Are the personages introduced in my folk-lore books imaginary creations? Are they not rather close studies of life as life was once lived, even to language that, together with the many broken school-book rules, permits you to tell me I am not in good literary form? Was Felix Moses an imaginary creation, a myth? Am I not also, as a Boone County boy, one of the characters?"

The striking clock interrupted. When the stroke of twelve ceased, in accord with their previous agreement, the guests arose to depart. As they reached the outer door, one questioned again, "Do you not intend to tell us what was written on that paper?"

"Are you sure anything was written on it? This is a most beautiful night."

"Listen!"

To their ears came again the melodious voice of the clock—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve!

"What is the matter with the clock? Why does it twice strike the hour of midnight? Come, let us go back. There may be a message for one of us," said the host.

"Not on your life! Good night!" The guests

spoke in unison. There was no division of opinion on the subject of their departure. The door slammed.

Returning to the dining room, the host stood looking fixedly at the old clock.

"Old clock," he muttered as he seated himself, "you are not the first innocent party used as a text to attempt to lead or mislead humanity, nor will you probably be the last. I wonder," he continued, "why it is that schooled men are so willing to accept as the limit of possible knowledge the restrictions implied in the heirloom statement that man has only five senses. My friends could have done better in their criticisms had their minds not been diverted to a few features that were really of less importance than others unmentioned." Then he added: "Perhaps I am to blame. Let me think over their criticisms."

* * *

In eighteen hundred and fifty-nine Felix Moses, who had made our village his home, came to be called "Old Mose," not because of his age, which was not known to us, nor was he what might be termed old, but rather as a familiar and endearing term, applied to a person loved by everyone. From a mere pack peddler he had now become the proprietor of a one-horse covered spring wagon, in the possession of which he took great pride. To have carried the load of household items he purchased in the city for the accommodation of his customers or the produce he picked up on a return trip would have been impossible for a pack peddler. To him the whole county of Boone and adjacent country had become familiar. The narrow byways, even forest paths between trees that barely gave room for the hubs

of his wheels, the creek roads where drift, newly piled after each freshet, would have prevented a two-horse vehicle from passing, were to him no obstacles. With his covered wagon he passed through the country, visiting alike the home of wealth and the forest cabins where little could be purchased or offered in trade. Perhaps a few coon skins were the sole assets of a cabin dweller.

"WITH HIS COVERED WAGON HE PASSED THROUGH THE COUNTRY."

His aim seemed to be to bring the pleasure of human fellowship and good will to homes where a visitor seldom found his way, where the cheer of his countenance lighted the day for the inmates. What was needed by them he bought in the city and delivered, asking no immediate payment. He kept no book accounts, accepting that others would deal honestly with him, as he did with them. He seemed amply repaid by the welcome he received, the pleasure his coming brought,

especially to the children, who looked eagerly for the sight of "Old Mose" on the day he might be expected. He took more pains, if possible, to serve the poor than those in better circumstances. Perhaps he considered that a family living in an out-of-the-way place was his especial care.

If one should ask what were the boundaries of his circuit the reply must be, all of Boone County and adjacent vicinities of Kenton, Gallatin, Campbell, and Grant Counties. To every resident of these sections of northernmost Kentucky Old Mose was known. His name is held in sincere respect by their descendants. Embodying the highest principles of business honor, he was the most pronounced type of a faithful friend.

In religion he remained a Jew, though so far as the narrator knows, he had no close Jewish companions outside those living in Cincinnati and Covington. If he had any concern in the religious debates or creeds of the village churches, he made no exhibition of the fact. He attended alike the different churches, and to all he contributed liberally when the contribution box was passed. With politics he did not meddle. Even in the critical days of 1859 and 1860, when men's souls were racked by conflicting interests and opinions, Mose went on his way as huckster and peddler, welcome alike to the homes of those who sympathized with the South and those who believed in the cause of the North. But that he was quietly balancing the problem was evidenced by unexpected action that, in 1861, surprised even his most intimate friends. In this connection the chapter following is necessarily written in the first person. The foregoing chapter is designed to present "Mose" as he was known to us.

1. Cincinnati.
2. Newport.
3. Covington.
4. North Bend.
5. Petersburg.
6. Bullittsville.
7. Burlington.
8. Hebron.
9. Big Bone.
10. Rabbit Hash.
11. Patriot, Ind.
12. Warsaw.
13. Vevay, Ind.
14. Ghent.
15. Erlanger.
16. Florence (Stringtown)
17. Union.
18. Beaverlick.
19. Crittenden.
20. Verona.
21. Independence.
22. Fort Thomas.
23. Richwood.

Licking River.
Big Bone Creek.
Gunpowder Creek.
Lexington Pike (Stringtown Pike).

Above dotted line—Northernmost Kentucky.

CHAPTER XVI

A Journey With "Old Mose"

"JOHNNY," said Old Mose, one afternoon in 1861, "ask your mother to let me take you on a trip to-morrow." There was no need to beg for permission. Every mother was willing to trust her boy with Mose. So it was that very early the next morning we started on the rounds through the sections I have briefly described. Little did I comprehend what was destined to be the outcome of that brief journey, or the incidents that connected it with the life as well as the death of one of my boyhood comrades. The high lights of that trip, as well as the dark tragedies that followed, linger in memory. They will not fade.

The horse moved slowly. He was never known to go faster than a walk. So far as we knew, no whip ever touched him; indeed, none was ever carried in the wagon. The quaint stories Mose told me as we passed along would be of no interest now, but his methods may be shown by relating a few of his peculiarities. Before entering what was known as the "backwoods" section, we passed a big house. Contrary to his custom, without apparent reason, he did not stop. Every other house in sight of the road had been visited. The word "visit" is used advisedly. Mose never asked if the parties had anything to sell. One listening to the conversation would have supposed that pleasant gossip was his only object, but in the course of the visit goods previously ordered were delivered, perhaps some other items asked

for, and any produce available was finally offered. No hurry, no air of "business," only cordial, friendly interchange.

The house just passed stood on an eminence not far from the road. As we went on, the owner came running to the gate, hailing us as he ran.

"Why don't you stop, Mose? What's your hurry? I have a basket of eggs."

Mose drew his horse near the fence and in his characteristic manner replied:

"Oh, your hens bees too much educated. Some of them lays goot eggs, but others of them lays bad eggs. Last time I comes 'round, you sells me a big basket of eggs. Them hens you got is so vell trained that the bad hens lays all their eggs in the bottom of that basket and the other hens lays the goot eggs on top. I selled them eggs to a Cincinnati Jew man and told him to count them and in an hour I vould come back. That fellow, he shows me vhen I gets back vhat your hens haf done. Then he laughs at me. I don't like mooch to be laughed at by no Jew. I can't buy your eggs this time. Maybe vhen I comes back your hens vill be trained so that them what lays the bad eggs vill lay them outside the basket."

In such good humor was this said that, though the man looked somewhat sheepish, he laughed heartily and promised to use his influence with his hens, so that such a thing would not occur again. When we came back to the main road from a short byway trip, Mose took the man's basket of eggs on the word of the farmer without inspecting or counting them.

"Aren't you afraid some of the eggs might be spoiled?" I asked.

"No, Johnny, he von't make that mistake ag'in."

Old Mose winked at me as he added, "Maybe he didn't know the bad eggs vere in the bottom of the basket."

Soon we came to a house situated on a side road we had entered. A little boy came running to meet us, holding up a moleskin.

"See, Mose, my doggie caught the mole. Pap skinned him and tanned the skin. Won't you buy it?"

"How mooch you vants for it, Jimmy? Dot's a fine skin." Mose rubbed it across his cheek.

"Five cents."

"Dot's too cheap, Jimmy. Dis fine moleskin is worth a quarter." The overjoyed child cried out with delight as he turned quickly to run and show the silver coin to his surprised mother.

"Vait a minute, Jimmy." The child stopped. "Mose, he don't need no more moleskins, so you can tell your doggie not to ketch moles no more."

"What can you do with one little moleskin?" I asked.

"Vhen we gets in the woods I throws it avay."

Wherever we stopped, the children received trifling presents, but not all the presents given that day were trifling nor were all the incidents amusing.*

On we wandered, sometimes on streaks of roads through the woods, up the hills and down in the hollows, finally reaching the bed of a creek that flowed over a flat stone bottom. This we followed, the creek bed being the only road. After a time Mose stopped his horse, remarking: "Johnny, ve goes now to a cabin where some very poor peoples lives. Just a man and his vife and one leetle baby. Every trip I brings them vhat they needs from the city, vich iss not mooch.

*A silver three cent piece he gave the wife of the writer, when a little child, has been long treasured as a keepsake.—J. U. L.

What do you think, Johnny, they named dot leetle baby Moses!"

He laughed aloud as he leaned back in the wagon, and from under a pile of coon skins brought out a wrapped package, opened it, and showed me a soft, white wool blanket, the size for a baby's cradle.

"Dot is for leetle Moses. If you vatch, Johnny, vhen we turns the bend of the creek, you can see the log cabin—one room, one door, one window, and a mud-stick chimney. The mother, she vill hear the rattle of the wagon, then she comes and stands in the door with the leetle Moses in her arms and waves her apron at us. The father vill be working in his tobacco patch, but vhen he hears the rattle of the wheels he comes to the house, too. Vatch, Johnny."

We passed over the stony creek bed, through a tangle of overhanging brush, beyond which stood the cabin on the hillside. Mose abruptly stopped his horse, a puzzled expression coming over his face. The door stood open, but no woman was visible. Nor was a man to be seen in the tobacco patch.

"Maybe they iss in the voods past the tobacco patch, but we vill go to the house first."

Something in the way of a warning sensation came over me, a chill of apprehension, though the sun shone brightly. When we reached the door we saw the girl wife standing in the center of the room, a young mother perhaps not yet twenty years of age. The man also was there, gloomily sitting back away from the door. He nodded a brief greeting, but did not arise or come forward. I can see the face of the woman as I write. Seventy years cannot dull some recollections. For a moment she stood motionless, her white face, with its deep black eyes, turned toward the smiling Jew, who

was also voiceless. Then she spoke slowly, as if the difficult words were wrung from her.

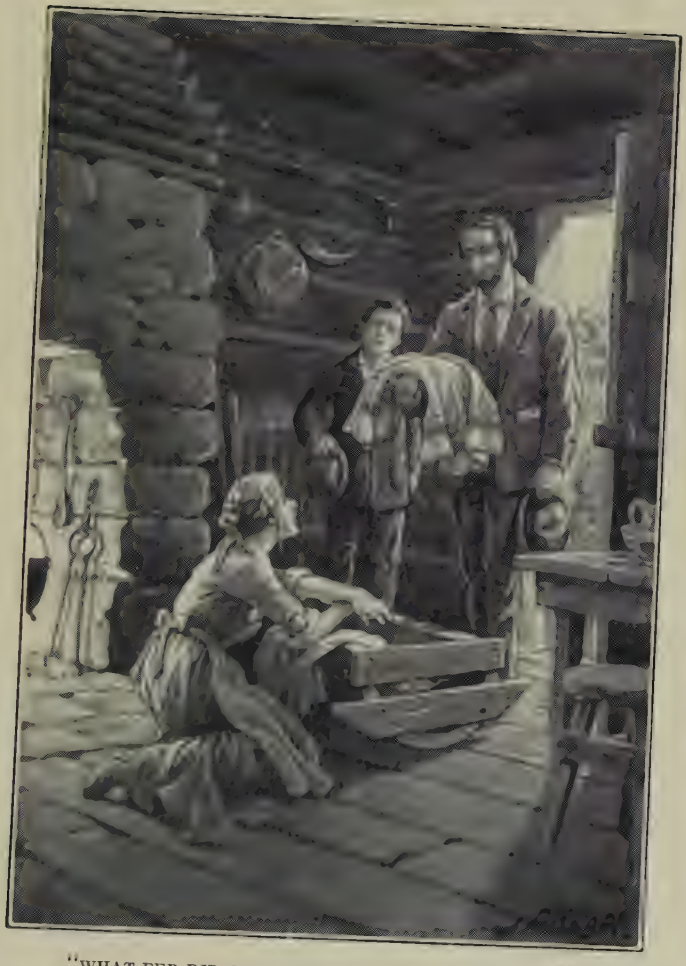
"We didn't have much, Mose, Lige an' me, jest a patch of terbacker on the hillside an' our baby boy. We didn't want nothin' moah ef we could hev kept him." Her voice broke and she covered her face with her hands. "Mose, the good Lord tooken little Moses up to heaven." She dropped on her knees beside the empty cradle as though to embrace the baby that once rested in it, turned upward her white face set in a tangle of dark hair, to meet the compassionate eyes of the Jew. She was indeed the picture of a sorrowing Madonna.

"Oh, Mose," she moaned, "we loved him so much. We didn't need nothin' but our baby ter make us happy. When Lige went ter the terbacker patch in the mornin' I wan't nevah lonesome, fer I had baby. When he got biggah I made a mat of coon skins an' spread it on the floah. He would sit there an' shake the rattler thet his pappy made him from a dried gourd. He jest cooed an' laughed so sweet. We wah es happy es the day wah long. I wah always a-thinkin' ov what he'd do when he come a man, how all these woods might be his'n. I wah so proud. What fer did God tooken him from me, Mose?"

The Jew leaned over and stroked the girl's bowed head.

"Leetle mother, God iss goot. Maybe He knows sometings we knows noddings about. It vould be better for you—" He stopped, then added: "God vill send you leetle Moses' brother some time. You keep this blanket dot I brought for baby." Listlessly the mother looked at the blanket, stupefied by her grief.

"Keep it for the leetle brother," Mose said gently



"WHAT FER DID GOD TOOKEN HIM FROM ME, MOSI?"

as he laid it in the cradle. We turned then to the door, leaving the girl mother with her grief, arms over the side of the cradle, face pillowed in the soft blanket. Before leaving the room Mose shook hands with the man sitting in the shadows, murmuring a word of sympathy, "I bees very sorry." But the man made no reply. Sitting in the gloom, we left him. As we passed the rude wooden table I saw Mose's hand reach out swiftly as he slyly placed a bright new gold piece on the corner, but called no attention to it. When we reached the wagon he drove on silently for some time. Then he spoke, whether to me, to the horse, or himself, I cannot say:

"Someone ought to take old Mose out and shoot him. He ain't fit to live no more. Vhen the leetle mother stood not in the door and the man vas not at his vork, Mose ought to haf had more sense than to take dot blanket to the house."

Then he turned to me. "Remember vhat I says, Johnny. Old Mose ain't got mooch living sense no more. All he iss goot for iss to git shot. And maybe he vill, Johnny, but dot's a secret now. Some day maybe you vill know."

Slowly we progressed up the creek, through the woods, over hills and down their steep sides, until at last as twilight fell upon us we struck the Burlington-Petersburg Pike. Soon we were stopped by two young men on horseback, dressed in their "Sunday-go-to-meeting" clothes.

"You're just in time for the party, Mose," one called out as both greeted him.

"Vhere iss the party? Vhen is it?" he asked.

"It's to-night." The young man mentioned a well-known name, adding, "You must be sure to go, Mose."

Mose laughed as he replied: "Look at me, covered with goose feathers and horse hairs. I vould be a pretty sight at a party. I got no time to go home and dress up mine self."

"Oh, whatever *you* wear is all right, Mose. We don't count much on clothes. We want you to come and help us have a good time. We may not have many more for a while."

After a little general conversation the invitation was accepted. We then started toward a home the writer now vainly attempts to locate. Nor is it scarcely a matter of wonder, since forests have disappeared, creeks have dried, homes have been torn down and rebuilt. Many are the other changes that have come during the past seventy years, brushing out once-familiar locations and landmarks. Possibly there may yet live one of that evening's group who, in reading these lines, may locate the home in which Old Mose and myself, as well as the two lads were made welcome. Preceded by the young men on horseback, we passed on until a twinkling light cast its gleam over a distant hill. As we drew nearer, the light increased, showing finally a home illuminated brightly for those days. Across each front window were lines of lighted candles. Entering the large yard, we found groups of horses hitched to the fence, to trees, and to the horse rack. About half of them were equipped with side saddles. Only a few carriages or buggies were to be seen. With uncertain roads, the people of those days, both young and old, preferred horseback riding.

Old Mose now demonstrated that he was not without resources for such emergencies and that he was not willing to attend a party in his work-a-day dress. From the back of the wagon he drew a carpetsack, which he

carried into the barn. When he emerged, his smiling face was shining with cleanliness, the barn pump having been resorted to, and he was dressed in his "store clothes."

We were late. The music had begun, some of the dancers were on the floor. The cry of the official "caller" of the dance had sounded before we reached the front porch, where a couple of happy negro youths stood to open the door into the spacious hall. A blaze of light now greeted us from coal-oil lamps set on shelves in out-of-the-way corners. The genial host welcomed us as we entered the hall and personally conducted us up the stairs, where we were guided to the left side, where a room was set apart for the men. Opposite it, on the right, was the room to which the ladies were conducted, a neatly dressed negro girl standing before the door, ready to perform any needed service. Very proud was she of her position that night.

We received a hearty welcome from the men who stood about, then Mose turned to the host's special refreshments—cheese, crackers, and a liquid of a quality no longer obtainable in Kentucky, if current print and other evidence of changed conditions be correct. After a bit of general conversation, we descended to the lower rooms, where the evening's festivities were progressing very happily, too, if one might judge by the frequent bursts of laughter and general atmosphere of good fellowship in the assembly of which we soon became a part. On a slightly raised platform at one side of the room three white-headed black "uncles" sat with fiddles in hand, awaiting the calling of the next cotillion. The master of ceremonies, who stood on a wooden chair and "called off," also occasionally took part in the dance, calling the changes as he danced.

First came the call for the cotillion's formation. When it was assembled, came the introduction, "Salute your partners." Very stately were the bows of each to his partner and of each couple as they in turn were saluted. Then the music began. The darky fiddlers patted the floor in unison as they hummed threads of often-improvised melody, with negro chucklings curiously interpolated for the occasion, all in harmony. Altogether it was a merry scene. This was before the days of "round dances," as waltzes were then called. The assembled party, as well as the family of the host, would have viewed with horror such an innovation as a waltz. Had any couple attempted to dance after such fashion a neighborhood scandal would surely have resulted.

Thus passed the evening. The young people in the rooms about, awaiting their turn for the dance, spent the time in animated conversation or in listening to the piano, played by the young ladies. In those days the schooling of a Kentucky girl, even in moderate circumstances, was incomplete without music lessons, as many a Yankee governess of the sixties, employed as a companion and teacher in a family, can testify.*

About eleven o'clock refreshments were served by drilled negro servants, who knew their places and were proud to fill them capably. Excepting in the men's lounging room, there was no smoking. Such a procedure on the part of anyone would have been considered as the acme of bad manners; nor was there any liquor passed, either with, before, or after the refreshments.

* The sister of the writer found it necessary to be trained in music in order to qualify as a governess. The piano in the present home of the author was an heirloom of Mrs. Lloyd, carted through the wilderness from Philadelphia a hundred years ago by her grandfather, Rev. Thomas Henderson.

'FROM THE START THE INTENT WAS TO MAKE MOSE LOSE HIS PARTNER'"

After the intermission the music again struck up, the opening dance being the favorite "Tucker," which was repeatedly called for during the evening. Also it was always the last dance of the night.

Mose had several times been pressed into the dance. Quaint, jovial, he enjoyed himself immensely. By reason of his antics he presented a figure at times almost grotesque. But when came the stately minuet, Mose seemed exceptionally supple in movement, even graceful.

After refreshments, as it neared "going-home time," the circle about "Tucker" having been formed, the fiddlers began to play and the ring to move to "All hands around Tucker, Tucker swing, and all hands follow." Lively was the occasion, a great contrast between this hilarity and the preceding cotillion. From the start the intent was to make Mose lose his partner and become "Tucker," a difficult feat, he being alert and not easily caught. At last his hand slipped and "Tucker" wedged into his place. Hardly had this been accomplished when suddenly, with a startled whistle, Mose rushed through the line to a corner, where stood two young men in earnest conversation. For some time they had been talking, heedless of the dance. Though themselves unconscious of the fact, the attention of those about had been drawn to their absorbing discussion. The words that had caught the ear of Mose also startled those about them:

"We've got to fight it out!"

As Mose reached them he put a hand on the shoulder of each as he said persuasively: "Boys, boys, this iss no time to fight. Vhat vould your mother say if she knows you bring quarrels to the party?"

Only now aware that their conversation had become a disturbance to those about them, the elder of the two

said with firmness as he returned the gaze of the Jew: "This is one of the things that nothing but fighting will settle. It has come to that now."

"But vhat for should brothers fight? You boys don't know vhat you do. Remember your mother."

"Mother knows we are going to fight; she knows all about it, but we will not fight on the same side, that's the trouble."

Then it was that Mose and those about realized that the word "fight" did not apply to a personal difficulty, but that one brother was going North, the other South.

"We can't get together, Mose." The elder brother's tone now had a note of despondency. Doubtless the two had argued long and earnestly before the final decision was made.

"Vich of you goes South?" Mose asked. "I knows, though," he added quickly as he took the younger brother's hand. "You bees too young to get into the Yankee army."

"I am sixteen. I can ride a horse, and I'm going to get a fine one. Brother has promised me Black Scout, the best horse in Boone. He said that *he* wouldn't have to take a horse, because their army has everything it needs. He starts to-morrow. He enlisted in the Home Guards."*

"And vhen do you go?"

"I'll join the cavalry with the next bunch of boys, if I don't get shot trying to pass the Yankee pickets. I'm in Buckner's Guards now. Brother can ride to Newport or Lexington in daylight, but I've got to slip through the lines in the night." Evidently his boyish

* Camp Dick Robinson, near Lexington, was made headquarters for the Home Guards after the original organizations had been shattered by the Government. More than half the Home Guards of our section of Boone County went South.—J. U. L.

heart was thrilled at the thought of the hazard. Dancing had ceased. The room had become so quiet that every word was heard. The earnestness of the voices had drawn eager listeners from the other rooms. They crowded the doors. Then came an interruption.

A protracted knock sounded upon the side door, the raps being divided after the manner of a telegraph operator using the key. When the black servant opened the door a man whom no one seemed to recognize entered. A Colt's revolver was at his belt, a slouched hat drawn over his forehead. He was dressed as a cavalryman, but not in blue. Advancing to Mose through the aisle that opened for him, he spoke in his ear, casting a keen glance at the two brothers. So low was his voice that Mose alone heard the words. Without noticing others, giving no recognition other than politely touching his hat to the ladies as he passed, the man left as abruptly as he had come. For a moment Mose stood as though debating with himself. Still holding the hand of the younger brother, he said, "I vill go mit you to see your mother."

Casting his eyes about the room, he espied me in a near-by group, where I had been a wide-eyed listener, only half understanding but thrilled with the quick shaping of events about me.

"Come, Johnny, ve must go. Ve vill not stay here to-night. Maybe Mose vill not make the trip back in the morning. Ve vill go mit these boys."

* * * * *

Into the night we rode, I by the side of Mose in the wagon, the two young men riding ahead. Whenever we came to a clearing in the woods their forms stood out, silhouetted against the sky like silent sentinels, but as we passed on were quickly lost in the encircling gloom

of the woods that as a black belt closed about us. If a word was spoken by either, I did not catch it. Even Mose drove silently, an exceptional procedure for him. At last our leaders turned from the pike and began to follow a rough branch road that several times crossed a winding creek, or possibly it may have been several branches of the same twisting creek. On the crest of a hill before us we now perceived a house, outlined against the sky, toward which the horsemen led us. As we neared it I noticed a face against the glass, peering out into the night, a face that became more distinct as we drew nearer, the light of a candle on the window sill bringing it into relief. A woman was looking out into the night. As the tramp of the horses or squeak of the wagon caught her ear, she sprang to her feet and threw open the door. The horsemen alighted as she stood on the threshold, and one called out, "Here we are, mother."

She put her arms about the boys and drew them into the room, apparently unaware, perhaps indifferent, to the presence of Mose and myself, who followed.

"Mother," said the elder, "why are you sitting up so late? You are wearing yourself out."

"Watching and hoping, my son. Watching the moon from the time it rose, counting the hours, hoping my boys would soon get home."

The younger boy now spoke: "Mother, brother's furlough ends to-day. It's almost morning, and he'll have to get into his uniform."

The elder boy, obedient to the suggestion, gently disengaged his mother's clasp and left the room. The mother still stood with arm about the younger.

"And must you go to war? Oh, my son, can't you stay with your mother?" With arms close about the boy's neck, she begged: "Stay with your mother, son.

I shall be all alone." Then she continued as if thinking aloud:

"This plantation was a joy to your father and me as we planned it for our boys. When you played about our feet as little children we thought we were providing for your bright future. All that increasing wealth could bring, fine home, great acres, but"—falteringly—"your father passed away and left me with two little boys and our faithful blacks. Why does this war have to ruin it all?" She paused, gazing pleadingly at her boy, awaiting an answer, but there was none. What could he say? Mose and I, feeling ourselves intruders on the sacred privacy of a troubled family circle, stood near the door in embarrassed silence.

"Think, my son, you might kill your brother or he might kill you. Have you no thought of your mother? Have you?" Her voice ended in a sob. Then as memory of the past possessed her, she appealingly changed the subject.

"Do you remember how, as little boys, you used to play soldier, how I called one 'Mother's Captain' and the brother my 'Kentucky Colonel'? I made paper caps and uniforms and sewed epaulets on your shoulders, and you strutted about so happily. Don't you remember how brother gave orders and you led the black children about? One had a drum, another a fife, and old black Mammy Dinah limped along at the end as you charged the enemy—a flock of turkeys? Then the old gobbler turned and whipped the whole army or at least put it to flight. Don't you remember how I sang with you the story in the old schoolbook:

" 'Oh, were you ne'er a schoolboy,
And did you never train,
And feel that swelling of the heart
You ne'er may feel again?'

Oh, my son, did your own mother put thoughts of war into your heart?"

The elder son now returned, clad in his blue uniform, belted and armed, a splendid specimen of healthy young manhood. Notwithstanding her sorrow, the mother looked with pride upon him, then sank down by a chair, burying her face in her hands. To my mind came the face of the girlish mother we had left in the cabin. Raising her head, this mother said: "Would it not have been better if the good God had taken you both when, as little children, you played war about my feet, or when, as babies, you slept in the cradle?" Almost she challenged her Creator's wisdom.

"Why did God give me two sons, only to go to war and kill the sons of other mothers, whose boys are as dear to them as you are to me?" Distractedly she turned from one to the other, repeating, "Would it not have been better if you had been taken from me when little children rather than that a brother should kill his brother?"

Neither made response. No reply was possible. The silence was broken by the Jew, who now stepped forward so that he looked down into the upturned face of the kneeling woman. Both persuasion and cautious rebuke were manifest in the single sentence he spoke.

"Mother," he said, "God iss goot; God knows vhat iss best." As he paused as if considering what next to say, the elder son stepped forward and gently raised his mother to her feet, placing her in a chair.

"Maybe these two boys does more goot yet somewhere else than if they stays at home," Mose resumed. "Maybe they never see each other in the fighting, and maybe the young boy needs not to go to the war."

"Oh, Mose," exclaimed the mother as her face brightened, "is there any chance, any chance at all?"

Placing a hand on the boy's arm, Mose addressed him directly:

"Mose, him ain't mooch goot no more. This yesterday he makes one leetle mother cry because he didn't haf no more sense than to come vhere he had no business. He sees one mother crying yesterday because God takes her boy when he iss a leetle baby, and to-day he sees another mother crying because God lets her boys grow big. Mose, he iss an old fool. Somebody ought to shoot him. He ain't no goot no more. Boy, if you vill stay mit your mother Old Mose he vill go in your place to the war. Even if he can't shoot much he vill find somethings he can do that vill be better as fooling avay his time here. I goes in your place. You stays home mit mother." He waited the answer, which came firmly:

"No, Mose, my mind is made up. I am going south with the next bunch of Boone County boys that slip through the lines. Brother has been drilling with the Home Guards at Camp Robinson and will go north. He has enlisted and starts to-morrow for Newport Barracks. I'll take grandfather's brace of duelling derringers that he brought from Virginia, and father's shotgun. Southern soldiers don't need uniforms."

At the last words his mother started up, exclaiming as she fondly put her arm about the young enthusiast: "Since your brother has a blue uniform, you must have a gray one. I have enough gray jeans in the house. With the help of Aunt Dinah and the neighboring women, we can make you a uniform in one day. I know who will help me. When you start south you will have a mother-made uniform of gray; and, son, I'll stitch a pair of epaulets on your shoulder, and you'll be mother's darling soldier boy captain."

"The first chance I get I'll have a tintype taken and send you a picture, mother." It seemed as though both mother and son were now accepting the inevitable, endeavoring to put their minds on the brighter side of the picture, if war can be said to have a brighter side. The boy turned to Mose:

"It is mighty good of you, Mose, to offer to take my place, but I'm ready to go south and intend to go. If I don't come back—" he hesitated and stopped.

"I goes mit you," interjected the Jew. "Mother, if he—if he—" Almost the smile left the face of the man. The same thought possessed all. No one ventured to finish the sentence. But Mose recovered himself and said, "Sure, you vill come back, as proud as von peacock. I vill bring him back to you, mother, sure I vill."

The words held some comfort for the mother. Reason and judgment may have suggested that there was little assurance for the future at such a time, but somehow the thought of a friend she knew and trusted accompanying her boy to the war acted as a panacea sufficient to cause hope to spring in her troubled heart.

"Will you really go with him, Mose?" she asked earnestly. "Do you mean it?"

"Sure I vill go, and vhen he comes back mit me I vill tell you how this boy makes the best soldier in the whole rebel army. I sure vill bring back a—vhat you calls him—a hero to you, mother."

During this discussion the elder son stood silently listening with grave face. He made no comment, though something like a look of relief came over his face at the assurance of Mose that he would be with the younger brother.

The mother now left the room for a few minutes, but soon returned bearing two small books. She handed one to each son. They were pocket Bibles.

"I'LL HAVE A TIN TYPE TAKEN AND SEND YOU A PICTURE, MOTHER."

"Take them and keep them, and may God protect you both. Go, my boys. God has willed it. What am I to rebel?" Back to her God she had turned in the comforting trust of the good old predestinarian faith of her ancestors. She now turned apologetically to Mose, saying, "I bought these Bibles for my two sons when they were small boys, before they could read." Her manner indicated that she regretted having none to offer him.

Quickly came his reply: "God, He gives Mose *the Law* vhen he vas a leetle boy. It iss here," and he struck his breast.

The parting had come. Heroically the mother rallied her strength to meet the trial that racked the hearts of many Kentucky mothers, scattered over this border state, where brother enlisted to fight brother, father against son. As we left the home, the two horsemen again rode in advance of Mose's creaking wagon. The face of the mother was pressed to the window, watching her sons start for war.

Scarcely realizing that I was falling asleep, I became conscious that the wagon had ceased to move. Old Mose stopped his horse and laid me in the back part of his vehicle, where, bedded on a pile of fur skins, covered with bags of feathers, oblivious of the passage of time, I slept until I was awakened by a shake of Mose's hand. The wagon had stopped before our little home in Stringtown. As mother opened the door, the two brothers raised their hats and called a greeting to her, then the elder, in his new military outfit, proudly wearing the blue, rode on alone towards Covington; the other, somber beyond his years, visioning the day when he could wear the suit of gray his mother would make him, and already seeing himself as an officer at the head of a troop of rebel cavalry, turned in another direction.

CHAPTER XVII

A Somber Love Scene

LET us now follow the lad who, with his older brother, stopped at the home of my childhood. Here they separated. One, as stated, went to the barracks in Newport, the other turned his horse backward toward the village of Burlington. But not directly did he go, passing inland just beyond Taylor's Creek, he struck off toward historic Woolper Creek, reaching which, he turned toward its source, crossing the wide hoof-beaten road the troops of thousands of buffalo from the north and west took after crossing the Ohio River at Laughery in their tramp to Big Bone Salt Springs. Next he entered a horse path through the forest which led up and across the wooded hills that lay beyond the creek's source. Here, nestling in a clearing, he came to a house that would now be called a home of the olden time, but which was then quite up to date and exceptionally neat.

Once it had been a primitive log house set in the primeval forest, but was now weatherboarded and increased in size by an ell that reached a distance back toward the row of log cabins where lived the blacks.

It was not needful for the lad to hitch his horse to the rack that fronted the wood, for immediately there appeared an old black "uncle" with white head and smiling face, who greeted "young Marse" as he took the horse's bridle. Into his hand the boy slipped a bright silver coin, noticing that another horse, with side saddle, was standing at the rack.

Scarcely a moment after his knock sounded on the door it was opened, not by the customary house servant, but by a girl about the age (perhaps a trifle younger) of the lad, who, judging from the welcome he received, was expected. There was a tinge of sadness in her deportment, as well as in that of her mother, who also came forward to greet him, for she, too, scarcely smiled. Few would have surmised from their manner that in a time to come this boy and girl were expected to unite the fortunes of two Kentucky families. Usually the conversation of such as they consisted of happy "nothings," of little or no interest to an outsider. To be seated together on the same horsehair sofa was, as a rule, all-sufficient; words were needless. But in this case each was weighted with dread forebodings. Very soon the mother excused herself and left the room. It was the girl who quickly introduced the subject that burdened their hearts.

"Father has enlisted," she said.

"I was afraid he would," was the reply as he added, "Perhaps he may be in the company with brother."

"But you expect to wear the gray." Her voice trembled.

"I must wear it if I go. I am for the South." There was a note of appeal in his voice, and he reached out his arms toward her. Her head dropped on his shoulder as she broke into tears and for a few moments sobbed quietly.

"And you—are you not with me?" he questioned.

"I am with both," she sobbed.

"How can that be? Either you are for the North or for the South. There is no halfway station."

Taking from her dress a small package, she unwrapped it and a tiny bit of silk was placed in his hand.

Stitched together, side by side, lay two miniature flags. One the stars and stripes, the other the stars and bars.

"I made them both. My tears fell on both alike To me each is dear. See, I have stitched them together and made one. Is it not better to have our flag doubled? Are not the stars as bright, the stripes as red, their setting as blue, the white as pure in one as in the other? Is it not one flag? Will you not carry it? Both were made from the same silk." She spoke earnestly as if the words were forced from her.

Taking from his pocket his mother's gift, the little Bible, he folded the double flag to fit the pages, and replaced the book. "They belong together. They must stay together—the Bible and the flag you have made for your father and for me."

"You are so young. Why do you have to go to war?"

"Would you have me a shirk?" he replied.

Cold and distant must seem that love scene to a reader of to-day. Yet after this saddened interview the conversation turned to bright hopes for the future. As they discussed their plans it seemed as though the war were past or that it could not last long. So when the lad suggested that they spend an hour or so in riding, the invitation was quickly accepted, and a few minutes later the girl appeared clad in her riding habit, the skirt of which reached nearly to the ground when she sat in the saddle. As they reached the gate the lad's eyes noted a bench against a tree, observing which the girl asked laughingly, "Sing the verse you sang the last evening we sat on the bench."

"That was one of mother's, an old English melody," he replied, then sang:

" 'Sister Phoebe and me, how happy were we
The night we sat under the juniper tree.
The juniper tree, heigh-ho, heigh-ho,
The juniper tree, heigh-ho.'

"Shall I sing the second verse?" he asked. "You know it must be acted, too."

"Why not?" she replied.

" 'Put this hat on your head—keep your head warm,
And take a sweet kiss, it will do you no harm,
And another won't hurt you, I know, I know,
Another won't hurt you, I know.'

A snicker from the direction of the stile block called attention to the old Negro, who turned his head away, muttering, "Fore Gawd, Missis, I didn't see nothin'."

"Here's a quarter, uncle," said the lad.

"Thanky, Marse, an' I didn't heah nothin', needah, 'deed I didn't."

Soon they were threading the forest paths, the pioneer roads, the creeks and valleys of "old Boone," perhaps the most picturesque county in northernmost Kentucky, if variety of scenery and wealth of unprinted traditions and legends are considered.

Coming to the crown of the hill overlooking the village of Petersburg, they stopped their horses to enjoy a panorama of beauty such as is not often found. The historic little village was at that time of exceptional activity because of its great distillery, its connected industries, and the fine landing. Large and small homes were scattered over the tableland beneath them, the village having been laid out in squares in pioneer days, with the expectation that it would become the capital city of the state. Across the river, two miles to the right, could be seen the town of Lawrenceburg. Beyond

it the valley of the Big Miami, over which loomed historic Fort Hill, fortified by the extinct Mound Builders. Two miles to the left lay the thrifty village of Aurora, which was then surrounded with forest-covered hills, beyond which, on the river's edge on the Kentucky side, was historic "Knobly," also called "Split Rock," formed by the earthquake of 1812, opposite which (diagonally) occurred the lamentable massacre by the Indians of Colonel Laughery and his unfortunate men.

Beneath them, to the left, they could see a little cemetery, in which were laid many pioneers. Later it became the resting place of the last survivor of Perry's Victory—"Uncle John Norris," of Perry's flagship. Could she have looked into the future and seen another mound, that young girl would have considered that graveyard as a hallowed spot, locked in her heart as a sacred cherished memory.

Drinking in the beauty and peace of the scene, the two lovers sat on their horses, wordlessly looking out on the quiet river, the village, the hills. But soon the sun, sinking over Aurora into the west, reminded the boy that the afternoon was fast passing.

"Come, we must hurry. I am due in Stringtown at dusk."

"What is the engagement?" she asked.

"To-night we meet in the Stringtown schoolhouse, where I expect to enlist as a rebel soldier."

* * * * *

The next day I sat on our doorstep fronting the pike, reflecting in my childish mind over all that had come in so short a time. It seemed much like a vivid dream. Then I noticed a horseman approaching from the north, leading a horse with empty saddle. Recognizing me, the rider stopped before our gate. It was the younger

of the two brothers, who, after leaving his sweetheart at her home, had sought the elder at the Newport barracks. In accordance with promise, the "finest nag in Boone County," Black Scout, had been presented him by his brother. Greeting me, he alighted.

"See," he said, "what brother gave me. Isn't he a beauty?" Hitching the horse, after it had been duly admired, we entered our home together. Then he spread before my wondering eyes an outfit that was contraband to any purchaser south of the Ohio River. A fine Colt revolver, cartridges in abundance, a beautiful leather belt, and, above all, a cavalryman's rifle of the latest type. As the lad donned and tightened the belt and thrust the revolver in the holster, he remarked:

"I won't need Father's double-barreled shotgun or grandfather's pair of duelling derringers. Brother gave me this and said: "Don't ask me how I got it. If you were old enough to enlist with me, you could get an outfit in blue, a nice new uniform from Uncle Sam."

"What did you say to that?" I asked.

"Where I am going anything is good enough for us. I wouldn't trade the uniform mother is making for the finest outfit in the whole Yankee Army."

PART SECOND

CHAPTER I

For the Blue or the Gray?

VERY still was the evening of the day in 1861 that now takes my thought. The stormy times of 1859 and 1860 had passed, leaving in their train, so far as northernmost Kentucky was concerned, deep, unspoken passions. Vain had been the patriotic efforts to compromise the differences of our people. Not less fruitless had been the earnest efforts to keep Kentucky a neutral State. The Kentucky historian has written, "Surely never was a people more unhappily placed." (Smith.)

April 12, 1861, came the fatal blow. General Beauregard opened fire on Fort Sumter. The time for argument had passed. Civil war was upon us. Divided were we in our sympathies. Fathers, sons, brothers, bearing no hatred, enlisted in opposite camps. The State Guards, under Major General Simon B. Buckner, favored the South. The Home Guards favored the North. The former were without support of the United States Government, the latter were naturally uniformed, equipped, and drilled by the government.

The fear of destroying the Union appealed to one part of our citizens. Others felt that desecration of the American ideal of State Rights and the Constitution of the "fathers" was more to be dreaded than all else. Thus when came the climax in 1861, the Home Guard cavalry rode among us in daylight. Young men enlisted openly for the Union cause, while the State Guards met in secret and organized as best they could, seeking their

way by night, singly or in groups, hoping to reach the army of the South.

The foregoing pages telling of the two young brothers separated by opposite views, picture a condition that was not uncommon throughout northern Kentucky, where part of the young men went North, part South. Just what psychological influences concerning right and wrong thus divided our people, is not the concern of the narrator. Sufficient is it to recall the facts. It was not a property division, unless ideals are property.

On this evening of 1861 the strange calm that covers deep passions prevailed. The mind of every man and woman had become fixed and unchangeable. The shot fired on Fort Sumter created in us sadness inexpressible.

But ten miles north, in Cincinnati, it was different. That city was bustling with excitement. Drums were beating, men were massing, flags were flying. The call for "seventy-five thousand ninety-day volunteers to suppress the rebellion" seemed to the crowds thronging the streets as the announcement of a gala-day celebration. If among them there were men of other views (and there were) they made no public effort or expression.

Into this medley of confusion and patriotic excitement, crossing the ferry from Covington, Kentucky (the suspension bridge had not been built), came the Jew, Felix Moses, from Stringtown on the Pike. Instead of approaching business acquaintances, he sought a Jewish friend who lived beyond the city's center. Very brief was that interview, but in it the object of the visit was accomplished. Mr. March promised "Mose" that when he died he should be buried in the Jewish cemetery.

"But you do not intend to die soon," smilingly said his friend.

DR. ISAAC M. WISE
"A GREAT GOOD MAN."

"Maybe I vill be quick shot," was the answer. The companion brushed the thought aside with a laugh as a something improbable, but there rested a shadow on the smiling face of Mose.

The visit, however, did not consummate his farewell to Cincinnati. Turning his footsteps in another direction, he reached a very quiet part of the city's western suburb, where, in a modest home, lived a great good man whose aim in life had ever been sympathy for his fellow beings and devotion to human needs. It was afternoon. The day was warm. A chair had been placed before a small table on the grass plot of the yard where, beneath a tree, sat the learned rabbi of the synagogue, absorbed in his studies. Book after book, piled upon the table, was examined, from which he made frequent notes of reference. Notwithstanding his preoccupation, as he raised his head he noticed a man who passed back and forth on the pavement before the door-yard. That he was timidly waiting for an opportunity to speak was apparent. The rabbi walked to the front sidewalk, opened the gate, and extended his hand.

"You appear to be tired. Will you not come in and rest?" He drew the man into the yard and placed a chair for him near his own. "It is time for me to rest awhile. Let us have a smoke," he remarked as he offered a cigar. Thus did the great scholar and humanitarian, Rabbi Wise, greet the simple, unschooled Jew, Felix Moses. Comprehending that the visitor must have an object in thus wandering back and forth before his home, the rabbi endeavored to make it easy for him to state his desire.

"Your face is familiar, but I cannot recall having met you," he said pleasantly as he slowly puffed the cigar.

"I comes to the synagogue sometimes, but I alvays sits back, too far for you to see much mine face."

"You do not live in Cincinnati?"

"No, I lives in Stringtown on the Pike. I haf now no home."

"Where is that?"

"It is in Kentucky, ten miles from Covington. Peoples calls it Florence," he added.

"You have not always lived there—you once had another home?"

"Ya."

"Where was it?"

"I vas born in a ghetto in ———," mentioning a European city.

"Ah"—the rabbi leaned forward—"you were born *there?*" With evident sympathy and understanding the emphasized word was used, then he added: "I know what happened. Such things are beyond description. Your mother, father, family—were they all there?"

The man shook his head. "I likes not to think back. All gone, all burned. I vas a leetle child and vas taken avay at night by mine great-aunt. I likes not to talk about such times and places." Then he added, half apologetically, "Can I see you von minute in the house? Then I vill go avay. I vill not take mooch time."

"Certainly, come," said the rabbi. They entered his home.

"The curtains are up. I vant no peoples to see vhat I shows you."

The rabbi drew the shades, darkening the room. Then his visitor took from the secret pocket the package he had opened for the Kentucky preacher, Mr. Kirtley. Cautiously removing the wrapper, he placed the diamond in the hand of the rabbi. It lay there sparkling, a magnificent jewel.

Amazement was manifest on the face of the rabbi, who was well aware of the value of the stone if it were genuine. He turned it over and over in his palm, noting the flashing light as the facets, even in the shadowed room, shot bright gleams before him. Then he raised the stone and inspected it closely. Pure white, no off shade. Surely it must be worth a fortune. Naturally a suspicion came to his mind, which was perhaps expressed in his inquiring gaze as he handed back the gem.

"I have no use for diamonds."

"It comes to me from the father of my mother. He saved it for her. No more do I need it never now no more."

"Why not?"

"I goes to the war."

"You will enlist?"

"Not yet already. Vhen the boy enlists, then I bees going to enlist, too."

"The boy—what boy?"

"Him I promised his mother to bring back to her again. I vants to leave the diamond mit you. If I comes not back vhen the war is over, it iss yours. You bees my friend and teacher."

"I am very grateful for your confidence, but I do not quite understand. Tell me about the boy. Why do you go with him?"

"This week he slips out. He iss too young to go, so I goes mit him, for old Mose iss not mooch goot no more. Maybe I can help him sometime. I must not tell his name, and the night ve goes I know not now."

"But why should you go in secret? Those who enlist are very proud to serve their country. Besides, they do not enlist boys. How old is he?"

"He iss a big boy, but he iss only sixteen years old. His mother knows that he goes to war, but not to wear the blue uniform. He goes South."

Very grave was the face of the rabbi as he handed back the jewel to Felix, who arose to depart.

"If I does not come back, the—" He hesitated and bowed in deepest respect as he bade the rabbi good-bye. Perhaps he would have added something more, but just then there came a knock at the door, and the Jew from Stringtown departed.

For a moment the rabbi stood undecided, perplexed. Evidently he felt that full courtesy had not been shown this man who had come to him in a time of great stress and whose life had passed through such bitter experiences. He turned quickly to the door and overtook him at the gate.

"Perhaps I can help you dispose of your jewel. I know a man who deals in precious stones. Let me send you to him. He will give you its value."

Mose shook his head. "To you I vished to *give* it if I does not come back. I vill not sell mine mother's gift. Vhere I goes it vill go mit me. I vill hide it again in mine arba-kanfoth. But I tanks you, Rabbi Vise. I must hurry back to Stringtown. I haf been gone too long. The boy vill be waiting."

This was very true. The boy whom he had engaged to meet and who was now clad in the gray uniform his mother had stitched for him, was even then on his way to the appointed place, the cabin of Cupe and Dinah, the log home of his old black mammy.

Mose must reach and cross the river, harness his horse to the huckster wagon, explain to the sentinels who guarded the pike back of Covington that he was a resident of Boone County, await his turn to be searched

by the patrol stationed at the elbow of the pike overlooking Covington, and hurry on his way. Delays such as these were due to the chaotic conditions about Fort Mitchell, which was then being hurriedly constructed on the hill commanding the pike leading south. To add to his perplexities, he had not informed the two Negroes of his expected visit. It was near nightfall when he reached the cabin of Cupe and Dinah to meet his appointment with the lad.

"A LANK DOG SLEPT AT HER FEET" PAGE 202

CHAPTER II

"De Sign ob de Weepin' Tree Nebbah Fails"

At dusk that evening an aged negro woman sat in a log cabin not far from Stringtown. Her companion, a lank dog, slept on a bit of carpet at her feet. A lighted candle with smutty wick flickered on the small stand at her side. The old woman, mumbling to herself, as some old persons do when alone, arose and, with candle in hand, opened a door leading into a small adjoining room.

Within this room the wavering light exposed a neatly curtained window, a narrow bed, a stand, with home-knitted cover, on which stood a bright brass candlestick, equipped with candle and snuffers. A few trinkets such as a girl might prize, one being a string of coral beads, lay in a little dish beside the candlestick. A collection of simple ornaments rested on a small homemade shelf. A few pictures cut from newspapers, rudely framed, graced the walls, which were of chinked logs as white as lime could make them. One shuck-bottomed chair stood in a corner of the room; a hand-made rocking-chair beside the bed seemed to await its rightful occupant. In front of the bed lay a strip of bright rag carpet. There was no outside door to the room. For a moment the negress stood in the doorway, then with a taper she touched the blaze of the candle in her hand and lighted the one on the stand. She then turned back to the vacated chair still mumbling to herself. It should be stated that when she left the large room the uncouth dog opened his eyes, slowly stretched himself and, yawned, showing a well-worn set of scrap teeth, then he too

walked into the small room and curled himself on the carpet rug beside the bed.

"Gawge Washin'ton," spoke the old negress, "yo' am watchin' and waitin' at de doah fer Niggah Cupe, but he doan come no moah. Yo' sleeps an' whines fer Susie gearl, but Dinah cain't give yo' no comfort. Cupe

"THE NEGRESS STOOD IN THE DOORWAY" PAGE 204

am wandahin' an' wandahin', huntin' fer Susie, but tain't no use. De honey gearl hab gib us good-bye ferebah." She moaned and crooned to herself as, toothless and withered, she weaved back and forth in her chair.

"De moon am pow'ful sick. Et doan shine no moah lak it did when Susie chile wah heah. De stahs hab stopped twinklin'. De sun am gittin' kindah dead-lak. De wind moans an' de leaves on de hant tree shivahs

when dar ain't no wind blowin'. Dat weepin' tree in de yeard am all full ob hants dat wandahs in an' out 'mongst de leaves, jerkin' an' twistin' dem all day long, an' it drips teahs each night. It am weepin' fer Susie gearl dat played in its shade wid old dawg Gawge Washin'ton. Nothin' am de same sence Susie lef' de cabin.

"Cupe, he goes an' he comes, an' den he goes ag'in. He takes his fiddle an' his bow, fo' he says, 'When I finds Susie I'll make her haht glad wid one ob de old tunes she lubs so well.' " She looked up at the pegs in the wall where once hung the fiddle and the bow. The empty space bred sorrowful thoughts, and her broken mutterings continued:

"But Cupe, he'll nebbah come back no moah, fo' when he stahts on de las' trip he says: 'Dinah, dis am de las' chance. Ef I doan find de honey gearl dis hunt, yo' needn't look fo' me ag'in. Keep Susie's room clean, an' let old Gawge Washin'ton watch it 'till yo' bof dies.' " Then, overcome with gloomy forebodings, she wiped away the tears that trickled down her cheeks as she added: "Cupe an' Susie am gone ferebah, Gawge, but de room am heah, an' eb'ry night de candle am lit on de stan'."

As she faintly mumbled these words the dog raised his head and opened his eyes. Then he gave a low whine and abruptly bounded through the open front door, yelping wildly, until his voice grew faint and finally died away in the distance.

"Praise be ter Gawd, my ol' Cupe am comin' home ag'in." Without rising from the chair, she waited, talking to herself:

"Susie gearl'll be wid Cupe, kase he said ef he doan fin' her I needn't look fo' him nebbah ag'in." She arose and stepped to the open doorway. Yelps of the dog now

grew louder as there came slowly a bent form, about which the dog circled, yelping in delight. For an instant the figure paused to sit a moment on the bench beneath the "weepin' tree," then slowly resumed the journey, finally reaching the house. The old woman peered inquiringly into the face of the black man as he drew near, but making no effort to welcome him, she asked, "Wha am de Susie gearl?" The old man did not answer.

"Wha' fo' yo' come mopin' back outen yo' brings de chile?" Still no answer save a mournful shake of his white head.

"Yo' black niggah, why doan yo' answah? Yo' ain't no jack-o'-lantern. Speak! Wha' am de Susie gearl?"

"Dinah, de deah chile am gone, gone ferebah." For an instant she stood, then stumbled back to her chair. Cupe followed her, standing before her in dumb misery as she fiercely turned upon him.

"What fo' yo' comes back ter de cabin? What fo' yo' comes back, I axes, yo' black lyin' niggah."

"Dinah—"

"Shut yo' mouf. Doan yo' say 'Ef I doan fin' Susie dis hunt I'll nebbah come back again'? What fo' yo' come back outen de gearl?" The old woman's keen disappointment made words and tone harsh even to cruelty.

"But I did fin' her, Dinah, suah dis time. Cupe doan tell no lie. Pow'ful trouble am he in. Ain't yo' got no kind word fo' ol' Cupe, Dinah? He's sufferin' a heap."

He dropped upon his knees beside her chair and threw his arms about her, turning his face upward as if begging for sympathy. "We's all 'lone in de world,

yo' an' me and de dawg, Dinah, all 'lone. Dinah, we's all 'lone in de world now. Ain't yo' got no cheerin' word fo' Cupe? Doan yo' lub him no mo', Dinah?"

The old woman partly relented, for with one hand she stroked his white, woolly head. Her voice was less harsh as she replied, "Tole me 'bout de Susie gearl."

"Yo' suah am kin' ter speak so lubbin' ter ol' Cupe, fer he brings sorrah ter de doah an' double sorrah inter de house."

"Tole me 'bout Susie. Yo' doan need ter talk 'bout what I knows."

"Dinah, as I comes back I sits a bit undah de ol' poplah. P'raps yo' saw me restin' on de bench. Dar wah hants, millions ob dem, twistin' de leaves, which wah sheddin' teahs fo' de chile. Dem teahs drop, drop, drop." He stopped to wipe the moisture from his eyes. Very kind was the voice of Dinah as she now spoke:

"De trees wah pintin' ter de sorrah what's comin'. De sign ob de weepin' tree am suah." She hesitated for a moment, and Cupe, seeming to realize she had more to say, remained quietly waiting. Very low and in an earnest tone she continued:

"Cupe, dah am double sorrah comin'. De tree dat weeps in de night fo' one sorrah kep' on weepin' all day yistahday. I goes down to de bench undah its shade. De leabs wah drippin' whiles dey twisted. All day an' all night de teahs fall, fall, fall. Dah am double sorrah comin' suah. De sign ob de weepin' tree nebbah fails. Jest wait fo' what's comin'. Yo' doan need hunt fo' no moah trouble. Fo' de lub ob Susie, Cupe, tole me 'bout de chile."*

*In "Stringtown on the Pike" the story is told from the side of the narrator (pp. 409-414). Here it is recited from the side of the negroes.—L.

"I walks, an' I walks, axin' people I meets ef de deah Susie chile hab gwine dat way. Some jest shakes deir heads an' some axes 'Who is dat Susie chile?' "

"An' what yo' say back?"

"I says 'Doan yo' know de Susie gearl?' "

"Ef dey says no, what yo' say?"

"I takes de fiddle an' plays her face in de music. Dere ain't no uddah way but music kin tell how de angels looks."

"What does dem people say?"

"Dey jes' stan's cur'us-lak, den goes on deir way, leabin' me in de road."

"Yo' kain't fin' no Susie gearl ef yo' stan's in de road. How'd yo' git back heah, yo' fool niggah, stan'in' in de road, I laks ter know."

"Jes how long I doan know. Aftah while I walks an' walks and comes ter a big house all by itse'f. Pow'ful lonesome, it wah. I watched it cur'us-lak, an' jes den a string ob womans comes outen de doah. Ebery dress wah alike an' every one had a black cap on her haid."

"Tole me 'bout Susie. Shet yo' mouf 'bout dem womans. Ain't Dinah in de cabin?"

"Dey comes up de road. Et seemed lak ef I didn't hab got out ob de way dey would hab run obah me. I stan's still close ter de walk 'till dey wah gone."

"What hab dat got ter do wid Susie?"

"Ah's comin' ter dat. Dinah, not one ob dem says a word, ner dey doan look ter de right er de lef', jes walks on an' on tergeddah, dey eyes all turned down."

"What dem black-caps womans got ter do wid yo', yo' gabbin' niggah? What fo' yo' fergits de black face in de cabin what's waited fo' yo' all de time? Tole me 'bout de gearl, Cupe, de Susie chile."

"Dinah," he said as he weaved back and forth

mournfully, "yo' kin shet de doah ter de little room an' blow out de candle, fer Susie wah one ob dem womans." The tears trickled down his cheeks. "Dinah, doan I tole yo' dat yo' an' me an' de dawg am all 'lone now? De honey chile am gone from de cabin ferebbah."

For a time there was no sound save the moaning sobs of the emotional old woman. At last she mumbled as she sank back farther in the chair, "An' didn't de honey gearl say nuffin'?"

"Not fo' three days, Dinah, fer I come back ebery day and watches. Ebery ebenin' dey comes out ob de great doah and walks de paf. Not one ob 'em looks nowhar er talks ter nobody. Den de las' day Susie comed out all by herself. She runs ter whah I stan's an' frows her ahms 'round my neck. Suah she wah de honey chile ob de cabin. Den she stops cryin' an' axes, 'Tole me 'bout Aunt Dinah.' "

"An' what did yo' say?"

" 'She am pow'ful weak, an' she sits in de old cabin waitin' fo' Susie. Ebery time Cupe comes up de walk aftah he's been out wandahin' obah de country huntin' fo' de gearl de first words Dinah says ter Cupe am, "Wha am de Susie chile?" ' "

"What she say den?" mumbled the old woman.

"Dar ain't no use in no moah talk, Dinah. De light ob de cabin am gone. Yo' an' me an' Gawge Washin'ton, de fiddle, de banjo, an' de empty room ob Susie's am all what's lef'. Yo' may toll de bell ob sorrer, Dinah, fer us two niggahs ain't no moah use ter nobody." His emotional groans and Dinah's moaning sobs were the only sounds for a little time, then he roused himself to ask a question:

"Dinah, ain't yo' fergetted sumpin'?"

"What yo' mean?"

"Am de cohn-meal bag empty, an' de bacon all gone from de smokehouse? Am dah no chickens on de roost er no 'lasses in de jug? Suah, Dinah, you hab fergetted dat Cupe am mighty hongry."

The old woman rose and busied herself about preparing his supper. While the old man sat enjoying his meal, Dinah abruptly remarked, "Yo' am a fool niggah ter make sech talk."

"What yo' mean?"

"Doan yo' know de good Lawd doan make nothin' fo' nothin'?"

"What yo' mean, I axes?"

"Which knows de mostest—yo' er Gawd?"

"What yo' drivin' at, Dinah?"

"Yo' say a bit ago dat we two ol' niggahs ain't no moah use ter nobody, an' ain't dat tellin' Gawd he doan know when ter put us in de coffin? Black man, Gawd doan whispah all He knows in yo' eah. I always know'd yo' ain't much 'count, but et mout be dat Gawd hab sumpin' fo' yo' ter do yet, sometimes, somethin' yo' kin do ter chink de cracks." Just then Gawge Washington raised his head and moved to the open doorway.

"Keep yo' eye on de dawg, Dinah. Sit still in de cheer. He heahs sumpin'. Listen, oman, I suah heahs de tromp ob a hoss." He rose and stood beside the dog.

Soon came more distinctly the slow step of a horse on the path that led to the door where Cupe now stood, the dog erect before him. The form of the rider stood out in relief, while the horse was almost lost in the shadows beneath. Bending down, the horseman spoke: "Don't you know me, Uncle Cupe?"

"Does I know yo'? Fo' de lub ob Gawd, chile, co'se I knows yo'. Dinah," he called excitedly, "who does you expectorate done come ter see us? It am de

young massa from de ol' home on Gunpowdah Creek. Git out ob de way, Gawge Washin'ton." Dinah hobbled to the door.

"De honey boy ob ole Gunpowder, Aunt Dinah's lubely chile!" Then to Cupe: "Hain't yo' no mannahs lef', yo' crazy niggah? Why doan yo' 'vite de chile inter de house? Suah, honey, we knows yo'. Wan't Aunt Dinah in yo' home on de hill de day yo' wah bo'n? Ain't she yo' ol' black mammy? Hol' de hoss, Cupe. I wants ter hab de honah ob a good look at de chile. Come in de cabin outen de night air."

Alighting, the horseman entered the room, the arm of the old woman encircling him. To her he was still her "honey boy" of the Gunpowder Creek home.

"Sit down, chile. Dinah mus' tooken a look at yo' face."

The lad did not sit down, but glanced questioningly about the cabin. Apparently he was for an unspoken reason disappointed, for he asked, "Are you all alone?"

Dinah was busily searching in a cupboard, from which she took a coal-oil lamp, which she quickly lighted with trembling fingers. By its illumination the face of the lad was better seen—the younger of the two boys whose mother's heart was racked and torn by war.

Again the lad asked "Are you alone?"

"Suah we am 'lone. Doan yo' see de cabin am empty, honey?" Then holding the lamp before her, the old woman hobbled close about him, scanning the boy from head to foot—the cap, the uniform, the spurs on his boots, the buttons on his coat. Then she ejaculated, "Chile, wha' did yo' git dem fixin's?"

"Mother made them, Aunt Dinah."

"Am yo' goin' ter de wah?"

"Yes, I'm going."

"Set down, chile, set down." She blew out the light of the lamp and sank into a chair. "De signs am comin' mighty fas' now," she murmured.

"Cupe," she added, "tie dat hoss, fer I wants ter whispah in yo' yeah." When he came she whispered, too low for any but him to hear. Cupe left the room, but soon returned.

"De tree am weepin'," he said.

"De signs am now all come true. De tree wah mournin' fer de honey boy. Down, set down." Seated between the two black people, the boy, acquainted with negro methods, waited their maneuvers. The two old people sat very still, watching the flames play under the logs in the fireplace. Occasionally the hot ashes started a flame which flickered over the green beechwood log, then as quickly puffed out, leaving the three —but for the candle—in almost total darkness. The old woman finally leaned over the ashes on the hearth and cast a chip on the hot coals under the log, which blazed in response. She now smothered the bed of ashes with her fingers, then drew a rude picture on their surface. Kneeling, the two negroes gazed intently upon it, mumbling to themselves in a weird chant, wordless, yet possessed of a rhythm that, taken in connection with the surroundings, made an impression most uncanny. Had the lad not been reared with negro companions and, from childhood, been familiar with the home life in the cabins, he must surely have been frightened. As it was, he sat patiently awaiting the ending of the ordeal, realizing that it was a ceremony exceptionally sacred to the participants. Besides, he had much about which to think.

Rising at last from their mummery, the black people

resumed their places by his side. The old woman spoke:

"Chile, de signs p'int ter sorrah fo' yo' muddah."

"Why not for me?"

"In de ashes dar comes a quick dust, an' yo' face wah kivered."

"What covered my face?"

"De sign wah jes' nearin, when dat dust wah raised up. Yo' face wah kivered, I says. Go back ter yo' muddah, chile. Yo' mus' go back ter yo' muddah."

"No, I came to get you to help me."

Weaving back and forth in unison, the negroes resumed their mumbling, a wordless chanting, negro melody, interrupted at last by Dinah:

"De fiddle, Cupe—let de fiddle an' de bow spoke. Chile, lissen ter de music."

Cupe took the fiddle and bow from the wall and, beginning with a touch that was scarcely audible, there came a curious low melody, gradually increasing in loudness until it crashed upon the ear. The music, if music it was, then ended instantly. The woman arose and threw the fragment of candle on the log, where, melting, it spread over the hot surface. She turned and shouted to the old man: "Go on wid de omen, Cupe, go on! Foller de spa'k ob de boy. Han' me dat ax. Outen de doah quick, yo' niggah!"

Moving as though again young, incited by overwhelming emotion, the man ran to the doorway and disappeared in the outer darkness. As he did so the old woman, whose infirmities were likewise overcome for the time by the emotional zeal imparted by the excitement of the sacred rite, seized the ax, swung it over her head, and brought it down with a crash on the hot log in the great fireplace. Instantly a shower of sparks flew

up, to disappear in the wide-arched stone throat. Sinking into her chair by the side of the boy, she sat exhausted, perhaps more by her emotions than by action. In a few moments Cupe returned.

"Doan I tole yo' Gawd keeps sumpin' in his pocket fer us ter do? Doan yo' nebbah ag'in say ter Dinah Gawd doan know what's comin'. Why doan yo' ask de chile what's he heah fo'?" Then without waiting for him to do so, she asked, "What kin de two ol' niggahs do ter he'p yo', honey?" As the boy hesitated, she lighted a candle and spoke to Cupe.

"Tole us 'bout de spa'ks."

"Two big spa'ks an' a pile ob little uns clumbed outen de chimbly top."

"What 'bout dem two big spa'ks?"

"One wah bright an' big, de uddah a sight brightah, but not so big. Dey shot up tergeddah, jumpin' an' shakin' off de little uns. Straight up, Dinah."

"Did yo' keep yo' eye on 'em?"

"Yes, an' I seed 'em clumb up—up de laddah in de sky."

"An' den what?"

"De bright one ended quick, jes lak when de snuffahs cuts de wick too short an' shets out de candle light."

The crone threw her arms around the lad. She moaned and mumbled as though in greatest distress. Surely that omen brought to her real mental agony.

"Honey chile, de bright spa'k am yo' hant. It am so bright it shines in de dahk sky. De dust ob de ashes kivered de omen on de harf, but no dust kin smothah de da'kness ob de night. Ef yo doan go home ter yo' muddah, ter de big house 'cross Gunpowdah Creek, de spa'k ob yo life am goin' ter be quick snuffed out, chile. Go home, honey boy, go home!" The last words were

a pleading wail. Then she asked Cupe about the other spark.

"Et kep' on flyin', wabblin' sick-lak, 'till jes es de blade ob de scyve tuhns from de crooked handle, it bent in de air an' come shakin 'down 'till it reach the top ob de chimbly."

"Den what?"

"De little spa'ks wah all gone, an' it plump back inter de big black mouf it come outen."

"Chile," Dinah said, "de frien' yo' am lookin, fo' am walkin' 'crost de pasture an' now he am comin' ter de doah. Tuhn yo' face. De spa'k dat wabbled an' fell back inter de chimbly am comin' in de doah." As the three faced the door they met the smiling face of Felix Moses.

CHAPTER III

"Doan Yo' See de Spa'ks Fly Up Red?"

As THE Jew advanced he offered a few words of apology for his late appearance, but said nothing concerning where he had been, nor did he tell of his visit to the rabbi. Then followed a brief conversation with the youth.

"Cupe," the boy said, "I must hide Black Scout. The Home Guards are hunting for us both. That is why I waited until night to slip over here. Can you help me hide him until to-morrow night?"

Elated, Dinah spoke quickly to Cupe: "Doan I tole yo' ef Gawd had no moah use fer two ol' niggahs He'd quick put us in our coffins? Why doan yo' move? Yo' kin hide dat hoss so nobody kin fin' him. Move dem big feet, I says."

"Bring me foah cohn sacks, Dinah," was Cupe's reply to her impatience. By the help of the lad, whose voice the horse knew and obeyed, the feet of the animal were soon wrapped and padded with the sacks.

"Ovah de hill ter Bloody Holler, in dat locus' grove ob hants nex' ter de ol' graveyard, he'll be safe, lessen some debblish sneak goes huntin' roun' whar he hab no business. Dey cain't track him from de cabin, kaze de feet am wropped an' doan make no tracks. When does yo' want him, honey?"

"We plan to slip south to-morrow night if the Home Guards do not discover us. We must attend a meeting to-night in the schoolhouse."

"Honey boy," said Dinah, "Cupe an' Gawge Wash-

in'ton'll meet yo' at de schoolhouse doah when de ceremoniks am obah. Dinah'll be waitin' 'till mornin' ef yo' doan come soonah. De empty room ob Susie am sufferin' fo' de gearl dat's gone. Dinah'll hab it ready fo' de soldier boy."

"A meeting has been called in the lodge room of the schoolhouse. We may not return until late, perhaps not until midnight," said the lad.

"Yo'll be safe, honey. Cupe'll sleep on de floah befo' de doah an' ol' dawg Gawge'll lay outside, watchin' on de step."

Together the Jew and the boy turned to cross the field toward Stringtown, where in the early evening a few lights twinkled in the windows.

Very wary were those two black people. If they had not heired mysterious impulses closely connected with what schooled persons define as "spiritual insight," the writer of these chronicles mistakes their mental make-up. Seemingly they instinctively comprehended conditions outside the scope of a person dependent upon purely systematic and logical reasoning. Hardly had the visitors passed out until Dinah moved to the door and stood listening, hand behind her ear, as if she were attempting to locate something afar.

"De hoss am safe whar he stan's," she mumbled, "but de young massa am in dangah. Cut 'cross de fiel', Cupe. Git ahead ob dem an' keep yo' eye open fer dat sneakin' spy."

"What yo' mean?"

"Doan yo' see de sun go down red? Doan yo' see de spa'ks fly up red? Doan de moon look down red? Ain't dem signs pintin' ter nuffin?"

"Jes what yo' mean, Dinah?"

She hobbled back and whispered in his ear: "Doan

yo' know dat de red-haid boy from de mount'ins wah slippin' 'bout de cabin ternight?"

"Damn dat red-haid!" was Cupe's comment.

"Damnin' doan do no good ter nobody no time, ner it doan nebbah ketch dat Home Ga'd sneak. Cut 'crosst de fiel' an' git 'head ob Mose an' de boy. Yo' kin slip inter a fence co'nah an' watch de road, an' when dat debbil sta'ts ter foller 'em, reach out yo' han' an' put yo' fingahs 'round his neck. Hol' up yo' han', Cupe, an' spread out dem fingahs." Obediently the man spread his open palm before her. She stood with the candle in her hand, holding the light close to the bony fingers.

"Move 'em, niggah." The man's hand opened and shut, the joints snapped as he twisted the fingers.

"Doan yo' nebbah ag'in say no word 'g'inst de Lawd."

"Fo' Gawd, Dinah, I nebbah say no word 'g'inst de Lawd, I nebbah did."

"Doan yo' say de Lawd ain't no moah use fer us niggahs?"

"Yo' know, Dinah, when Susie gearl lef' et seemed lak dar wan't nuffin' moah fer—"

"Shet yo' mouf an' git ter wuk. Ketch dat red-haid debbil befo' he spies fer dem Home Ga'ds. Put dem twistin' fingahs roun' his neck. Shet dat crackin' thumb obah his bref pipe ef he fights yo' back. Bring him ter me, den yo' kin hide de hoss. Et ain't no use ter try ter hide nuffin when it am bein' watched."

As Cupe departed, the dog rose, shook his lanky body until his flapping ears cracked, then trailed at the heels of his black master. The two disappeared, leaving Dinah alone in the cabin.

The boy and Mose had crossed the valley and struck

the pike near the fair grounds at the northern edge of the village.* As they climbed the rail fence that bordered the road, a man rose from beneath them. He did not speak, but in the dim moonlight it could be seen that he was belted and that his belt held a pistol. For a moment he stood, then as the moon escaped from a cloud and shone on their faces, he stepped aside, saying: "The back door of the schoolhouse is unlocked. Be quiet and cautious, for there are Home Guard spies in town. Who is your friend, Mose?"

"The boy is from the house on Gunpowder Hill, you knows him. I promises his mother I brings him home to her. We keeps together."

"Pretty young to join the rebels, Mose."

"He shoots good and he rides a fine horse. He vill be all right." Then as an afterthought he added, "He sings and dances, too."

The watchman seemed satisfied. With a word of caution as to spies, he directed them to go to the back door of the old schoolhouse and give three quick, low knocks and one loud one. Had he looked in the direction of the rail fence he might have seen a human form with head almost against the fence, a lank dog crouched at his feet.

* * *

Dark and gloomy stood the old schoolhouse on the pike. No signs of life could be observed. No horses were hitched about it. The bell on the post before the door did not ring that night, as was the custom when an evening meeting was to be held. Apparently the building was vacant. Mose and the lad sought the rear

* Site of the original fair grounds, laid out in the edge of the forest.

door, which instantly opened in response to the signal knocks, and as quickly closed after them.

A hand clasped an arm of each, a dark lantern, shining only on the floor, was uncovered, which dimly lighted their way as they were conducted along the aisle between the crude benches and desks, to the front corner, where a closed, narrow stairway led to the upper room. Scarcely were they inside the room when signal knocks again sounded at the outside door. That more than one sentinel was on guard was evidenced by the fact that the door again opened instantly to admit old Cupe, followed by a form so nearly a shadow as to appear like a companion of the negro, who turned back and seized the shadow by the neck. So quick was the movement and so strong the grasp as to choke the victim to helplessness.

"Ef yo' makes a noise yo'll nebbah breave no moah," whispered his captor. Then he spoke to the waiting guide: "I'se fergetted sumpin. Cupe'll be 'bleeged ef yo'll open de doah." Firmly grasping his captive, Cupe passed back into the darkness.

* * *

The upper room into which Mose and the lad were ushered was in marked contrast to the schoolroom below. It was the meeting place of both the Odd Fellows and the Masons of the village, who alternately assembled there. That the ceremonies could be conducted without surprising a passer-by was accounted for by the fact that most of the members of the secret organizations belonged to both lodges, the other residents naturally giving no attention to their meetings. Felix Moses was both a Mason and an Odd Fellow. The evening was well advanced when Mose and the boy reached the upper room, which was brilliantly lighted for those days.

But no crack in any of the shuttered windows permitted a ray to be seen from the outside.*

At the end of the room, in a raised chair, suggesting that during lodge ceremonies it was the seat of an official, sat venerable Judge Elford, with solemn face and piercing eye. About and before him were seated a goodly portion of the male citizens of Stringtown, together with a number from the surrounding country. All were acquaintances, although some were residents of distant sections of adjacent counties. That the occasion was momentous was manifest by the earnest faces of all who, in silence, awaited the opening address of Judge Elford, who, according to his usual custom, sat with cigar in his mouth. This evening it was unlighted.

Rising, he deliberately struck with the mallet the heavy oak table before him, stood for a moment gazing searchingly about the room, then laid his cigar on the table and began to speak:

"The land on which this building stands, as well as the building itself, was donated, to our village for educational, religious, fraternal, and other public purposes, to be used as such 'forever.' Among us this evening are several descendants of the donor, Joshua Zimmerman. I assume that to-night we break no requirement of the deed; that the conference in which we are about to engage complies with the intent of the giver, a matter of public interest. If there be an objector in the room I will hear his argument." The judge waited for a few moments, while his eyes scanned the serious faces before him.

* The schoolhouse mentioned stands to-day, without change, on the left hand as the traveler enters the village of Florence from Covington. ("Stringtown on the Pike," of my folklore studies.)—J. U. L.

"Should we not be guided in our deliberations this evening by the simple faith of Mr. Zimmerman, to the effect that whatever befalls man is inspired by the ruling hand of an ever-guiding, ever-just God, who foresees the end of movements which to us are masked in darkness? With these brief words, may I not ask Brother Vaughter to offer the invocation?"

Earnest and impressive was that brief appeal to the Supreme Creator. When the audience was again seated, the judge arose.

"Fellow citizens, to-night marks an epoch in the lives of every resident of our section of northernmost Kentucky. I refer to Boone, Kenton, and adjacent counties." (See map, page 167.) "War has engulfed us in exceptionally pathetic phases. Even more does it mean to the men and women of our part of the country than those who live either north of the Ohio River or south of the Tennessee line where unison prevails, as to the part each will take in the coming struggle. With us fathers, sons, brothers, and families in and about Stringtown are not in accord, but are divided in their views. For these reasons our hearts are racked and torn." For a moment emotion suppressed his voice, then he resumed: "We meet this evening to bid good-by to a group of young men known to us from childhood. They consider the cause of the South to be right, yet bear no personal enmity to those among us who believe otherwise. How could brothers turn love into hate, a father turn against the ties that bind him to his family, a mother discard her children? Human love is not changed by the color of a uniform. Even though there be discordant views and wreckage of ideals, the family circle remains to us a precious and sacred heritage, the foundation stone on which rests the hope of all Amer-

ica." He paused and scanned the faces before him in a silence more impressive than words.

"The political divisions that once prevailed among us have disappeared. No longer is there Whig, Know Nothing, or Democrat, as of old. True it is that our view partly concerns our property rights based on the Constitution, coincident with the great cause of State Rights and home liberty as established by the fathers of our country. I do not allude to slaves when I speak of 'property.' Few of those who go from this room to join the Southern Army have sympathies with slavery or any monetary interest in that institution. A sacred ideal possesses them. A heritage of our fathers, to whom liberty was a precious birthright, needs defense." For the first time he raised a hand. "*But*"—he emphasized the word as he deliberately swept the room with his finger—"one great problem divides the people of America to-day: '*Does the Constitution of the United States prohibit separation of the States?*' " Continuing, he added: "In the North the answer is, '*Yes. Preserve the Union*'; in the South, '*Preserve the Constitution, maintain the internal rights of the States.*' For these ideals the South is fighting." Reflecting a moment, the judge continued: "The musket and sword must again settle the question of right or wrong, as it did in the American Revolution, when rebellion won and liberty was born, or was supposed to have been.

"The secrecy of our meeting is not due to fear of our neighbors or because of suspicions of their hostility or a question of right. There are others who have recently taken possession of this peaceful, law-abiding section of our country. They call themselves the 'Home Guards.' We who are present this evening consider them as 'Home Oppressors.' If they were aware of our

gathering their spies would bring their cavalry about this building within an hour. Camp Denison and Camp Chase are not far away, a fact exemplified by the enforced absence of several of our best known-citizens. As we bid our boys good-night, let us pray and hope that the approaching struggle may soon be over, and that they may speedily return to peaceful homes." But, again he scanned the faces in the room, then continued: "It is better to sacrifice property, even life, than the haloed heritage our fathers left, the right to govern ourselves as states under the constitution we have heired."

What might have followed can only be conjectured, as there now came an interruption—signal knocks upon the door. On recognition by the doorkeeper, one of the outer guards entered and advanced to the judge, who had resumed his chair. A whispered conversation ensued. Then the judge spoke aloud, "Admit him."

A dust-covered man in the garb of a cavalryman entered. Casting a quick glance about the room, he strode to the platform and handed a sealed letter to Judge Elford. After reading the letter, the judge addressed the waiting men:

"This letter introduces a member of the famous 'Lexington Rifles,' organized in 1857 by Captain John H. Morgan. He has a message which I authorize him to deliver to you verbally."

The cavalryman replied instantly, speaking in sharp, decisive sentences: "Our armory in Lexington possessed two wagonloads of guns and equipment. Last night, in the face of the Home Guards' organization, Captain Morgan seized them and started toward Green River. Lexington was immediately put under martial law and is now in the hands of the Home Guards' military forces,

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with headquarters at Camp Dick Robinson. They are scouring the country, but have not yet located the wagons with the guns. These wagons need guardsmen and Morgan needs recruits. We understand Boone County has been invaded and many of her citizens arrested without provocation. This meeting indicates that you are aroused. If your decision be for the South, you should organize at once, cut across the country, and join Morgan's cavalry. I would suggest that you divide into small groups, as the location of Morgan is not known. Patrol the road between Lexington and Bowling Green. The wagons started on the Versailles Pike."

For a moment there was no response. War had indeed come to our doors. After the momentary surprise, the judge addressed the audience:

"This meeting was called to discuss the problem I have detailed and, if necessary, to devise methods of procedure. The unexpected has happened. Are there any remarks?" No word was spoken.

"I will take the responsibility of suggesting that those desirous of joining John Morgan form a line fronting the officer before us."

One after another of the men stepped forward and took his place before the cavalryman. Among the first was the lad from Gunpowder Hill. Beside him stood Felix Moses, the Jew. After the line was complete a stalwart citizen from one of Kentucky's pioneer families, a member of Congress from Boone County, addressed the assembled volunteers:

"Whoever wishes to remain can be excused *now*." The line remained unbroken. Turning to the cavalryman, he said: "To-morrow night we will be on our way to join Morgan. Are we ready men?" A murmur of assent came from the line of men.

The messenger briefly expressed his gratification, adding that he had other sections to interview. Bowing to the judge, saluting the volunteers and the audience, he left the room. A few moments later the clatter of horse's hoofs was heard on the pike. The message had been delivered, the errand accomplished. Felix Moses and his young charge had entered the War of the Rebellion.

Probably no greater surprise could have come to the citizens of Boone County than when Mose placed himself beside the boy whom he had promised to bring back to his mother as the "bravest soldier of all the Rebel Army."

Judge Elford, deeply affected, sat with downcast head. The appalling seriousness of the situation gripped every heart. He roused himself after a few moments and spoke meditatively: "Alas for Kentucky's hope of neutrality! Invaded already from the North, soon the armies of the Confederacy will enter from the South. Kentucky was the 'middle ground' of the Indians in their day. She will doubtless be the middle ground of the whites in this one. Between the millstones of the gods of war are we—millstones that grind exceeding fine."

"Should there be a difference, now is the time to speak."

From the back row of seats a man arose, and in the musical voice of the Southerner of times gone by, the accent of which has never been put in print, spoke in a low tone.

"May I say a few words? The Judge is right as to facts, but duty bids me ask if we have well considered the problem that stares our country in the face?"

"Step forward, Colonel. Your words are welcome,

your views are always gladly heard. Please come forward. Take my place, Colonel, speak to us all."

Politely declining the honor of chairmanship, the speaker came forward and stood beside the Judge. Together they faced the line of volunteers. Although Judge Elford was a well-proportioned man of good height, the dignified, white-haired man who stood beside him was almost a head taller.

"Have we considered well this problem?" he repeated. "You know me well, you know my record, my family history. My father's father starved with Marion in the southern swamps. My father fought in the Mexican war. I was one of the 'filibusters' who foolishly attacked Cuba. My son stands in the line before us. This we well know, and now may I ask you to heed a warning."

"Our President has called for seventy-five thousand, three-months volunteers to suppress a rebellion. It is not a rebellion but an uprising of a great section of our country, convinced that no longer can they bear the insidious movements of the fanatics leading their brethren in the North. But fanatical leaders are also in the South, who, as shown by the needless attack on Fort Sumter, have inflamed the whole North. To argue with fanatics is to discuss with madmen—to blow one's breath against a granite mountain. North of us sweeps a flame that looms to the sky. South of us is a burning holocaust. Everywhere—threading it all—is the artful instigator, applying his torch to the conflagration that envelops North and South. Would it not be well for us in this remote section to seek our homes, subdue our passions and await the ending?" Ceasing to speak he faced the line before him questioningly. The line remained motionless.

Judge Elford again addressed the audience. "We

have listened to a friend of humanity who sees beyond the curtain that blinds our eyes. Should we not heed his words and return to our homes?" As no reply came, the Judge's head drooped, his eyes sought the floor, as if unable to bear the sight before him.

Again his companion spoke. "So be it. This land of Stringtown is but a dot, yet it is representative of all America. What will the ending be? I will tell you—destruction and wreckage, death and disaster, weeping women and fatherless children, North and South, and in the end a conquered South, humiliated beyond expression by invaders hissed on by Northern fanatics, writhing in agony as her homes burn and her cities crumble. Nor will the loved Constitution be saved. It too will be mangled, the term 'States' Rights,' will be a mockery for half a century." Then raising his hand he swept the room with a gesture, ending by pointing to the line of volunteers. "There will be no double line of custom houses along Mason & Dixon's line, bisecting this land we all love. Nor will any state, be it North or South, ever again attempt to withdraw from the Union."

With intense earnestness and prophetic force had the man spoken, almost as if his unwilling eyes looked seer-like into a dark future and the words were wrested from him.

He bowed to the audience, took up his hat, and left the room with Judge Elford, who lit his cigar as he passed out. No desire did anyone have for further speeches. The men quietly collected in whispering groups, some lingering long in discussion before they left for their homes. The modest old schoolhouse on the Stringtown Pike was deserted. A landmark, it yet stands, speaking to thoughtful passers-by a wordless message of the eventful past of which for a century it has been a part.

It was far past midnight when the last of the men left the schoolhouse. They spoke in low tones as they separated for their several homes. Absorbed in melancholy thought, regardless of views concerning the coming conflict that already overwhelmed them, they were neighbors still.

STRINGTOWN SCHOOLHOUSE BEFORE REPAIRING IN 1930

CHAPTER IV

Cupe and His Prisoner

HOLDING Red Head firmly, the threatening Negro led his captive out of the village and across the country to his cabin. On opening the door, Dinah was found asleep in her chair, which was not surprising, as the hour was growing late. The light of the fireplace was gone, the smoldering green log having flickered out. The candle had been extinguished before she dropped asleep. But that she was "cat-napping" was evidenced by the quickness with which, as Cupe opened the door, she scratched a match on the hearth and lighted the candle. Before her he stood, firmly holding his prisoner. George Washington resumed his place on the warm hearth as Dinah addressed Red Head:

"Yo' young debbil, why doan yo' go back ter de mount'ns?"

"None ov yo' business," was the sullen reply. Without comment, Dinah shuffled to a closet in the corner of the room and took from it a rope and a leather strap. As she handed them to Cupe she mumbled in his ear: "Take de red-headed debbil ter de hole in de holler. Stuff dis rag in his mouf an' strap his chin tight. Wrop him up wid de rope an' lay him down in de tall weeds." Then, as if on second thought she preferred to have a personal hand in the matter, she squeezed his nose, and as he opened his lips to breathe she stuffed the rag in his mouth.

"Stan' still, yo' cuss, whiles I stuffs yo' mouf an' ties yo' han's behin' yo'."

Without further struggle, the lad submitted to their far-from-tender methods. When they had finished only his legs were free.

"Walk 'long, yo' sneakin' spy. Ef trouble comes, yo' hain't nobody ter blame but yo'se'f." As they turned to leave, the old woman whispered to Cupe: "When yo' git him in de tall weeds tie dem laigs ter-geddah an' go quick ter de back doah ob de schoolhouse an' bring de honey boy heah when he comes out. De chile am suah tiahed an' hongry. His ole mammy'll have a snack hot in de bake oben, an' de room ob Susie am ready."

As Cupe departed with his prisoner the old woman hobbled into the little room and stood for a while before the vacant bed that had so long awaited the girl who expected never again to occupy it. The coverlet was turned down, the pillows in place, candle and matches were on the stand, while the curtains were tightly drawn over the one small window. Surveying the room, emotion overcame the negress, whose rough manners and curious superstitions hid a warm heart. She dropped on her knees by the bedside, and tears trickled down her cheeks as she murmured: "De Susie gearl am gone an' de honey boy am goin' ter de wah. De good Lawd bless 'em bof. Cupe an' Dinah an' Gawge Washington am 'lone in de cabin."

* * *

When the meeting in the schoolhouse was over, as Mose and his charge stepped out of the back door they found Cupe awaiting them.

"De room ob de chile am ready, Marse Mose."

"I lives at the Williams Tavern," was the reply. "The boy can mit me go."

"De honey boy am safe wid us. Please, Marse Mose, Dinah am waitin' fo' him."

For a moment the Jew considered the subject. The possibility of a search by the Home Guards and the penalty that would follow if the young fellow should be discovered in his gray uniform, evidently decided the matter in favor of the old cabin. It was not likely that anyone would suspicion that a rebel was being secreted by the negroes.

"If the Home Guards come and find the boy, vhat vill you do?" he asked.

"Ef Marse Calvert and his sojers comes ter de cabin dey cain't fin' de chile. Jes two ol' niggahs an' a dawg. Yo' room in de tavern am pow'ful handy fo' de spies, an' de boy am ready ter be tooken, all dressed in de gray clo'es."

Still Mose seemed undecided, and Cupe pleaded further: "De chile am tiahed as a run-down houn'. Dinah'll gib him a pone an' hot coffee when we gits ter de cabin an' hab his breakfas' ready when he wakes up. S'pose yo' doan cross de holler an' de medder ter de cabin ter-morrer 'till de dew ob de grass am long gone off. Let de chile sleep, Marse Mose, fo' de signs says he'll hab ter sleep, sleep, sleep befo' he comes ter ol' Stringtown agin."

Mose was thus persuaded that the only place in or about Stringtown not likely to be searched was the cabin of the negroes. Contentedly he returned to his room in the Williams House on the pike. It was ten o'clock the next morning when he crossed the meadow and entered the open door of the cabin, where he was met by the boy in gray, refreshed by sleep and as delicious a breakfast as Dinah could prepare. Shortly before Mose arrived, Cupe said to Dinah:

"Dat Red Haid debbil am suah ready fo' his breakfas', an' a drink ob watah won't hurt him. Guess I'll go obah ter de weed patch an' gib him a bite ter eat." Dinah grudgingly and grumblingly provided some cold corn bread, and Cupe shuffled off, chuckling over the plight of his captive, but soon returned in manifest alarm.

"De debbil am ter pay, Dinah," he said excitedly. Yo' signs am gone off fool-lak. Yo' gabbin' goblins ain't no moah good."

"What's de mattah, ol' man? Yo' talks fool-lak yo'se'f."

"Mattah nuff. *De Red Debbil am gone.*" Stunned by this information and realizing the imminence of the danger, Dinah sat as though paralyzed. Then she roused herself to speak in defense of her signs.

"Kaze Dinah doan know all dat de night bird talk, she am not ter blame fo' de sign what am gone wrong. In de night aftah yo' wah all sleepin', de great hohned owl come fluffin' ter de tremblin' tree. Den as Dinah goes ter de winder et's big eyes tuhned an' it spoke ter Dinah. Sof'-lak as de cat purrs, et whispah, 'Who-oo? Who-oo?' 'Tole me de res' I says back, but de crittah doan tole no moah; jes whispahs sof'-lak, 'Who-oo? Who-oo? Who-oo?' den it fluff away."

"What yo' make ob dat sign, Dinah?"

"Mabbe de crittah axes who am in Susie's room. Mebbe it p'ints ter dangah ter de honey boy an' gibs de name ob who am comin' ter bring trouble. Et wah not de fault ob de tree ner de bird ner ob Dinah, caze she didn't git all de words." Then abruptly she passed to thought of the impending danger. "Dat Red Haid debbil 'bout now suah am tellin' de story to de Home Geards."

CHAPTER V

The "Bad Niggah"

"WHAT 'bout de black debbil dat let dat red debbil go? What 'bout him, I axes?"

"What yo' mean, Dinah? What yo' got on yo' min'?"

"Doan yo' got no think in yo' haid? Did yo' ebbah see a possum open a cohncrib doah an' walk outen de room? Did yo' ebbah see de rabbit ontie de string 'bout ets laigs an' hop off?"

"What yo' drivin' at, Dinah?"

"Yo' tied dat Red Haid han's an' feet wid de rope. I stropped him tight 'till he couldn't move, an' yo' throwed him in de tall weeds, an' now he am gone. De Lawd suah sent Dinah a husban' wid an empty haid."

"Tole me de fack ob de Red Haid. Suah, Dinah, dar comes trouble."

"Ef Dinah wah blin' as de bat she doan need ax nobody who ontied dat rope."

"Who wah et, Dinah? Gib me de name. 'Foah Gawd, Cupe'll hamstring dat debbil."

"Hol' yo' hosses, niggah. Wait 'till de pawpaw am ripe befo' yo' shook de tree."

"Who am de man? I axes."

"Min' yo' what ol' Ma'se say 'bout buyin' a hoss?" She shuffled to the cupboard and came back with a paper. "Ma'se wrote down de rule fo' Dinah one time. Jes listen ter de wo'ds ob wisdom. Ma'se, he walk round de hoss, feelin' ob de shouldah, punchin' heah, an' rubbin' thar. He raise each foot ob de crittah an' tap

de shoe wid a stone. He raise de lip an' 'zamin' de teef. He whispah in de yeah an' he fan de eye wid his han', watchin' de wink. Den aftah all dem signs wah done, he walk roun' de hoss, peepin' at de feet an' 'zamin' de nose. Den he kind-a sigh an' say, 'De signs am bad. Keep yo' hoss.' "

"What signs wah bad?"

"De papah Ma'se wrote tells de ebil signs." She slowly and laboriously read:

> " 'One white foot, buy him;
> Two white feet, try him;
> Three white feet, deny him;
> Four white feet and a white nose,
> Cut off his head and feed him to the crows.'

"Ma'se al'ays went by dem signs, Cupe."

"Why doan he try de signs first? What he try feelin' an' punchin' an' zamin' de eye an' lookin, at de yeah an' hittin de shoes wid a stone ef de whiteness ob de feet wah salubr'us? 'Sides, what am de bad hoss gotten ter do wid de 'scape ob Red Haid?"

"Min' yo', Cupe, dat de bad niggah am lak de bad hoss. Yo' cain't do nuffin wid him short ob cuttin' off his haid er—"

"Er what?"

"Sellin' him down Souf. Memberlect de bad niggah what wah sol' 'bout a yeah ago, de niggah yo' swah 'g'inst befo' de jedge? Min' yo' dat he cussed yo' an' swah ter git yo' scalps ef ebbah he got back?"

"Suah, Dinah, but he am pickin' cotton an' hoein' cane 'way down Souf."

"He am not. Aftah yo' lef' de cabin las' night I wah watchin' all 'bout, fer I feel bad in my bones, an' I suah saw dat bad niggah slippin' and spyin' 'round

de cabin. Den he stahted off towa'd de weed patch wha de Red Haid wah layin'."

For a moment Cupe sat speechless, then he mumbled: "Hants an' ghoses an' spirit witches an' goblins am pow'ful skeery, but none sech can ontie a knot er unbuckle a leathah strop. Suah, nuffin kin make de hoss wid four white feet an' a white nose a good hoss. Nuffin kin make a bad niggah good. De preachah an' de white folks talk 'bout gittin' religion inter bad niggahs am fool talk. De cure fo' de white-footed hoss an' de bad niggah am de same."

He went to the corner of the room, raised a part of a log of the puncheon floor, showing it to be false. From the cavity he drew a pistol and ammunition. Loading it, he returned the powder horn, bullet pouch, and cap box and replaced the flooring, remarking to Dinah as he thrust the pistol in his pocket, "Dah am two ob dem debbils tergeddah, but dis gun hab two barrels."

"Am yo' got murdah in yo' ha't, Cupe?"

"Kin a man do what de Lawd doan want him ter do? Ef Gawd sen's dem debbils in front ob dis gun, suah Cupe knows de sign am fo' him ter pull de triggah. But he doan 'tend ter cut off no haids."

Evidently the Lord had other plans, as Cupe quickly discovered. With surprising alacrity he again opened the secret cavity, returned the pistol and equipment, and turned to greet Mose, who came leisurely across the field. Still disturbed by the thought of the escape of the prisoner and of what it might portend, Dinah and Cupe mumbled together while the boy, an observer of the movements of the negroes, greeted Mose. But the greeting was not what now disturbed the negroes. It was Mose and the lad standing in the doorway, looking across the valley as they talked. The two blacks

sprang forward and almost rudely grasped and thrust them back into the shadows of the room.

"Scuse de hurry, Ma'se Mose an' young Ma'se, but de sunlight am not s'lubr'us fo' de plexion ob de honey chile. Doan yo' see"—pointing toward the pike—"doan yo' see a hunderd bluecoats a-watchin' de doah ob de cabin?"

Quick of eye, old Cupe had not only distinguished the cavalrymen, but was able to add details: "One ob 'em am watchin' wid a spy glass. Now six ob 'em hab hitched deir hosses an' am sta'tin' ter walk crosst de pastuah."

"Dinah, yo' fool niggah, yo' am de reason ob de trouble. Why doan yo' wake Cupe ter lissen ter de voice ob de owl? Raise dat cyarpet obah de sweet tater an' apple hole. Quick! I says. Damn dat Red Haid, why doan he stay in de mount'ns, an' why ain't dat bad niggah hoein' cotton down Souf?"

Mumbling to herself, comprehending the urgency of the occasion, Dinah, as ordered, moved the stand in Susie's room from the side of the bed. Then, with the aid of Cupe and Mose, a trapdoor was lifted, under which rude stairs led down to the stifling, windowless potato hole, a small room with no outside opening.

"De room am not nice, but et's de bes' place in de cabin fo' dis 'casion. Ef yo' doan min' de da'kness an'll keep pow'ful still, jes es soon es dem visitin' sojers am gone Cupe'll raise de doah."

Before he let down the trapdoor he added, "De salubr'usness ob de 'casion mout be hurted ef any talk er coughin' er sneezin' happened ter be heard."

In absolute darkness they sat during the subsequent interval, that seemed long even to the two negroes. After replacing the carpet and the stand, Cupe now

constituted himself spokesman, since Dinah had disqualified herself by failure to properly observe and interpret the warning of the owl. He called the dog and ordered him to lie in the center of the rug, which had been again spread directly over the trapdoor. Pointing his finger at the upturned inquiring face of the dog, the negro addressed him as though he were human:

"Yo' lay still, Gawge Washin'ton, but keep yo' eye peeled fo' trouble. Ef any ob dem bluecoats stahts ter come inside de room, Cupe'll gib yo' de sign, Click, click. Den open yo' eyes an show yo' teef."

For fear that the dog did not understand, Cupe stuck his head down, growled, and said "Click, click," then bared his teeth, snarled, and snapped. This he repeated, mumbling to himself as he turned away: "Dat dawg suah knows what ter do when I gibs him de sign." Then he commanded the dog: "Shet yo' eyes now, yo' houn' dawg, an' doan yo' move lessen yo' heahs de sign. 'Click, click,' " he added. The dog growled, snapped, and showed his teeth. In this, his hour of triumph over his "fool wife," he hurried to give final instructions to Dinah:

"De time am come dat Preachah Vinegah, who breaks rock on de pike all de week an' wu'ks in de fiel' ob de Lawd on Sunday, say am comin'. Doan yo' min', Dinah, how he preached frum de tex' 'Lawd, Lawd, how dis wuld am givin' ter lyin' '?"

"I suah 'members dat sermon."

"Does yo' want Preachah Vinegah ter tole a lie, woman? Am he a liah?"

"Co'se not."

"Then oddah people got ter lie ter mek him tole de truf. Dinah, doan tole no lies ter mek no preachah tole de truf."

"One ob us mus' lie ter save dem men in de apple hole from de bluecoats. Yo' am goin' ter lie er keep pow'ful still while Cupe saves de preachah from dat sarmon. Now is de time fo' yo' ter min' yo' husban'. Yo' ain't de first ooman what bringed trouble ter de worl'. Ef yo' jes had a napple an' a snake an' long ha'r yo' would be lak dat ooman what wouldn't listen ter de signs ner ter de Lawd ner Adam.

"Now listen quick ter de truf. Yo' belong ter me, Dinah, kaze I bought yo' when yo' wah young. I bottomed cheers an' ketched coons an' possums ter sell de hides 'till I got de pile ob yo' price. Den one night I went ter Ma'se Jedge Elfo'd in Stringtown an' plunked down a peck ob cents an' dimes an' dollahs an' say ter de jedge, 'Dar am zackly twleve hunderd dollahs,' an' he axes me, 'Am dis de money ter buy yo' wife, Dinah?' an' I say 'Et am.' Dinah, I bought yo' an' owns yo', an' ef yo' doan do what I says now I'll sell yo' off down Souf. Yo' am my niggah. Larn de lesson ob yo' life now, er es suah es Gawd made little taters termorrer mahnin' yo'll sta't souf. Listen now, dis am what yo' am ter do an' nuffin else. Brung dat cheer obah ter de harf an' listen ter de words ob yo' husban' what bought yo' when yo' had moah sense an' bettah looks dan now." He placed his rubber-like lips close to her ear.

"Pull de peelin' down obah yo' eyeballs when dem bluecoats come. Sit still an' min' dis fack: yo' doan know nuffin. Yo' am deef an' blin'. Yo' can't see nuffin, no mattah how bright de sun am shinin'. Yo am dum' es a rock doahstep. All yo' kin do am ter smoke yo' pipe an' keep yo' eyes tuhned down. Ef yo' scrabble in de ashes fer de coal ter light yo' pipe, jes miss et, fo' yo' am blin'. Doan tuhn yo' face up er move

yo' haid, an' doan yo' answah no quistions. Memberlect, yo' am blin' an' deef an' dum' an' hain't got much sense. Set down now an' begin ter look lak an ol' fool." Then he added somewhat vaingloriously, "Keep yo' eahs open, fer de sake ob de chile, an' heah how Cupe han'les dem bluecoats an' saves de preachah."

Arrangements having been quickly, very quickly, made to Cupe's satisfaction, he took his fiddle from the wall, leaned back in a broken chair, and as the invading party reached the door, sat humming a negro melody, patting the floor with one foot while his fiddle kept time with his voice. So absorbed did he appear that the spokesman of the group addressed him the second time before Cupe, opossum-like, observed his presence. Then a broad smile came over his face, exhibiting the almost toothless, snag-bedecked, cavernous mouth. Without seeming to notice the outside group about the door, he rose, bowed low, and joyously addressed the leader:

"Fo' de Lawd ef et ain't Ma'se Jeemes, come ter de cabin ob de ol' niggahs. Suah de honah of de 'casion am 'precidated." Then apparently seeing for the first time the group outside, he bowed again. "An' yo' frien's what's come wid yo' all de way crosst de holler an' de fiel' jes ter see two ol' brack folks. Suah, Ma'se Jeemes, de salubr'usness ob de 'casion makes de joy ob de mahnin' shine bright fo' de honah. Take a cheer, Ma'se Jeemes. Ef de room wah full ob cheers yo' frien's would all be 'vited in."

"Ma'se Jeemes' " keen eyes had been taking in the interior of the cabin. He looked with exceptional curiosity at the old woman, who made no movement.

"And so Dinah is still with you, Cupe?"

"She am heah, what's lef' ob her," he replied with a mournful shake of the head.

"She appears in good condition. What do you mean by 'what's left of her'?"

"Yo' cain't tell nuffin 'bout de sense a hawg's got by lookin' at de paht what yo' calls de condition. De Lawd hab struck Dinah pow'ful hahd, Ma'se Jeems. What little sense she oncet had am all gone now. Suah her haid am holler ob brains es an old gum tree."

"Don't she hear and understand anything that is said?"

"She am deefer'n a addah snake an' she am dummer'n de stone doahstep. Yo' mout holler in her yeah an' she cain't heah nuffin."

"How's her eyesight? She may have to sign a paper before I leave."

"She am blindah dan a bat in de sunshine. 'Sides, she doan know her lettahs ner Cupe doan, needah. Yo' mout es well leab dat papah in yo' pocket, Ma'se Jeems. What good would ol' Cupe an' Dinah's writin' do, nohow?"

"Is she too lame to ride horseback to my camp?"

Intuitively comprehending where the provost marshal of Boone County was adroitly leading him, the jail being in the village of his camp, the negro, with cunning forethought replied: "Fo' Gawd, Ma'se Jeemes, doan yo' nebbah heah how de good Lawd hit Dinah? She wah out in de fiel' an' de Lawd raised His han' an' frowed a streak ob lightnin' straight ter wha she stood. Et struck her squa' on de haid an' streaked down inter de earf an' jes tooken wid it what sense she had lef' aftah de rheumatiz she hab las' yeah. We had ter git her home on de lawg sled, fo' she wah so stiff et tooken two rollahs ter slide her up. When we fotch her home et tuk a sledge hammah ter bend her inter dat cheer; et's a fack. She wah pow'ful hurt by de lightnin' ob de

Lawd, fo' she nebbah gits up no moah. Ma'se Calvert, she cain't heah de bell on de pole back ob de cabin. She cain't see. She jes doan smell er taste er feel nuffin. She cain't walk er talk. She ain't got no sense lef' an' she ain't no use ter nobody. De Lawd only knows what He keeps her libbin fo'. She suah am moah daid dan alibe. Talk 'bout Dinah ridin' hossback! Lawd-a-massy, ef she only could Cupe'd be de happiest niggah in ol' Kaintuck ef she'd tuhn her face norf an' nebbah tuhn back. Et am mighty ha'd fo' her lubbin' husban' ter take keer ob her."

Just how Cupe managed to indicate to the old woman that it was time to "scrabble" in the ashes for a coal was not apparent, but, obedient to it, she bent stiffly forward as though to reach for a coal. Old Cupe quickly grasped her as she seemed about to tumble from her chair. Pushing her back, he took the pipe, filled it with tobacco, put a live coal on it, and guided the stem to her mouth.

"Yo' see, Ma'se Calvert, de trials de good Lawd sen' ter Cupe. All day long dat ol' ooman hab ter be keered fer wusser'n a baby, kaze she am so much biggah."

Apparently satisfied with the absurdity of it all, the provost marshal stopped the loquacious old man by abruptly demanding, "Where are the two men that stood in this door when we were over on the pike?"

Cupe looked puzzled. "Dis doah, Ma'se Calvert, yo' mean dis doah? Who say two men wah in dis doah?" Then in a lower tone he added, "Dat red-headed debbil suah am de lyin'est cuss dat ebbah come down de pike."

"No foolishness now, Cupe. We saw them."

"What yo' mean by 'we' saw dem, Ma'se Jeems?"

Impatiently the provost marshal waved his hand

toward his men, to which Cupe replied, "Dem sojers sighted two men each wif deir two eyes, Ma'se Calvert?"

"They certainly did. Now where are they, Cupe? Hurry up."

"Fo' de Lawd, Ma'se Calvert, am yo' losin' yo' eyesight? De sojers am all befo' yo' eyes."

Mr. Calvert spoke sharply and decisively: "Cupe, where are the two men we saw standing in the door of this cabin?"

"Dar am six ob dem sojers, all wid two good eyes." He counted on his fingers, looking at each man as he did so. "Dat makes more'n twelve men dem eyes sees, fer each sojer sees two men. Ma'se Calvert, yo' knows twelve men cain't squeeze deyselves inter dis room."

With more patience than might have been expected the marshal ignored Cupe's diversions and asked, "What were you doing when we came across the field?"

"De fiddle wah singin' ter de bow de song Dinah lubbed befo' her 'flictions." Raising the old instrument, Cupe began as he touched the bow to the strings:

" 'When de brackberry blossoms in de ol' fence co'nah
An' de locus' tree blooms on de hill,
When de mulberry leabs peeps out ob de bud,
An' de peach tree am cubbahed wid red;
Den de snake an' de toad slip out ob deir holes
An' de crawfish creep out ob his nes',
De backbone ob wintah am shattahed fo' suah,
Dat wicked ol' debbil am daid.'

CHORUS

" 'Han' me down my ol' hat, Dinah,
Look up at de sky;
Let de springtime in de doah,
Shet out dat blue-tail fly.' "

"All right, all right, Cupe, but we are wasting time. We have something more important than to listen to you sing. We must search this house." He did not state that guards had surrounded it, a fact of which Cupe was aware.

"Dat am all right, Ma'se Calvert. De laddah leads ter de lof'. Dar ain't no back doah ner no winder. Whiles yo' looks fo' dem men Cupe'll jes set heah an' let de fiddle whispah ter de bow. Dat's 'bout all de joy dat ol' Cupe hab sence Dinah gone mos' daid. When yo' fin's dem men jes tie 'em up lak de song says."

"'Some folks say dat de niggah won't steal,
But I cotch six in my co'nfiel';
Tied 'em down wid a long clos'line,
Up wid my whip an' gib 'em ninety-nine.'

CHORUS

"'Wha'd yo' come from? Alapacky Town.
Wha're yo' gwine ter? Knock a niggah down.'"

It did not take long for the searchers to demonstrate that there were no men hidden in the cabin. There could have been no means of escape other than from the front door, which was being watched. As they turned to the small room, of which the door stood open, the dog lay seemingly asleep on the rug. Starting to enter, the marshal was stopped by Cupe.

"Be keerful ob dat dawg, Ma'se Calvert. He am pow'ful lakly ter snap when he firs' opens his eyes. Ef yo' doan min' I'll stan' obah him an' hol' him down."

Suiting action to words, he went over and knelt on the rug by the sleeping dog, who opened his eyes and snarled savagely at sight of the strange men. "*Click, click*," came from the rubber-like lips of Cupe. Viciously the dog sprang up and seemed ready to plunge at the

men in the door. With difficulty the negro held him by the collar.

"I'se got him, Ma'se. Yo' kin come in, all right, but keep yo' ankles 'way from his mouf. He am crossah'n a brack b'ar ter-day. Sumpin mus' be ailin' him. *Click, click.*" As the beast struggled and snarled with renewed energy it seemed to be all that Cupe could do to hold him down. At any rate, a glance about the small room and under the bed satisfied the marshal, who did not enter. After the soldiers had closely examined the outside of the cabin, finding no cellar door nor window, the log foundation being flat on the ground, they fell to discussing how the men could have escaped, deciding that it was probably through the woodland that stretched near the rear of the cabin. Ole Cupe was apparently half asleep in his chair, but was cunningly considering several problems, one of which needed particular attention. Peeping through half-closed lids, he watched the soldiers as they crossed the field in returning to the pike and went down into the hollow, disappearing temporarily from sight of the cabin. Very softly, without disturbing Dinah or liberating the prisoners in the "tatah hol'," he slipped to the fireplace, took the ax from the corner, the poker, shovel, and tongs in his arms, shuffled out of the door and around to the back of the cabin, where he deposited them in the tall weeds. Quickly returning to his place, he sat with eyes closed, yet peeping slyly as he awaited the time it was safe for Dinah to move. Studying the room questioningly as to whether he had overlooked any object that could be used as a weapon, he abruptly as well as thoughtfully whispered to himself:

"Fo' Gawd's sake, dis niggah suah am los' his senses. Ef he wants ter die he suah am preparationed

de 'casion fo' de fun'ral." Rising, he tiptoed to the corner of the cabin, seized the wooden bread bowl, a pair of flatirons, and rolling-pin, and carried them also back to the weeds. As he laid them down he mumbled to himself:

"Suah et would hab been a big disastrophe ter hab forgotted dat bread bowl an' rollin'-pin an' dem irons. Cupe's haid am ha'd, but Dinah hab a mighty strong ahm. Quicker'n nothin' dat lady kin move ef 'casion comes, which suah happens 'bout now. When she rises up she more'n lakly hab a min' ter bust dat bread bowl obah my haid an' 'plete de job wid de rollin'-pin. Et would'a been a fool t'ing ter leab dem inflemens wha she could hab got her han's on dem when de spell she am lab'rin' undah am off." As he watched the pike he saw the party of soldiers remount, then the whole troup passed back through Stringtown toward the road that led to their camp at the county seat. Satisfied that the intruders had indeed left the village, he turned, not to the prisoners, but to Dinah. To Cupe, preservation of self was now the first law of nature, rather than a few minutes more discomfort to the men in the apple hole. Slipping noiselessly across the floor, he knelt by Dinah's chair, threw his arms about her, and raised his face close to her own. Not knowing whether all danger was past, Dinah did not speak. Then Cupe began in a soothing tone:

"Not many oomans hab de sense my Dinah hab, ter ack her pa't so fine."

Opening her eyes and looking at the chimney corner, she asked, "Wha am dat axe?"

"Suah, honey, yo' put et safe in de co'nah ob de chimbly. Am et gone, Dinah?"

"Wha am dat pokah an' tongs an' dat shubble?

"Fo' de lan' sake ef dey ain't gone! Suah, Dinah, dey wah dere when dem bluecoats come nosin' 'bout de room. Dey ain't no fox kin beat dem bluecoat sojers fer leabin' nuffin nowha. Yo' knows dat chickens on de roost, turkeys in de tree tops, ducks an' gooses in de pond, am pow'ful suah ter stray off ferebbah when de bluecoats am 'bout. But et am mighty funny how sech furnishin's es dese am gone from de cabin. Dey am too big an' heabby ter git inter deir pockets, honey.

Disdaining to reply, Dinah looked for the bread bowl and rolling-pin, and questioned, "Wha am dat bowl an' rollin'-pin?"

"Dinah, de cabin wah so full ob sojers ol' Cupe couldn't keep his eyes skinned watchin' what dey wah doin'. He wah too busy tryin' ter make his ol' haid fin' a way ter keep dem from 'sturbin' his wife. All Cupe could do wah ter keep 'em from carryin' off Dinah. Ef dey had tooken yo' Dinah what would ol' Cupe do wid no one ter make de co'n pone an' fry de bacon an' de hom'ny er ter bake de possum an' sweet taters, fo' suah nobody kin do dat lak my Dinah. Ef dey had known yo' wah all right, Dinah, yo' ol' husban' would be weepin' bittah teahs now as de Bible say Moses and de rushin' bulls did, er hangin' his bow on de weepin' tree, as de preachah says ol' Adam did. Didn't Cupe tole yo' ter keep lookin' down, honey? Yo' smilin' face am pow'ful 'tractive."

"What yo' mean by all dat gab talk yo' gib Ma'se Calvert 'bout dem ailmen's I wah 'flicted wid?"

"I doan git no 'membrance ob what yo' am talkin' 'bout. Who says yo' got 'flictions?"

"What 'bout dat 'blin' es a bat, deefer'n a naddah, too stiff ter ride a hoss, dat streak ob lightnin' strickenin' Dinah so stiff dat et tooken two men an' a lawg chain

ter roll her on a sled'? What yo' mean when yo' says yo' had ter poun' me wif a hammah ter bend me inter a cheer? What yo' mean by sech fool talk, niggah?"

"Dinah, yo' hab been sleepin' an' wah dreamin'. Yo' am jes wo'n out kaze yo' didn't sleep none las' night on 'count ob de honey boy. Doan yo' know dat de Yankees stole dem tools whiles yo' wah sleepin'? Et am a sin yo' hab ter dream sech stories 'bout yo' lubbin' husban' when he wah so worri'd 'bout yo'. I ax yo' ter set in de cheer an' watch out ob de co'nah ob yo' eye dem debblish bluecoats, an' yo jes goes ter sleep an' dreams sech dreams! De debbil breeded dem, suah. But wake up, honey, an' he'p Cupe open de trap doah an' let dem two men git a breaf ob air."

* * *

The men were certainly ready for the breath of air. Climbing out of the potato hole, they were almost exhausted until they had filled their lungs with fresh air. In their sympathy for their guests, Dinah and Cupe forgot their quarrel. "Dey needs a cup ob coffee an' a snack ob co'n bread," said Dinah, "but dem Yankees didn't leab nuffin ter cook wid dat wah loose 'bout de cabin."

"Maybe dey hided dem in de weeds," Cupe mumbled. "Dem inflemens wah pow'ful heavy ter carry obah ter de pike. De Yankees' pockets am big nuff fo' a goose, but dem irons am a sight heabier dan any gooses."

"Dar ain't no Yankee pockets lined wif iron, lessen every pusson in Kaintuck would hab ter eat raw grub," Dinah answered sarcastically.

"Jes yo' set still, Dinah, an' yo' husban'll hunt 'roun. Maybe dem obstickles kin be foun'." It was

not long until he returned with the "obstickles," feeling quite safe in the presence of their guests.

There was a gleam of something that was not surprise in Dinah's eyes as she saw the implements, but she only remarked, "Ef dem bluecoats hadn't tooken 'em out ob de cabin, dere suah would a been a daid niggah on de floah, an' et wouldn't-a been Dinah, needah." She mumbled as she turned to her household duties. Evidently the first flash of her wrath was gone, and the fact remained that Cupe *had* gotten rid of the soldiers without giving clue to the hidden men.

After the "snack" Mose expressed a desire to bid his Stringtown friends good-bye. The lad being concerned in the welfare of Black Scout, was piloted by Cupe to the secreted haven, where the horse had been fed, watered, and curried by the two negroes. The lad patted the shining coat of the beautiful horse, that whinnied with delight over the greeting of his master.

For some time he lingered, examining the equipment that his brother had provided for him and the contents of the stuffed haversack of provisions baked by his mother. As he left the thicket he caught sight of Cupe on the hilltop commanding a view of the pike. He was apparently busy repairing an old stone boat*, to which was hitched his old horse. As he approached, the boy was greeted with a broad smile.

"Dinah, she say ter Cupe: 'Yo doan know de debbilment dat Red Haid mout make ef he cotch sight ob de chile goin' ter de thicket. Take de ol' hoss an' de stone boat sled an' go ter de top ob de hill an' watch de pike,' an' dat's jes what I hab been doin'. Chile, ol' Dinah am a sma't ooman, an' I wishes yo'd tell her I says so."

*Rude sled used for hauling stone and logs.

Evidently Cupe felt that a little praise for Dinah would not be amiss, in the light of what had taken place that morning. Then he added, "Fo' de Lawd, chile, de times am bad."

When they entered the cabin as dusk approached, they found supper ready. While Dinah waited on the boy, she paused to whisper to Cupe, who, with fiddle in hand, sat in the doorway, eyes watchfully turned toward the doorway and the view beyond. He left the cabin, but soon returned to whisper in Dinah's ear, then drew his chair close to the door and again seated himself with his fiddle. While the boy lingered over his supper Cupe hummed a low melody, accompanying it with his fiddle. Thus he was employed until the boy saw the lights begin to appear in the Stringtown windows. Then from the gathering darkness there came the sound of hoofs nearing the cabin. A mule appeared, bearing Felix Moses. Apparently Cupe had expected him, for before Mose arrived he left the cabin. Within a short time he returned, leading Black Scout.

Oblivious of the presence of the boy and Mose, Dinah addressed Cupe:

"An' what did the whisp'rin' tree tole yo'?"

"Es I leabs de cabin de smoke ob de chimbly wah climbin' straight up; et struck de aidge ob de tree."

"Wah dere no wind?"

"Not a breff."

"Den what?"

"De leabs ob de tree begins ter tremble, shakin' lak a scared rabbit in yo' han'."

"An nex'?"

"De smoke tuhned ter de tree an' clumb froo de lim's an' de leabs."

"An' dah wa'n't no wind?"

"Doan I tole yo' dah wa'n't no wind? Am yo' losin' yo' memberlect?"

"Go on, niggah, tole me de res'."

"De katydid in de tree stops singin', de cricket on de groun' stops chirpin', Cupe went undah de tree."

"Wah et—" She did not speak the word.

"Yes, Dinah, et wah weepin'. De teahs drop on de haid ob Cupe lak sof' rain. De smoke ob de chimbly tuhn down an' kivered de tree from de top to de earf. De leabs twists an' tuhns as de ghos'es slip in an' out an' up an' down."

"Who yo' see firs' when yo' tuhns from de hant tree ter de cabin?"

"De boy, Dinah," he said slowly, "de child from de hills ob Gunpowdah."

"Gawd help de honey chile, Cupe. Dey ain't no worser signs. Honey"—she turned to the boy—"go back to yo' mammy. Listen ter ol' Dinah an' go back," she pleaded. Then, emotion overcoming, she threw her arms about the lad and covered his face with kisses. "Yo' ol' brack mammy, chile, am moanin' fo' de baby boy dat lighted up de home obah on Gunpowdah Creek."

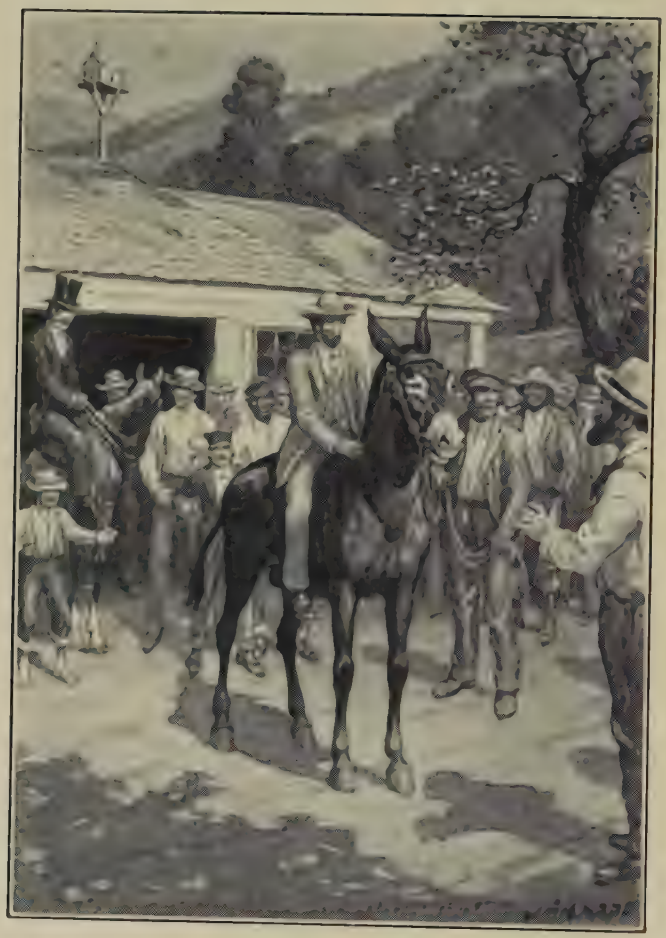
"We must go," interrupted Felix Moses, to whom the scene was far from pleasant. Then with his kindly smile he added: "Why does you cry, Dinah? Didn't I promise the boy's mother I vould bring him back the bravest soldier in the rebel army? Did old Mose ever break his word, Dinah, that you no trust me?"

"But de signs mus' come ter pass, Ma'se Mose. Dah am no way ob gittin' roun' de ebil eye ob de debbil. Only de Lawd am biggah dan de signs. Yo' says yo' promise ter bring de chile back to his mammy. Dinah she say de sign knows moah dan Ma'se Mose, fo' Gawd made de signs an' Gawd made de tree. Dey all am

speakin' fo' Gawd. De honey chile'll nebbah tooken 'nuddah breff in de ol' home on de hill."

"Oh, now Aunt Dinah, forget it. I'm all right. I'm going with good old Mose, and he'll bring me back, too."

As they lost sight of the cabin there came to their ears a long-drawn cry, the parting farewell of George Washington, who, standing before the door with uplifted head, gave a long, dismal howl, then entered the cabin and laid his head in the lap of Dinah, who sat weeping.



LEAVING STRINGTOWN

CHAPTER VI

On To Bowling Green

No group leaving Stringtown that night was so fortunate as to intercept the wagons loaded with the arms that had been captured by Morgan at Lexington. All Kentucky had been aroused. Everywhere the Home Guards, strengthened and armed by the United States Government, were aggressive as never before. The group of which Mose and the boy were a part had need to be alert, but friends of Mose along the way continuously advised them of surrounding conditions. They needfully proceeded slowly, hiding in thickets by day and moving cautiously at night.

One evening after dusk, information being needed concerning the "outlook," Mose volunteered his services as scout. On returning, he was surprised to find the camp deserted by all save the lad, who informed him that by an unexpected opportunity the party had learned of an adjacent group of volunteers seeking Morgan. This group was large enough to defy the enemy and travel openly by day or night, regardless of Home Guards. Indeed, in one instance they had attacked the Home Guards and captured their equipment. Their party had therefore joined the larger band, but as the lad had refused to go without Mose, their companions departed, with instructions for the lad and Mose to follow. When the Jew comprehended that he and the boy were alone, the smile almost left his face, but for a moment only. Evidently he had made some plans dur-

ing his scouting expedition, for later events show that he also had intended to leave the party.

His mule was piled high with straw tied firmly on his back by means of a clothes line. Had it not been night the scene would have been ludicrous. The straw extended from the neck of the beast to his tail. On top sat Mose. Beside him, covered with straw, was the sack of provisions purchased at the village grocery. It was apparent that he knew the people he had visited, and that these friends were aware of his necessities and had willingly supplied them.

The camp occupied a wooded ravine, a near-by spring supplying water. A fallen tree answered as a backlog. The load of straw was spread beside it and the blankets that had padded the mule's back spread thereon. The tired lad was bidden to "Go to bed," Mose covering him with the spare blanket. Whether or not Mose slept was a question the lad could not answer. On awakening the next morning, he was greeted by the savory aroma of a beef stew. As he sat up, two tin cups, tin plates and spoons, cheap knives and forks, and the inevitable coffeepot were before him. The breakfast that followed was one to be remembered.

Rather strange were the next movements of the Jew. He took the lad's gun, removed the stock, and wrapped it firmly alongside the barrel. Beside it he laid the saber, the belt, and revolvers, all being then strapped together. These he carefully sheathed with straw, packing them securely in the straw, which he replaced on the back of the mule. Everything contraband was thus hidden from sight, securely roped close to the mule. He now girded his saddle on the only available space, close behind the forelegs of the beast, almost over its neck. But the masquerading process

was not yet complete. From the ever-useful haversack he drew a linen duster, purchased during his scouting trip, with which he proceeded to robe the lad, buttoning it tightly around his throat and down to his feet. In our day his appearance would have been considered comic, but in those days of dry dirt roads and dusty pikes the long linen duster was the companion of every summer traveler. Thus Mose, seated almost on the shoulders of the mule, led the way out of the thicket, through the woods, into the highway, where, side by side, they journeyed toward their goal, Bowling Green.

That they were objects of some curiosity was evident, not only to the people they met on the way, but to the inhabitants as well, who occasionally opened conversation beyond the customary "Howdy." The straw-laden mule, mounted by the quaint-faced Jew, traveling by the side of the prancing, high-strung horse, was a contrast ludicrous in the extreme. A group of Home Guard cavalrymen stopped to laugh and jeer, which was not relished by either Mose or the boy. Yet it was wise to make no retort. Had the "bluecoats" known what was concealed beneath the straw or suspected that the limp duster covered a rebel uniform, the journey to Morgan would soon have ended. Quick use of one's wits is often a necessity. The exigencies of war sharpened the perception even of those little given to rapid thought or action. In the present case Mose, who conducted the conversation, had to concoct various stories, one being that they were looking for yearling cattle to graze and winter. Since this was not unusual, the explanation was satisfactory, and as a result the same story was often repeated. Once in passing a schoolhouse the pupils capered about them in great glee, clapping their hands and yelling, boy-like. One of the older

boys cried, "Here comes Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, hunting for a windmill."

As they journeyed on, Mose inquired what was meant by this. "They were telling about two Spanish rebels," the boy explained. "It's a story—a book."

"Who did them fight?"

"Windmills." In silence they proceeded, but evidently Mose was still revolving the statement, for at last he said prophetically, "Maybe sometime us vill vish ve vas fightin' vindmills instead of Yankees."

* * *

Incidents such as these if retold in after years are likely to be of little moment. Time sweeps the vitality from ludicrous scenes and neighborhood stories. Difficult is it to bring a smile by means of an old-time joke. Serviceable events, pathetic incidents, joyous recollections or somber mental creations alone live. When the face and voice of a person telling an amusing story, however it may be adorned, are no longer present, his funny stories become insipid, their brilliancy is lost. A book of jokes is, of all publications, dull to the reader. Even eloquence becomes insipid and pointless when put into printed words whose significance has faded under the touch of time. Unless the writer of these memories can lead the reader to companion with the actors, to take part in the ideas and ideals that were largely somber, or lead him to sympathize in the many trials and join in the few joys of his characters, very dull indeed will be this folk-lore story that aims to depict ideals and conditions met by his friends and comrades of two generations gone, men and women who lived their simple, earnest lives and passed on.

With this thought in mind, voicing my reflections as I write, I can but wonder: "Should these lines ever be

published what will be the impression made upon the reader by my attempt to describe the two travelers, one of whom had assumed a burlesque appearance in order to gain their end—John Morgan's prospective command?"

Is fighting the only manner of displaying courage? May not he who undergoes ridicule without a quiver in order to succeed be braver than the one who indiscreetly fights and, by his rashness, loses his cause?

CHAPTER VII

A Mystery: Mose Disappears

VERY leisurely they proceeded toward Bowling Green, mainly because it was necessary to take a winding course. Rapid direct progress might have been fatal to the object. Nor would the statement that they were seeking "yearlings" have been consistent without frequent excursions into side roads to inspect cattle. As they progressed groups of Home Guards became more frequent, some of whom eyed the travelers very inquisitively. Indeed, disaster nearly came when, after passing a squad of the Guards, the chief officer turned back and, riding close to the Jew, gazed intently at him.

"Have I not seen your face before?" the officer asked.

Mose smiled broadly as he answered, "Maybe so. It has alvays been mit me in many places yet."

"That nose," the officer said musingly, "surely I have seen it before."

"Dot nose bees on my face many years now."

"Say—are you from Stringtown?"

Quickly came the reply: "Ven you bees a leetle shaver old Mose he buys coon skins from your father. I vas at the funeral of your mutter. Vonce, too, ven you grows bigger, you say after Mose, 'Alvays help a brother in distress.' "

Drawing his horse aside for a moment, the officer meditated, then gave the brief command, "Drive on." When out of hearing, Mose remarked, "Dot officer vas vatching you and me pretty close."

"Well, why didn't he arrest us?"

"I gives him the sign of—" Abruptly he paused, then added, "Him comes many times vonce to Stringtown." Just then they noted a horseman following, and turned to discover that the officer had returned. He rode quickly to Mose and handed him a card, saying in a low tone, "A brother in distress needs help."

"Dis brother vas not in distress yet."

"Keep the card. Before you are many months older you will have distress and to spare." Then he galloped back to his company.

Turning the card, Felix read the few lines penned on the reverse, then placed it in his pocketbook. As he did so the lad caught sight of a print on the face of the card and asked:

"Why was there a picture of three sausages on the card?" Mose laughed as he answered, "Maybe he vas telling me dot a Jew should learn to eat sausages. Maybe —him sells sausages."

They camped that night in a wooded ravine not far from Bowling Green. To reach the place they turned off the main road, where, out of sight of everyone, they built a small fire, over which they cooked a simple supper. Then Mose unpacked the straw and prepared the bed. Soon the boy was asleep, waking only when came morning and he was shaken by the shoulders. Upstarting, the genial face of Mose peered into his own. Fried chicken and coffee soon satisfied both hunger and thirst.

To the boy's surprise, he saw that Mose had restocked the gun and placed it with the other equipment. When breakfast was over, Mose thrust the Colt's revolver in its place in the holster of Black Scout's saddle, buckled the belt that carried the saber about the lad,

and buttoned over all the white linen duster, no longer white with its accumulation of the dust of many miles' exposure. As the lad remounted, proudly equipped with a soldier's accoutrements, Mose gave him explicit directions:

"You goes back to the road by the path dot you comes in. Then go on the big road to the town of Bowling Green. Take this letter to the man whose name dot is and say dot Mose he comes maybe one, two, three days off, maybe longer yet." He looked down at the earth for a time in silence. The boy waited for further directions. Lifting his head, Mose repeated "Maybe longer yet, maybe longer." He grasped the hand of the lad and pointed toward the road. "God be mit you," he said solemnly.

In a saddened voice the surprised lad replied "Goodbye, Mose." What else could he say? What could it mean? With a wistful, slowly backward look, he touched the bridle and Black Scout moved onward. From a point where the brush-covered path turned he again looked back. Felix Moses stood by the side of the mule, hand on the saddle, eyes on the retreating figure. As he waved his hand his smile seemed more pronounced. The soldier-boy-to-be turned into the path beyond the shrubbery that shut him from Mose's view. In the mind of the lad the words of the man lingered—"Maybe longer yet." What did he mean? Where had he gone?

Entering Bowling Green, bluster and confusion, soldiers and cavalrymen met him everywhere. His first duty was to stable Black Scout; his next, to find the man named on the letter Mose had given him. Neither was difficult, as livery stables were plentiful, and the man a well-known citizen. The recipient, a Jew, scanned the bearer inquisitively after reading the note.

"Felix informs me that you intend to join Morgan's cavalry. Are you not too young to get into this war?"

"I can shoot. Where I was raised every boy learned to shoot."

"Have you a horse?"

"The finest in Boone County."

A smile came over the kindly countenance of the Jew as he took the lad by the hand. "My boy, you are to come with me. This letter gives you a home with me until Felix comes." Then noticing the uniform, which showed through the opened duster, he inquired where he had secured the uniform. When informed that his mother and her friends had made it, the man again scanned his face, so boyish, so unmarked by the responsibility of years.

"Your mother permitted you to go to this war?"

"Yes. My brother has also gone to the army, but he went to the North. I couldn't see it that way."

"And your brother knew you were going South?"

"Yes, he gave me Black Scout, my horse, and this outfit." He spread open the duster and displayed his accoutrement.

"And did Felix Moses know all this?"

"Oh, yes, sir; he promised to join John Morgan and to take me back home to my mother."

The face of the Jew became more gloomy. "Felix has never been to war. I hope he has not made a mistake. If he changes his mind when he comes, you must go back to your mother. How old are you, anyhow?"

"Sixteen, but I am nearly grown."

The man placed his hand on the lad's shoulder. "I had a son, but he died when he was fifteen. Go back to your mother, child. Don't wait for Felix. Go back."

Just then there came to the mind of the lad the cabin of the two negroes near Stringtown. Almost he

could hear the rustle of the leaves that trembled on the weeping tree close by the chimney. Again he heard Dinah's mournful tones: "But Dinah, she say de signs knows moah dan Ma'se Mose."

Days passed, but Mose did not appear.

* * *

Possibly the narrator can do no better than to copy here, verbatim, a letter written by a friend of both Mose and the author's family, a comrade of Mose in the Confederate Army:

PETERSBURG, KY., March 7, 1899.

MR. JOHN URI LLOYD,
MY DEAR SIR:

I have briefly answered your questions,* and will now extend them a little.

The Buckner Guards were organized in October, 1861, and proceeded to Bowling Green, Kentucky, where I enlisted. Some time in December I was roused early one morning by loud cries and confusion. Everyone seemed happy. On investigating, I saw Mose walking into camp, hat in hand, covered with mud to his knees. He had traveled through southern Indiana and Illinois, passing himself off as a purchaser of sheep pelts and coon skins, finally reaching Bowling Green, after many trials and difficulties.

He joined the Company immediately and soon became a great favorite with all his comrades. He was a brave and gallant soldier. A better and truer friend no man ever had.

In November, 1862, the Buckner Guards were discharged, and we went in different directions. Mose joined the 9th Kentucky Cavalry, Company G, Colonel Breckenridge, and I joined the 5th Cavalry. We saw but little of each other after that until June, 1864, when

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* A questionnaire had been sent by me to all the living comrades of Mose in northern Kentucky, asking for details regarding his life in the army.—J. U. L.

I was taken to Rock Island Prison, Illinois. Nearly the first man I met was "Old Mose." We were continually together afterward to the end of the war. He was my warm friend to the end of his life.

Kindly remember Mrs. Parker and myself to your estimable mother.

Your friend,
ARTHUR B. PARKER.

"I SAW MOSE WALKING INTO CAMP . . . COVERED WITH MUD."

The yet unsolved mystery is, Where did Felix Moses go after dismissing the lad? What became of his mule? Where and why did he go into southern Indiana and Illinois? No trace of him was evidenced until weeks afterward, covered with mud, he came into the Bowling Green camp early one morning, as related by Mr. Parker. His letters from the military prison, as well as those of his comrades, give us our only information regarding his movements.

CHAPTER VIII

At Fort Donelson

OMINOUS was the mental pall that settled over Boone and the adjoining counties of Kentucky during the late months of 1861. In September General Buckner moved his brigade of Confederate troops, embracing seven regiments of Kentuckians, from the enlisting center he had established at Camp Boone, Tennessee, near the Kentucky line, to Bowling Green, in southern Kentucky. That village soon became a "hotbed" of Kentuckians favoring the Southern cause. Among them the Second Kentucky Regiment was of especial interest to citizens of the northernmost part of the State. This, because the boys who failed to reach Morgan enlisted under General Buckner. Felix Moses was one of them.

With February 8, 1862, came unexpectedly the evacuation and surrender of Fort Henry, on the Tennessee River, most of the garrison escaping to Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, twelve miles away. All interests were now turned toward Fort Donelson. Every available Kentucky soldier had joined Buckner, who at once moved his command from Bowling Green across the Cumberland to that fort. Up from the south rushed reinforcements, both infantry and cavalry, under Generals Floyd, Pillow, and Forrest. Provisions and ammunition were hurried to the soon-to-be invaded fort. In supreme command of the Department of the West, but not present at Fort Donelson, was General Albert Sidney Johnston, an ideal of the South scarcely second to Lee, and who later met his death at Corinth.

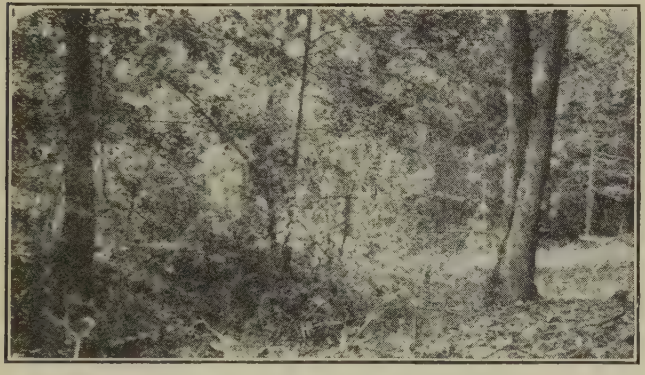
To the chronicler, attempting to faithfully present the record of Felix Moses and, in part, the Boone County contingent accompanying him, memory seems all sufficient, so vividly do those events linger. But the question arises, Is memory reliable? A study of recorded history, often based largely on partisan statements or defective recollections, shows much that is not authentic.

Not an event of the war between the States stands more distinctly in the memory of this writer than does the siege and bombardment of Fort Donelson. This is perhaps because so many of our neighborhood boys were there, as well as was Felix Moses. From the first day of the battle until the surrender, we of Stringtown were intensely anxious.

There were Stringtown boys on both sides, beloved alike by all of us. The 17th Kentucky Regiment, Colonel John H. McHenry, and the 25th Kentucky, Colonel J. M. Shackelford, of the division of General Lew Wallace, represented most of our enlistment with the Federals. The company in which Mose found himself—"Hanson's Fighting Boys," afterward known as the "Orphan Brigade"—included the Boone County infantry, enlisted under General Buckner. The cavalry portion of the Boone County volunteers for the South had, as related, passed on to join Morgan near Nashville. Fort Donelson being across the Cumberland River perhaps accounts for Morgan and his men not being present at the battle. Had Morgan been with Buckner, as many hoped he would be, the result, however, could scarcely have been different. General Floyd did not want for cavalry. General Forrest, brave even to recklessness, with his "Forrest Rangers," totaling more than a thousand horsemen from farther south, was there. They stood their ground, charging des-

perately through all those memorable days which, from first to last, evidenced alike the valor of the North and the South.

In only a few instances of the Civil War has display of courage on both sides been more pronounced than on the fifteenth of February, 1862, when, in a sortie, the besieged from Fort Donelson fought outside the walls of the fort. This because the sadly battered Federal gunboats, defeated in their efforts to demolish the fort



"FIRST 'NO-MAN'S LAND' OF THE CIVIL WAR"

commanding the Cumberland River, had retreated and, after being reinforced, had come up the Tennessee River, escorting the army of General Lew Wallace to the rear of the fort. Thus the Confederates were forced to the open. They had to erect earthworks and dig rifle pits in the rear of the fort. So it was that the battle of the fifteenth of February, the real battle of Fort Donelson, was fought outside the fort.

On that memorable day Felix Moses, of Hanson's Brigade, exhibited exceptional courage, as has been testified by all his comrades. But the sacrifice was vain.

To depict the fierce charges of Forrest's Cavalry in supporting the armies of Generals Floyd, Pillow, and Buckner, is unnecessary. That story has been told and retold. In the end it seemed that Nature herself conspired against both armies.

Mild weather, with rain, turned suddenly to sleet and snow, quickly succeeded by freezing, driving the mud-bespattered survivors back to their respective shelters. When came that unheralded blizzard the scarred earth between the combatants where the real battle of Fort Donelson had been fought was deserted by all but the wounded, dead, and dying. Blue and gray, lying together in this, the first "No Man's Land" of the Civil War, passed into their last sleep under those icy blasts.

That night in Fort Donelson and the trenches, although the majority of the Southern combatants believed that the Southern army was succeeding and that the following day would bring victory, the poisonous word "surrender" was whispered from one to another. How it originated no man knew. Drooping men stood mournfully in groups, including even the adjacent village of Dover, much like the survivors of an earthquake straggling about their destroyed homes.

Among these, after night set in, appeared a lad in gray uniform. Leading a black horse, he scanned each face as he passed from group to group. Had the light been sufficient it would have been seen that the lad was covered with mud, as also was his horse. Both had evidently passed a strenuous day. At last he reached the little collection of homes near the Cumberland River, mentioned as Dover, where he passed down the street to near the bluff and, in a sheltered spot protected from the storm, stopped. A glimmering light from a

window exposed to him the face of a man on the sidewalk who had also sought that sheltered location. Without intent—who shall say by chance?—the two met before a house where, unknown to them, the Confederate generals were holding council. That it was not harmonious might be surmised by an occasional high

"RELIC OF HOUSE WHERE REBEL GENERALS CONFERRED"

tone, but for the most part there came only the sound of low, tense voices.

"How comes you here?" asked the man. He spoke in the dull, subdued tone common to those who have passed through experiences such as had come that day to all defenders of Fort Donelson. Not only had the day exhausted all emotions, but like a black cloud shadowing the minds and hearts of all, hung over them

the thought of a relentless to-morrow. So it was that when Mose (for it was he) unexpectedly met the lad who was braving the bitter hurricane, he asked almost mechanically as the horseman leaned over, "How comes you here?"

"Mose!" the boy exclaimed. "I came on Black Scout."

"But the fort is surrounded. I leaves you in Bowling Green. I thought you vas mit Morgan."

"General Morgan refused to enlist me. He said I am too young. I came to join Forrest's Rangers."

"How you gits here?"

"The road to the ford was open. I did not meet any sentries. Black Scout waded the creek and backwater."

"Boy, you must go home. To-morrow—Ach! to-morrow. Vat vill come to-morrow? You must go home at vonce."

"No, Mose, I came to join Forrest if he will have me. Surely someone will take me. I'm big enough to fight and I know how to shoot. What's the difference if I am young. Just give me a little time and I'll get older." The lad had raised his voice to overcome the noise of the wind just as the door was opened by a man in the uniform of an officer, who held a lantern in his hand. The light of the lantern fell on the faces of the Jew and the lad. The words "I came to join Forrest" had evidently been heard.

"Where are you from?" asked the man as his eyes searched the lad's shadowed face.

"Nashville, sir," he replied, saluting the officer.

"Is your horse too tired to go back to Nashville?"

"No, sir, Black Scout never was that tired. He is a Kentucky horse, from Boone County," he added proudly.

Again the officer held up the lantern, reflectively inspecting the youth. Then, as the blast quieted, he said, "Wait a moment." Re-entering the house, he wrote a few lines on a piece of thin paper, which he folded and handed to the lad.

"You know the ford. Ride back the way you came. Take this note to General Morgan at Clarksville or Nashville, wherever you find him."

Saluting again, the lad, who had dismounted, quickly put foot to stirrup to mount, but was halted by the officer.

"If you are captured, chew the paper and swallow it. If you get to General Morgan, tell him that if he considers you too young for his cavalry, Forrest will enlist you in his Rangers."

Astonished at the authority taken by the officer, who spoke with utmost confidence as to what General Forrest would do, the boy turned his face inquiringly to the officer, who, sensing an unspoken question, asked, "Something you wish to know?"

"Are you sure, sir, that General Forrest will enlist me."

"I am General Forrest," was the reply.

Quickly the boy saluted. "If I have to swallow the paper and afterward get to General Morgan, what shall I tell him, sir?"

"Tell him that Forrest will not surrender. To-night he will escape with what is left of his forces, and by Tuesday will be in Nashville. If—" He was interrupted by two men, evidently scouts of Forrest's command.

"Take these two men with you to the ford you crossed," he said bruskly. "They will return and report to me if it be practicable for my brigade."

"And how about you, Mose?" The lad leaned from his saddle to ask the question as the Jew looked up at him, smiling wistfully.

"I am mit General Buckner. To-morrow—maybe I gits shot—who knows? Good luck to you, boy!"

Guiding the two scouts to the ford where he had crossed the creek, to reach the forest was not a difficult task for the lad who had been reared in the forests of northern Kentucky. Often had he ridden over the hills of old Gunpowder Creek through forests so dense that little light from the skies found its way. Almost intuitively could he feel his course. If there be darker depths

"THE LAD LEANED FROM HIS SADDLE."

than were found in the forests of Gunpowder Creek in the "dark of the moon" when the sky was overcast with clouds, then this writer has never discovered them.* The ripple of the water, the sigh of the wind, the voices of the forest that come only to the woodman's ear serve to guide him who knows well the language of the wood.

The scouts, who were quickly assured that the crossing could be easily made by the horses, turned back to report to their commander. But Black Scout's head was turned to the icy waters, and horse and rider disappeared in the darkness.

The lad traveled as rapidly as was practicable, and as morning dawned saw the lights of the city in the distance. But he brought nothing new to Nashville. The telegram General Floyd sent before the conference of generals to the effect that victory had been achieved had gloriously inflamed all the South, for it had been quickly broadcast by wire. Within two hours, like an icy sheet, fell the next message of Floyd, after the conference, stating that all was lost. Despondency quickly succeeded elation. The proposed celebrations were abandoned. All Nashville became panic-stricken. Those who could do so started south. The roads became packed with refugees. Those who did not leave, likewise disheartened, awaited the inevitable.

Into this stricken city rode the lad, bearing the message from General Forrest to John Morgan, who, with his men, was then at Clarksburg, which village the lad next sought. It was needless to deliver his message. Morgan already knew the story of Buckner's white flag. The celebrated leader of the Kentucky cavalry took the paper from the young messenger, read it, and looked at

* Sixty years ago most of the hills about Gunpowder Creek were in dense forest.—J. U. L.

the mud-covered horse and boy, inquiring how he came from Donelson. The boy explained the route he had taken. Morgan spoke as if to himself: "Forrest says he will not surrender."

"He will reach Nashville to-day, sir, if he starts. The ford can be crossed by horses."

Meditating a moment, Morgan asked, "Are you not the boy I told at Bowling Green to go back to his mother?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, have you had enough of war? Did I not refuse to enlist you?"

"Yes, sir, but—"

"But what?"

"General Forrest said last night as I started to bring this message that I was to tell General Morgan that if he would not enlist me, General Forrest would, in the Forrest Rangers. Shall I go back to General Forrest, sir?"

"No, you may write to your mother that you have become a cavalryman with John Morgan." He turned to a soldier, instructing him to see that the boy was fed, rested, and clothed.

The lad had thrown open his overcoat, unintentionally showing the treasured suit of gray.

"Where did you get the uniform?"

"My mother made it for me before I left to join your army."

"Would to God, boy, that you had stayed with your mother."

The lad made no answer, but as he turned to leave was halted by Morgan.

"If ever you need a friend or have a favor to ask, come to John Morgan."

* * *

That morning, even as they spoke, the news was being flashed north and south that Fort Donelson and thirteen thousand prisoners had surrendered unconditionally to General Grant. But General Forrest, with his entire force (about one thousand strong) had escaped without meeting an enemy or firing a gun. Un-

GRANT'S HEADQUARTERS DONELSON BATTLE. BEING REPAIRED

quenchable in courage, indomitable in action, knowing that to remain was useless, he turned from those scenes of humiliation, and within a few weeks, under General Albert Sidney Johnston, was charging the enemy at the battle of Corinth.

* * *

Difficult is it to depict the scene that followed the white flag that was carried that morning from the fort to the headquarters of General Grant. Even the victorious army experienced a sense of depression. So bravely had their opponents met the inevitable as to breed a melancholy touch, reflecting a shadow over a victory that, so far as battle was concerned, had been

doubtful. No longer antagonists, the Blue and the Gray joined in caring for the wounded survivors and burying the dead scattered over the hills and valleys that, on the preceding day, had witnessed the first fierce battle of the Civil War. The army under General Buckner, who, in the conference mentioned, had been given entire charge of the garrison, assembled as prisoners and, without arms or equipment (officers were permitted by General Grant to retain their side arms), marched between the lines of guards who became their escort to the transports that, at the landing of the village of Dover, were to carry them as prisoners of war to Cairo.

A melancholy "tramp, tramp" was that of those marching feet. Yet once the line was halted when a smiling-faced solider in gray felt a slap on the back and the touch of a hand laid on his shoulder. The guardsmen lowered their muskets, the string of rebels stopped their tread. A Federal officer had thrust himself among them.

"Is it you, Mose? You are safe?" The smile of the prisoner was the reply as he added: " 'A brudder in distress needs help,' you vonce said. Ya, I bees safe, for der ain't clotheslines enough in Donelson and Dover to hang so many soldiers as us is."

Ignoring the pleasantry, the officer said: "I also told you that before you were many months older you would have distress enough. It seems to be quick coming." He thrust a pocketbook into the hand of the Jew and stepped back out of the line. Again began the tramp, tramp of the disconsolates down the bank to the transports. But in many hearts other than that of the recipient was there a glow of warmth because of the enemy's kindness to one of their men. As for Mose, his step was quickened.

CHAPTER IX

*Intermission**

THE three comrades dined that evening in a private room of the Cincinnati Club. Very much at home were they, for two of them were past presidents of the club and the other was an honorary member. Long service in the early days of the institution led them naturally to contrast times gone by in Cincinnati with present conditions. Perhaps some of their expressions were not very complimentary to the pseudo-statesmen who were running the country after processes afar from those established by the "fathers." But this need scarcely be mentioned.

Cigar and pipe had been reached this evening, but neither song, story, nor the pleasantries of conversation such as once had joined these good friends had been indulged. For a time they had been listening to a portion of the manuscript. Said one as he brushed the ashes from the tip of his cigar:

"Suppose we ask our author friend to answer a few questions about Felix Moses." Without word of reply, the writer called facetiously the "author friend" took from his pocket a package of manuscript. Glancing over it, he rearranged the sheets and turned to the questioner.

"I suppose that your questions will largely

* This chapter seems appropriate to this restricted Author's Edition, but will probably be excised from the popular print, should one be offered the public.—J. U. L.

consist of strictures concerning Felix Moses and the Fort Donelson event."

"Yes, there are some points that need explanation. Why was there a difference of opinion among the four rebel generals?"

"Because they could not agree."

"That is obvious. Your lucid reply enlightens us not at all."

"I had not finished. So far as I can establish, the varying opinions were based on differing definitions of duty and possibility of success."

"Are you, a civilian, competent to judge of things purely military?"

"I well remember that event and consider myself competent to form an opinion. By the way, are our historians necessarily military men? Why do you center your criticisms on the question of my opinions of the incidents I am relating?"

"Because it will be better for you to get our criticisms than to have the reading public fall upon you, as they will."

"You have my thanks for your thoughtfulness." He returned the manuscript to his pocket, and there was a bit of peevishness in his voice as he said: "Experience has taught me what to expect. Go on."

"You have recently spent some days in and about Fort Donelson and Bowling Green. Did you find anyone competent to describe the battle grounds and relate the story of the battle?"

"Yes, Mr. S. C. Lewis. He not only lives in Dover, but his father, a Confederate soldier, was in the battle, and later died in consequence of wounds received therein. Mr. Lewis has lived

from childhood in Dover, two miles from Fort Donelson."

"Have you photographs of locations you describe?"

"Yes, they were taken by my son Tom, who accompanied me. Had you awaited the closing of the narrative they would have been in your hands before this. Besides, as stated, I personally remember details of the battle of Fort Donelson. They are as vivid to me as if they occurred but yesterday."

"Had your home people opinions regarding the problem of that surrender?"

"Yes, their sympathies were with General Buckner."

"Why?"

"They believed in the wisdom of his judgment. He was a Kentuckian, which would arouse special interest, and he knew the need of the hour."

"And your opinion?"

"Have you not said that it is of little consequence? I am concerned in relating the story of Felix Moses, but cannot avoid introducing complications that concerned him.

"General Forrest escaped with his command, did he not?"

"Yes, they were cavalrymen and horses could wade the backwater."

"Did not thousands of foot soldiers also escape?"

"Yes. A girl fifteen years old spent all that night near her home ferrying them across the backwater. Mr. Lewis showed us the spot. Her home

still stands. General Buckner surrendered about thirteen thousand infantry."

"Could not that army have fought longer?"

"Yes, they could."

"Then why did Buckner surrender?"

"That is not for me to decide; but if you desire my opinion, it is to the effect that, being an experienced army officer, he knew that before noon

"HER HOME STILL STANDS"

the next day General Grant's great army, fully equipped, reinforced, and rapidly growing stronger, even then possessing one face of the fort, would play havoc with his worn-out garrison. It was to him a bitter pill, but from the side of humanity a necessary one. That he was indignant and helpless is shown by the fact that he was forced to swallow General Grant's taunting reply to the bearer of his flag of truce."

"Can you give us authority for your statements?"

"Yes, every history agrees. See Grant's description of the battle."

"What was the reply of General Grant?"

"It was brief and emphatic. I have the words in this manuscript, taken from Brigadier General Force's history of the battle of Fort Donelson, a Scribner publication:

" 'The white flag of truce,' announced an officer, who bore to General Grant a letter from General Buckner, proposing the appointment of commissioners to agree upon terms of capitulation, and also proposing an armistice until noon."

"Well?"

"General Grant replied, 'No terms except an unconditional surrender. I propose to move immediately upon your works.'

"Buckner answered: 'The overwhelming force under your command compels me to accept the ungenerous and unchivalrous terms that you impose.' Very brief, but plainly to be understood, were these communications."*

"By the way, did not more or less scandal grow out of the entire Fort Donelson affair?"

"A nestful that does not concern Felix Moses, yourselves, nor myself. Nor is it yet settled to the satisfaction of anyone. Let Fort Donelson and its complications pass to the historians, who are yet to decide the whys and wherefores of the movements of the commanders of both North and South. Half a century has passed. Few are left, perhaps no general officer lives. Let us simply accept that Felix Moses became a prisoner that day, and go on with the narrative. Possibly I should only have mentioned that fact."

"It seems to be difficult to draw from you any-

*See also Grant's Memoirs.

thing other than peevish, half-baked replies to our civil questions."

"The whole subject is distasteful to me."

"You introduced it."

"Which fact does not prevent me from desiring to close it. Am I the first to regret opening a subject that led to an unexpected discussion?"

"Can you not comprehend that we are questioning you both for information and to helpfully serve you? By memory you are familiar with the events of the Civil War, but to us the battle of Fort Donelson is scarcely more than an historic name among others recorded in our schoolbooks. By the way, are you not making a mistake in detailing one battle at such length? Will not readers concerned in your characters lose interest in the narrative? Are you not forgetting that the story you are writing is not intended to school your readers, but rather to please them?"

"No, I am not forgetting that I live in a day gone by as I record events in life as once it was lived. Nor am I unaware that to touch the battle of Fort Donelson may be audacity on my part. But I am not the first author to record phases of what a special group might view as weighting the story unnecessarily."

"You have expressed our thought. In our opinion, the majority of present-day readers will take less interest in the Civil War than they will in the cover of your book."

"I shall see to it that the cover is expressive of Felix Moses."

"Fine, but possibly some readers may desire to pass beyond the cover. What of them?"

"I have no doubt that many readers close a book regretfully."

"Why regretfully?"

"Because they did not stop with the front cover." Then he changed the subject.

"Reverting to the Civil War, it will, in my opinion yet prove attractive to a very important, if not numerous, group of American readers. Should I attempt to excise every section of this folk-lore story that is plainly uninteresting to some persons or this or that group of readers, the book would consist of only blank pages."

"Then why take time to write and go to the expense of issuing a book that, in the opinion of 'some people,' might better consist of blank pages and, in the opinion of others, better end with the front cover?"

"Some people play golf, some play cards, some seek the wilds or travel in luxury, others go to the theater, others to the dance, still others companion about a dinner table, as we so often find pleasure in doing. Tastes differ. But," with a whimsical glance at the two friends, "notwithstanding present criticisms, I know I shall have two readers."

The men laughed, and one remarked: "Go on with your Felix. What came after the surrender?"

"It is known that part of the captives were eventually carried to Johnson's Island, near Sandusky, because from that island prison letters came from Mose and others of his companions, and supplies of food and clothing were sent to them by Stringtown friends. His companions constantly spoke of Mose as lightening their gloom by means of his inexhaustible stories and his wonder-

ful satires on the 'Yankees,' with whom, for this very droll freedom of tongue he became a favorite. The guards came to love 'Old Mose,' to exchange anecdotes with him, to enjoy his company, and for these reasons were led to lighten, when possible, the conditions of other prisoners.

"To those thinly clad Southerners the cold climate, the change in life methods, the home craving of one and all, accompanied by prison restrictions, terribly afflicted the men and boys, for numbers of the prisoners were little more than lads.

"To the writer of these memoirs, who several times visited Johnson's Island close following the war as well as in later years, the whole island appealed almost as does a sacred shrine to a religious devotee. It seemed sacrilegious to build a pleasure resort and summer cottages where hundreds of men suffered, sickened, and died in behalf of the 'Cause That Was Lost.' This the Daughters of the Confederacy have attempted to rectify.

"Felix Moses, a prisoner in the North, had seemingly been forever separated from his young charge, who, now a cavalryman in Kentucky, was riding to his hoped-for glory with his idealistic hero, John Morgan."

Then it was that a guest turned his eyes towards where might have stood the old clock. The narrator voiced his thought as he remarked, "We are at the Cincinnati Club tonight, not my home. The clock is not there, but it is time to go."

CHAPTER X

Mose and the Lad Are Again Together

WHOEVER attempts to follow systematically the many changes and interchanges of the members of the forces constituting the Kentucky trooops, especially the cavalry, will find himself confronted by perplexities innumerable. Fortunately for our purpose, it was unnecessary to do more than record that, on the exchange of Felix Moses, he at once re-enlisted in Company G, 9th Regiment of Kentucky, Captain J. Fletcher Smith, of New Castle, Morgan's Cavalry.*

Mose and the lad from Gunpowder Hill then found each other and became companions and messmates until their final separation. They were "Morgan Raiders" together from 1862 until the last raid in 1864. Although others were continually changing worn-out horses, Black Scout, under the watchful eye and care of his young master, showed no indication of fatigue, nor was he ever wounded. Indeed, the lad on the black horse and his comrade, the old Jew, who rode a mule, became a feature of Morgan's Cavalry, forgotten now, perhaps, by all but a few companions who live to-day.

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* Miss Edith Wycoff, the narrator's secretary, former librarian of the Lloyd Library, who attempted to historically trace the movements of Mose, summed up the subject as follows: "I infer that in the Confederate army there was much laxity as regards transfer from one company to another. Sometimes it seems as if they went where they pleased." Surely this surmise was often correct. As concerns John Morgan, I would define him as the *Paul Jones* of the Confederacy.—J. U. L.

Five times did Morgan invade Kentucky.* Four times he recruited his ranks from young admirers who had been awaiting their chance to join their hero.

* * *

Rumors that Morgan and his men were on a raid into Kentucky came, as a rule, first by "grapevine," to be afterward verified in print. Too adroit was he to permit the telegraph to prematurely announce his proposed visits to his homeland. Indeed, his advance guard was known to seize the telegraph office before the enemy suspected his presence, and to wire the message he wished to deliver to divert the enemy. Then he would strike in a different direction. Thus with his group of cavalrymen he once abruptly appeared at the very outskirts of Frankfort and quickly and quietly took possession of the Capitol of Kentucky.† The United States flag was flying from the front flagstaff of the Capitol, beneath which the raiders rested on the grass and in and about the building.

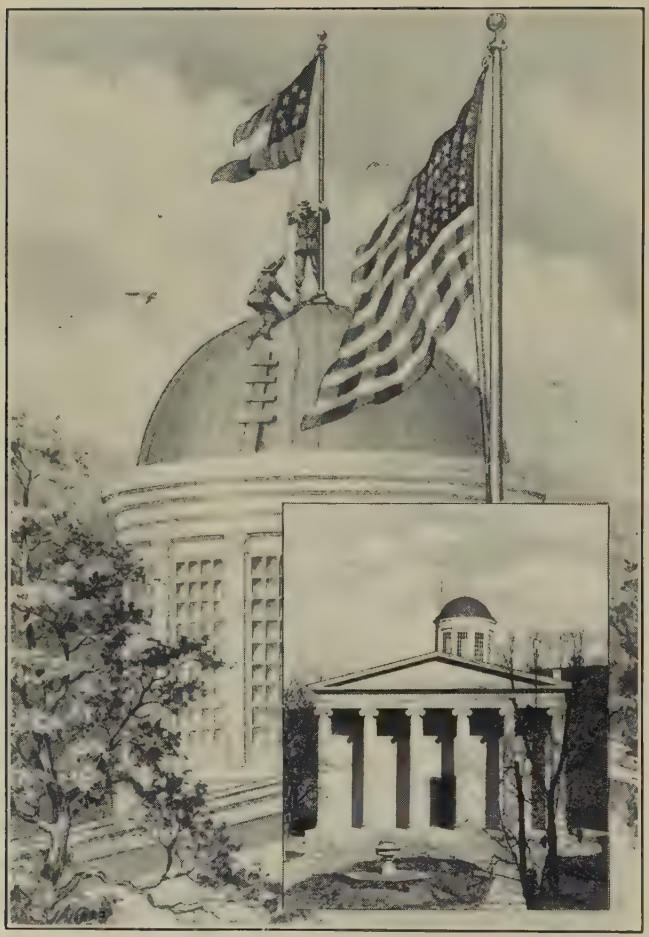
Into the mind of Felix Moses came then the thought of raising the rebel emblem over the dome of the statehouse. Turning to a companion, he said, "Vy not put our flag over the top?" pointing to the empty flagstaff on the dome.

"Sure," was the quick reply.

Without further discussion, a rebel flag was pro-

* See "History of Kentucky," by Collins, Volume I; "The Confederate Veteran," Nashville; Basil Duke's "History of Morgan's Cavalry." I also have the history, with illustrations (never published), of Morgan's passage through Boone County. The author has first-hand personal experiences of many unprinted incidents connected with his various raids, especially incidents relative to his escape from Columbus.

† It is difficult to establish Morgan's presence here. He may have gone on to Lexington, but Felix Moses certainly was at Frankfort, and took the part depicted. I have letters from two of his companions certifying to the incident.—J. U. L.



"FOR THE FIRST AND ONLY TIME THE REBEL FLAG FLOATED OVER THE CAPITOL OF KENTUCKY."

cured, one statement being that it was the flag of Scott's Cavalry, presented by the rebel ladies of New Orleans; the other, that it was the flag made by the ladies of Stringtown, secreted by Mose.* To climb the cupola was an arduous feat, but was at last accomplished by Felix and his companion. For the first and only time, the rebel flag floated over the Capitol of Kentucky. Tired out but safe, the two men came down and rested on the grass of the lawn, Old Mose laughing aloud as he rolled over on the soft turf.

"What are you laughing at?" was asked.

"It took us fellers two hours to get dot flag up."

"Well, what is so funny about that?"

"I vas laughing at vat fools ve bees. It took us two hours to put dot flag up, but it won't take the Yankees, ven dey comes, two minutes to shoot it down.†

Just then came the sound of the bugle. Every man struck for his horse. Soon the raiders passed on toward Lexington. The prediction of Mose was very soon verified.

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* See "Stringtown-on-the-Pike."

† This incident is verified by two letters of companions of Mose.

CHAPTER XI

Morgan's Soliloquy

NEEDLESS is it to attempt to follow the experiences in detail of a person who moves as one of many. The small force Morgan originally led from Lexington had grown first into a squadron, thence into a division which, in September, 1862, is referred to by Collins as "Colonel John H. Morgan's Confederate Cavalry." At that date in Kentucky enthusiasm, even buoyancy of spirit, had temporarily replaced the depression that followed the surrender of Fort Donelson, as well as the subsequent failure to achieve victory at the battle of Shiloh, known also as Pittsburgh Landing, in which, soon after Donelson, the death of General Albert Sidney Johnson threw a pall over all the South.

The lesson given by General Grant was never learned by any of the rebel cavalry leaders—Moseby, Stewart, Morgan, or Price, viz., that a commander should not jeopardize the battle by risking his own life. Indeed, the leaders of the cavalry troops of horsemen of the South, as we look back, become increasingly characterized by the words "Here to-day, there to-morrow," in which they took little care of themselves. Nor would the South have had it otherwise.

If John Morgan had followed his troop instead of leading it, he could never have been the hero of Kentucky. Thus it was that after the four raids there came, in 1864, what proved to be Morgan's last effort where, as commander of probably his largest force, he had become Brigadier General Morgan.

"HE SAT ALONE."

The force was stationed in formation, temporarily, in Virginia, preparing to enter Kentucky through Pound Gap. A perilous venture was it, a sacrifice offering in behalf of the crumbling cause of the South. Not even to his close friends did he seem soured by bitter lessons taught by exceptional personalities and persecutions, such as have no place in our narrative other than by softened reference to emotions that, unspoken, must have prevailed in the summing-up soliloquy.

The evening before that memorable raid he sat alone in the house of a friend, meditating over the changes that had come between the time of his first crusade, when pure chivalry devoid of personal hatred dominated his little troop, and now when bitterness over deeds done by ruthless invaders of the South bred in many hearts thoughts of retaliation. To get even with traducers, maligners, and destroyers of homes was now a pronounced factor in the breasts of many men in his army, but seemingly not of himself.

Very plain was this little home to which he had been invited. Little evidence was there of the headquarters of a general, even of a soldier. A few modest family portraits on the wall, a few trinkets on the mantelpiece, a vase of freshly gathered flowers on the stand beside him, a canary in the cage that hung by the window. A home room, where these were seemingly unnoticed, but yet they united to make a psychological impression that unconsciously drew his mind back to times gone by.* The cavalier who never had been imbued with aught than the very soul of congeniality, sat depressed. Not with fear; that word, to his soul, was unknown. He was lost in contemplation of the

* The author ventures here to risk using the same method he used in presenting Daniel Vaughan to his readers in "Etidorhpa."

move to start that night when, with twenty-five hundred* mixed infantry and horsemen, without artillery, he would for the last time enter his homeland, his beloved central Kentucky. Very different was the army about him now from those of his first command, most of whom were lost forever. Then the name of John Morgan met neither scheming backbiters, envy, nor rivalry of anyone. "Coming events cast their shadows before," is an apt saying, and surely for this man the shadows over his way lay heavy upon him. Could he have foreseen the very end—betrayed in a trusted home, subsequent humiliation by a foe that need not have tarnished its own deeds—he would have said " 'Tis only a dream."

As there came to mind that memorable Ohio raid, there came also the question, Did it accomplish anything other than defeat, sacrifice, personal humiliation? What would history say?

Followed then a strange phase of his reverie, in which entered questionings that even to himself were then unanswered as they yet are to us. Why did he cross the Ohio River? Why did he travel for six hundred miles through the enemies' country? Why did he capture and honorably parole six thousand opponents?† Why did he not burn and destroy homes, villages, cities that at his mercy lay in his path? Why were civilians protected in their property, their lives, their sacredness of home? Had he not then the power to give a retaliation lesson to the North? How would history answer these questions when, in years to come, the man as yet unborn, free of prejudice or passion, would record that the "outlaw," when in possession, failed to destroy, dese-

* Basil W. Duke.

† Basil W. Duke, "History of Morgan's Cavalry," pp. 436, 437. General Grant's "Memoirs," volume II, page 504.

crate, burn, everything that lay in his course? And yet—his face flushed somewhat at the recollection—how like boys on a lark his veterans had sometimes misbehaved in soldiers' fun!

Gloomily he sat, a something he could not fathom oppressing his very soul. Then came a knock at the door. Mechanically he bade the person enter. Yet he did not raise his head as a cavalryman entered and stood in respectful salute close before him. After a moment he raised his eyes questioningly to the face of the sentinel.

"Two of our men wish to ask a favor of you, General."

"Is it necessary that I should be disturbed?"

"They will not give the message to me?"

"Do I know them?"

"Yes, General. Both have been under your command from the beginning."

"From the beginning," repeated Morgan as the messenger left the room, carrying permission to the men. Unconsciously were the words repeated as his mind rambled over the contrast between that "happy-go-lucky" beginning when he seized the guns in Lexington and the oppressive present. "From the beginning," he muttered. Thus Mose and the lad found Morgan, their beloved commander, with countenance downcast, sitting alone. Without noticing them, speaking yet to himself, he continued his foreboding meditation, while they stood mute witnesses of words torn from an aching heart.

"What will be the ending?" he murmured. "What will history say of the man who loved his country, his men, his honor above his life; who never persecuted an enemy, humiliated a captive, or, by intent, needlessly destroyed a home; to whom womankind was sacred and

all children beloved; the man who, as an ideal, cast all else aside, sacrificing his own property, his home, peace, and prosperity, for his principles; the man who led his troop of cavalry through six hundred miles of the country of the enemy, leaving behind him no burned villages, no desecrated homes, no wreckage other than destroyed military stores of the organized enemy;* the man who, when confronted by an overwhelming force, after capturing and paroling six thousand of the enemy,† surrendered as a prisoner of war and was thrown into a penitentiary, treated as a criminal—" Here he paused. With clenched fist he struck the table, then continued: "Will the historian of the future ever dare to tell the truth, the whole truth?"

It was Felix Moses who abruptly spoke, breaking into the soliloquy, which he comprehended was not meant for his ears. Saluting again, he said: "Does you not know us, Sheneral Morgan? Sheneral, ve iss soon in old Kentuck." The tone and manner in which these words were spoken seemed to arouse the depressed man. Certainly he knew Felix Moses and his companion. Perhaps, however, the lad was impressed upon his mind more by the splendid horse he rode than by his own personality. To Morgan, a lover of horses, an animal that could be so cared for as to go through all his campaigns and yet live, attracted his attention. He knew that this could not have been but for exceptional care.

"What can I do for you, Mose?‡

*"No pillage was allowed. Only provisions for the men and provender for the stock were taken."—J. Stoddard Johnston.

†"He killed, wounded, and captured several times the number he ever had under his command at any one time."—*Personal Memoirs of General U. S. Grant*, Vol. II, p. 504.

‡ The last local survivor of Morgan's men known to the author stated (1929) that Mose was known to all Morgan's army. He recounted an incident between Mose and General Breckenridge.

"He"—Mose took the lad by the arm—"vants to go to see hims mother."

"To resign *now?*" The gloom of the face returned. The word "now" carried a world of meaning, caught by both visitors.

"No, General," quickly spoke the lad, "I wish to *visit* my mother. Can you not give me a short furlough? I will return."

"Where do you live?"

"On one of the hills of Gunpowder Creek in Boone

RELIC OF GUNPOWDER CREEK MILL

County. In the beginning of the war I left mother."

Motioning them to a couple of chairs, the general said in a kindly voice, "Draw closer, I wish to speak to you, my lad." His voice carried both command and request.

"You say your mother lives in your home in Boone County. Well do I know old Boone. Often have I attended the Boone County fair. Those were happy days." The specter-like depression again fell upon him. Seemingly the memories of times gone by had led this hero of the war whose name had become known to every

man, North and South, to some as the hated outlaw, by some feared, by others loved and revered, to welcome the intrusion of this faithful Jew and his boyish companion. Under the spell of that word—"mother"—his heart guided his words. Under such an influence all men are equal.

"From the beginning," he repeated. Yes, before the beginning turned thought now. The face of his saintly wife arose; the home in Lexington, the happy home, where his beloved lay dying when fearlessly he had galloped back to her bedside in the face of martial law that bred a cry for vengeance against the men who dared to seize the muskets that belonged to his own command. Perhaps that face, that home, that loved one who, as he lingered by her side at a time when reward was offered for his arrest, passed into eternal rest—perhaps that saint had guided his footsteps, had led him to respect home and family. "Mother—"

"My boy, you ask for a furlough from me in order to visit your mother?"

"Yes, General Morgan, if you can grant it."

"Do you not know that the very name of John Morgan may doom you to prison, perhaps to death?" Then he added, "When do you wish the permit to commence?"

"After we reach Mt. Sterling. We can strike for home from there. The general turned to the stand at his side, wrote a few lines, and handed it to the young soldier.

"It speaks of me, too, Sheneral? I must go mit him," interjected Mose.

"Why?"

"Vhen ve leaves for war I promises his mother I brings him back the bravest soldier in all the rebel army. I makes dot promise."

Taking the permit, Morgan added, "This furlough includes Felix Moses." The men thanked him and arose to depart. He cautioned them to be careful, ride at night, hide in thickets or deep woodlands by day, and watch well for the "bushwhackers," the scum of both parties.

"Stop a moment. Where did you get that uniform?"

"Mother made it for me before I left home."

It seems to be new. I have not seen it before that I recall."

"I have worn anything I could get most of the time. Mose said he would keep it for me to wear when I went home. Last night he gave it back to me."

"Where did you keep it these years?"

"I left it mit a Jew friend in Lexington. Yesterday he comes riding to camp and brings it back to me. Dot boy was now yust as big as vhen it vas made. It fits him nice."

Then it was that General Morgan reached over and touched the boy's chest. "What have you here?" he questioned. For reply the lad drew from the pocket a small book and handed it to the general, remarking, "Mother gave it to me when I started south. I have carried it through the war."

"Your mother's gift, a pocket Bible. Take it home with you, and stay at home when you get there. Your furlough is an honorable discharge. Would to God you were at home to-night." He flung himself back in his chair and, with elbows resting on the table, dropped his face into his hands and sat for a time motionless.

Then his eyes turned to the flowers before him on the stand, and as the canary broke into joyful song his face was raised to the cage in the window. To memory came a bit of melody that possibly had not been thought

of since childhood. Absent-mindedly he softly sang the words, his eyes resting alternately on the flowers and the bird:*

" 'Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary fu' o' care?
Thou'lt break my heart, thou warbling bird,
That wantons thro' the flowering thorn;
Thou minds me o' departed joys,
Departed never to return.' "

Just then came from the distance a very different song that almost, as a sharp reproof, broke into the air. A clear, melodious tenor voice sang:

" 'There is a brave soldier,
From Kentucky he came.' "

Instantly John Morgan straightened in his chair. Gone was the dejected look, the melancholy tone. The cavalier of Kentucky was himself again.

"Go," he said, "and good luck to you."

"Vot does he mean by dot 'banks and brays'?" asked Felix as they passed out.

"It is a part of a Scotch song, perhaps one his ancestors sang across the ocean. I believe they came from Scotland," the boy replied.

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*A favorite Kentucky school song was this in the school the author attended in Petersburg in 1855.

CHAPTER XII

The Homesick Rebel

WORD had been passed around that Morgan and his men would start through Pound Gap for Kentucky. Equipment, rations, supplies that could comfort quickly moving infantry and horsemen had been collected, horses fed and curried, stood saddled and hitched where each man could mount at the sound of the bugle.

It is a mistake to assume that men such as these always sat about gloomily thinking of the future. Knowing that within a few days death would inevitably be the fate of many, the so-called lottery of life was faced with the carelessness of children. As they awaited the call to which they were ready to respond, they sat about the camp fires in squads, jovial stories and anecdotes passing from one to another. Impulsively mounting the stump of what had once been a mighty tree, the man whose voice had arrested the attention of Morgan broke into a Southern soldier's glee song that quickly drew a circle of men about him as they heartily joined the chorus:

" 'There is a brave soldier,
From Kentucky he came;
He is our commander,
John Morgan's his name.
If you want to make Lincolnites
Tremble with fear,
Just tell them John Morgan
Has got to the rear.

CHORUS

" 'Hurrah, hurrah, for the soldier they dread,
Hurrah for John Morgan and the Southern Confed.' "

Amid clapping of hands, the group of men, now grown into a larger gathering, cried, "Next verse, go on, give us the second." The singer held up his hand for quiet and, changing the meter, sang:

" 'Oh, a bunch of Morgan's boys
Crossed to Cairo, Illinois,
To trade the Yankee colonel some horses;
But when he heard they're coming,
He began to fix for running,
And skedaddled from the happy land of Canaan.*

CHORUS

" 'Hurrah, boys, don't you hear the noise?
Morgan's cavalry is coming.
Oh, it's never mind the weather,
But roll your Yanks together and skedaddle
From the happy land of Canaan.' "

"Git down off that stump!" yelled a soldier. "Before you're many days older you'll wish you hadn't bragged so much. Let's have a change."

Did it just happen,† or was it a something predestined that bade the soldier who said "Let us have a change" turn his face and glance backward? As he did so he quickly doffed his hat, abandoned his braggadocio, his voice changing to a lower key, almost a reverent tone, as he said, "Fer God's sake, men, Singing Charley is here."

As their faces turned in the direction he had indicated, they saw a man standing on a hillock, where he had appeared without attracting attention even of those near him. More like a conception of the traditional

* Southern Illinois was then known as Egypt. What connection "Canaan" has with Cairo, the author does not know.—J. U. L.

† Since the author believes that nothing happens, he begs to be permitted to give his friends who believe in chance a hearing. —J. U. L.

minstrel or troubadour of medieval times was he than one of a recent generation. His face was classically regular. His hair, flaxen in both color and texture, reached to his shoulders, where it curled in ringlets, reminding of pictures of mother-loved children. His eyes could best be described as holding a "far-away" expression difficult to describe as he glanced over the audience before him. With violin in hand, he stood, awaiting perfect silence. Surely those men felt the influence of a controling mesmeric gaze. They knew, too, that "Singing Charley" never appeared unless it were to give an ominous warning, usually introduced by familiar melodies. Instinctively those nearest him drew back as he turned toward the platform on the stump, now vacated. Quickly an aisle was cleared, down which the troubadour passed, making no recognition of anyone, turning neither to left nor right. On reaching the stump, he lightly sprang upon it and stood for a moment looking over the audience. Then he raised his violin to his shoulder and, in a voice not loud but delightfully musical, his body weaving back and forth, fingers playing the accompaniment, he began to sing. Apparently he was unaware that his person as an animated whole was responding to the violin's strains.* Weirdly he appealed as, with upturned face and closed eyes, he sang the first verse of Foster's "Old Kentucky Home." Evidently the melody had been selected to inspire emotions that could be fittingly transferred to that audience:

" 'The sun shines bright on the old Kentucky home,
'Tis summer, the darkies are gay;
The corn top's ripe and the meadow's in the bloom,
While the birds make music all the day;

*Exact description of a musician who appeared, without introduction, in a lecture room in Kentucky. Under the spell of his violin, my lecture which followed was badly muddled.—J. U. L.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor,
All merry, all happy, and bright.
By 'n' by hard times comes a-knocking at the door,
Then my old Kentucky home, good night!' "

Insensibly the men before him came under the control of the singer, who had irresistibly mastered them by song, eye, and movement. He now stood a moment, then once more his violin was brought into play and again came that soft, penetrating voice, chanting rather than singing the beginning of what was at that date a very popular melody in Kentucky—Hanby's "My Darling Nellie Gray":

" 'There's a low green valley by the old Kentucky shore
Where many happy hours I've whiled away,
A-sitting and a-singing by the little cottage door
Where dwelt my darling Nellie Gray.

CHORUS

" 'Oh, my lovely Nellie Gray, they have taken you away,
And I'll never see my darling any more.
They have taken you to Georgia, there to wear your life away;
You have gone from the old Kentucky shore.' "

Artfully had the troubadour prepared his hearers for the wordless scene that was soon to follow as the violin spoke next a lyric poem in waves or pulsations, but wordless. Had either words or notes been injected, they could not have been other than harsh intrusions. From low sighing that required little imagination to remind of the soothing south wind filtering through the trees, rising thence to the fury of the storm king, sweeping tempest-like all before him, that violin, accompanied by wordless chanting, swaying movements in rhythm with the harmony, flooded the hearers with

mental influences all could feel but none could define. Each seemed to feel a warning that bade those battle-scarred veterans ponder over the fast-coming days that had been preordained to sweep half of them to their final rest. Then came an interval of time marked by expectant dread, even fear.*

So intent had they been with the singer and his music that no one noticed that Felix Moses and the lad had closely followed the troubadour and now faced him from the front row before the stump. Nor was the attention of the audience attracted to them until the minstrel leaned over, placed his hand on the head of the lad, and affectionately patted it. Then reaching down, he drew the boy up on the platform, where they stood side by side, a quaint couple, the lad wonderingly, even shrinkingly meeting the upturned faces of those about him. His eyes were then drawn to the face of the violinist, who raised his instrument and, fixing his gaze upon the lad's entranced face, threw into the air a strain of music new to all, but which to the lad seemed joined with words that flowed from his lips as though in answer to an unspoken command. But to all others came lip movements only. As though in reply, his eyes yet fixed on the face of the musician, the lad chanted as the minstrel moved the bow:

" 'I wanted to be a cavalryman
And with John Morgan ride,
A Colt's revolver in my belt,
A saber by my side.
I wanted a pair of epaulets
To match my suit of gray,
The uniform my mother made
And lettered "C. S. A."

*The author is aware that the words of "Nellie Gray" differ somewhat from popular prints. However, they preserve the pathos of the original, and are as sung in Kentucky during his childhood.

CHORUS

" 'Then here's to every mother
Whose boy is good and true,
Whether he dress in Southern Gray
Or wear the Northern Blue.' "

Glancing over the faces before him, he continued, again changing the meter:

" 'Whether her home be in the Northland,
Where the clouds loom cold and gray,
Whether she live in the charming Southland,
Where the sun shines day by day;
That mother thinks not of the uniform,
Be its color what it may.
Within it breathes the boy she loves,
Her darling far away.' "

Loud was the applause at the close of the chorus, the throng still closely watching the minstrel, wondering what might come next. Touching the lad's shoulder with the bow of his violin, still gazing into his eyes as might an adept exert his mesmeric control over a helpless subject, the minstrel again raised the violin to his shoulder and resumed the weaving motion that had introduced the first melody. But now the lad moved in unison with the mystic, eyes fixed intently on him. Did they, in occult language, speak together? If not, why did the lad put into words the sensations that now flooded his soul? Who can tell? Surely it was in some way an answer to the master mind of the man whose fascinating gaze held him as he chanted the longing of his heart:

" 'You may tell your mournful story
Of the Old Kentucky shore,
Where lived your darling Nellie Gray;
You may sing about the cabin

That she ne'er can enter more
In the valley by the river far away;
But for me the dear home mansion
On Gunpowder's wooded hill,
Where my mother hopes and waits
Her darling soldier boy,
Bring thoughts that touch my heart strings.
Oh, I'm going home to greet her,
Where, together, we'll weep happy tears of joy.' "

Slowly the minstrel shook his head, the meaning of which was comprehended only by the lad, who raised his hands, spreading his palms before his eyes as if to shut out a painful scene, but vainly. Obedient to the unspoken command, he tremblingly wailed a revision of the last two lines:

" 'Oh, I'm going home to greet her,
But I'll bring no happy tears of joy."

Touching him on the shoulder, the magician released his victim from the spell. The youth sank limply into the arms of old Mose, who, observing his condition, sprang upon the stump platform in time to prevent his fall. The audience, yet under the influence of the unexpected scene, stood breathless. Mose, likewise dominated by impressions that brought bitter childhood scenes, tenderly caressed the hair of the lad, whose head rested on his shoulder and whose arms were about his neck. Apparently indifferent to the effect his intrusion had produced, with a foresight that was to say the least, uncanny, the minstrel slowly drew from his violin a weird strain that, as though by preconcerted plan, became an accompaniment to that which followed. Suddenly Mose raised his voice and chanted in a tongue strange to the ears of every man in that throng:

Le-Dóvid:Bó-ruch Á-donoi Zu-rée
Ham-la-maíd Yodái Lak-gróve
Atz-be-ósai La-míl-cho-mó.
Hásdee umtzu-dó-si mis-gá-bee um-fal-tee Lée
Mó-gee-née u-vó Chosee-sée
Hó-ro-daed amí sach-tói.

Released from his helpless condition by the influence of words he did not understand, the lad stood upright, no longer the homesick soldier boy from the Kentucky hills. No longer did gloomy thoughts oppress him. If there were any recollection of the ordeal through which he had passed, he did not show it.

Never did an assemblage change more abruptly from the thralldom of intense mental strain to hilarious cheering enthusiasts than did those rebel soldiers in the instant following the foregoing tragic scene. How *tragic* surely few understood.

* * *

From the distance came cheers that grew louder as a horseman neared the outskirts of the crowd, stopping there an instant. Then a medley of men's voices was lifted in song, the leader being the man who from the stump platform had earlier led them. All gloomy impressions and foreboding thoughts passed instantly from the minds of the throng as the horseman rode into and through the crowd, which opened before him. Alighting at the platform, he turned and faced his comrades, who wildly cheered and sang over and over:

" 'There is a brave soldier,
From Kentucky he came.
He is our commander,
John Morgan's his name.' "

"THERE IS A BRAVE SOLDIER."

Like boys were these veterans now. There stood their beloved commander. If ever a man was endeared to his soldiers, that man was John Morgan. Lifting his slouched hat, he gracefully bowed to the throng, then replacing it, stood smiling, his hand resting on the neck of the horse beside him. The moody man whose soliloquy in the cottage had so sadly impressed Felix and the lad was gone. "The intrepid cavalry leader of the South" was himself again. Then he addressed the men. After referring to their past deeds of valor, inspiring them as only he could do, they were told that on the morrow they would be on their way through Pound Gap to the longed-for blue-grass region. His speech ended with the words, "Prepare for to-morrow." Thus was instituted the fifth and last raid of General John Morgan.

CHAPTER XIII

Felix Fulfills His Promise to the Mother

Surging through Pound Gap, brushing away all who resisted, Morgan and his command moved as rapidly as possible toward their goal in central Kentucky. The army was now a mixture of infantry and cavalry, only a remnant of his renowned band being left. The men were not only Kentuckians, but fragments of troops from various sections of the South. Supplies and equipment were inadequate, no artillery, munitions scarce, the men poorly clad. Many of them on this last invasion struck out through the mountains shoeless, walking over barren hillsides and through forests where there were no roads. Tersely has Basil W. Duke, an officer of the expedition, expressed the situation:

"Straining up the steep mountain sides, making their way through gloomy and deep ravines, over tremendous rocks and every formidable obstacle which nature collects in such regions against the intrusion of man, footsore, bleeding, panting, they yet never faltered or complained."*

As horses gave out, their riders abandoned them and trudged on. A motley mixture was that with which Morgan hoped to surprise the enemy and victoriously occupy his homeland, the rich region of central Kentucky.

Felix Moses and the lad remained in the division taking their share of fighting and hardships, until the

* "History of Morgan's Cavalry," p. 522.

time they had chosen to start for Boone County. With the furlough paper to present if confronted by a band of Confederates, they slipped out one night and turned toward the north. By day they secreted themselves in convenient, out-of-the-way thickets and wooded valleys. Thus they very cautiously progressed. Through his past acquaintance Felix knew how to obtain supplies sufficient for their subsistence, the lad asking no questions when he returned from needful foraging expeditions. Only occasionally did they venture to build a fire. But it was the month of June, when for warmth a fire was seldom needed. When conversation became necessary they spoke in whispers. At last, without mishap, they were within less than a day's ride of their goal.

"General Morgan told us to beware of bushwhackers," whispered the boy, "but we have not met any."

"It is not yet too late. Last night vhen I meets the friend who gives us that supper, he says, 'Mose, look out for bushwhackers.' Dot man says all the thieves and deserters from the North and the South gits together now, and so ve must look out for the bushwhackers all the way.'

"Why have they come together, Mose?"

Disconsolately the Jew replied: "The man he says it ain't no use. Morgan has been cut to pieces."

They rode on in silence for a time, then the lad said, "Go on, Mose, tell me all of it."

"Maybe dot man lies when he says them rebels loots stores and banks and steals like thieves, and that Morgan can't stop 'em. He says bunches of his men have deserted and joined the bushwhackers. And he says, too, the Federal soldiers are hunting them bush-

whackers, and when they finds 'em they shoots 'em down."*

"Is that all, Mose? I might as well hear the worst."

Reluctantly Mose told the rest of the story: "Dot man says to me, 'Mose, over crosst the hill a camp of Yankees is waiting to catch a bunch of bushwhackers what's hiding somevhere in these parts.' He says not to light a match or make any noise. Then before daylight comes he says ve must slip out to the road and move as fast as the horses vill go. One day more, boy, and ve vill be home. I knows the road. One day more and you vill mit mother be. Just lie down now and sleep. I calls you vhen it is time before them Yankees is up yet."

Mose was even more careful that night than usual. The horses were given extra feed, the saddles were not removed, the revolvers were left in the holsters. The lad was quickly asleep, but Mose had no intention of sleeping that night. Yet, sitting in the dark, all still about them, reflecting over their critical position, at last he nodded, then fell asleep from sheer weariness of body and mind, and did not waken until near break of day. Possibly that nap might not have caused their misfortune, had not the neighing of one of their horses reached the ear of a reconnoitering troop of soldiers, a part of those Mose's friend had told him were camping over the hill. Silently they crept to the thicket while Mose and the lad slept, secreting themselves just beyond the horses, where they awaited the awakening of the

* Of these times Champ Clark has said: "The land swarmed with cutthroats, robbers, thieves, fire bugs, and malefactors of every kind and degree, who preyed upon the old, the infirm, the helpless, and committed thousands of brutal and hideous crimes in the name of the Union or the Southern Confederacy."—*History of Kentucky*, Vol. II, p. 894.

men whom they, without question, believed to be bushwhackers.

In the gloom of the early morning Mose, disturbed over his sleep, shook the lad to awaken him. Folding the blanket on which the boy had rested, he threw it over the saddle of Black Scout and, without speaking, the two mounted their horses. Then came the crack of revolvers. Two bullets at close range struck the lad, who wavered for an instant, then fell helpless into the arms of Mose, who had leaped from his horse. Either of the shots would have been fatal. Blunderingly, the scouts had both fired at the lad, beside whom Mose now knelt. Quickly opening the coat of the wounded boy, Mose bared the chest, from which streams of blood were gushing from two shots close together. Full well he knew the end must quickly come—so did the lad.

As Felix endeavored to staunch the flow with his hand pressed tightly over the wounds, the lad, summoning all his waning strength, reached for the little Bible in his pocket, and feebly murmured, "Take it back to mother, Mose—and the flags—" His voice failed for a moment, then he whispered in the ear that was close to his lips, "You know her—she lives—on Woolper Creek hills—tell her—I am hurt a little." Then his eyes fell upon the two scouts, who, together, bent over him. He seemed to hear the shocked exclamation of one, who said: "Fer God's sake, Frank, we've killed a boy. He's not a bushwhacker."

"Mustering his strength again for a final effort, the lad said dreamingly, "I'm a soldier of John Morgan." Then his mind wandered. "Take me home to mother, Mose. I'm my mother's darling soldier captain." Dreaming was he of days past. In delirium he was once more "mother's soldier captain." Without a

struggle, as a child might fall asleep, his breathing ceased.

"The light of his young life went out
As sinks behind a hill
The glory of a shooting star
Bright, beautiful and still."

Faithful Felix Moses, to whom war had brought many pathetic scenes, had never experienced sorrow such as this. For a moment he raised his blanched face to the sky, then bowed his head. His lips moved, as he offered the age-old prayer for the dead.

Perhaps to the two scouts came faces of boys at home. At least they stood wordless.

Mose now raised himself to his feet and made his simple explanation to the soldiers:

"Him vas a long time yet a Morgan soldier. Him has leave to go see his mother. To-day he vas to see her. Him vas only a boy—ach, the pity of it!" He turned to his melancholy task, straightening the lad's limbs, crossing his arms over his chest, and drawing the blanket gently over his form, much as might a mother tuck the cover about her child. Just then came the sound of horses' feet, and a moment later a mounted officer appeared.

"Did you find the bushwhackers, Frank?" he asked. Before either man could reply he slipped from the horse, struck a match, the flame of which lit his face. The horse stood between him and the blanket-covered form on the ground. Black Scout had disappeared in the thicket. It was Mose who spoke first:

"Mein Gott, mein Gott!" At the sound of his voice the young officer recognized him instantly.

"Why, it's Mose, my old friend." Quickly he added, "Tell me about my brother."

Helplessly the Jew stared at him, powerless to reply.

"Mother sits much of the time watching for him. Tell me when you last saw brother. You promised to bring him back."

"Ya, I said I vould bring him, the bravest soldier of all the rebel army." Still groping for some needed reply, he added: "Ve vas mit Morgan all the time since Donelson. Him vas a brave soldier boy."

"But Mose, where is he now? Morgan has been whipped, his army is scattered. He cannot escape. How is my brother and where is he? The voice was becoming strained and impatient. Mose was becoming more collected.

"Ven I sees him last he haf no trouble of no kind. He says to me, 'I'm my mother's soldier boy.' "

"But Mose, you are not telling me all. Why don't you answer? Why is brother not with you? Is he wounded or—"

Mose interrupted: "Only vonce was he hurted, vhen I sees him last."

Despairing of a satisfactory reply, assured that, for some reason, Mose was equivocating, he changed the subject and asked:

"Can I do anything for you, Mose?"

"Ya, you can give me a permit to go back to Morgan after I sees you and mother to-morrow at your home."

"You'll never again fight with Morgan."

"Make dot permit to go through your pickets back south. I'll find somebody to fight mit."

The young officer rested his hand on the saddle, the horse and Mose completely hiding the form lying on the ground. The permit was written and handed across to the Jew. Then he mounted, turning quickly away, as he did so remarking, "I must first report at Lexing-

ton, but will see you at home to-morrow." That he had not seen the still form covered on the ground was due to the diplomacy of Mose, who kept the horse between them. Indeed, he let him ride away until the group was hidden, then, walking rapidly toward him as he did so, called:

"Vhat road you takes ven you comes to home?"

The information being received, the Jew mumbled to himself, "Better I takes another road."

CHAPTER IV

"Sit Down, Mose. Tell Me All"

VERY resourceful was Felix Moses. Fortunately, he was now near the country where, as a huckster, he knew everyone and everyone knew him. Within a short time he had arranged with friends for a spring wagon. By the aid of the soldiers, who seemed much affected by the tragic mistake, though they did not know the relationship the lad bore to their officer, the body was placed on straw in the wagon and started for the home he had so longingly hoped to see. Riding in front, Mose piloted the procession over the now familiar way. Black Scout, saddled and equipped, covered with a blanket, followed the wagon bearing his master. It is needless to detail that melancholy journey and its outcome, a sad story that the writer would fain evade. Even as Mose equivocated in his conversation concerning the brother, so the writer feels now a hestiation, but he is not as artful as was Felix. Would that he could withhold his pen! One consolation has he. Although the narrative compels him to continue to the end, the reader can omit the lines that follow if he so wills, and imagine that the lad who sat beside the girl from Woolper Creek and viewed the valley below, lies not in the Petersburg Cemetery, a victim of that hideous monster —War.

* * *

Bad news travels fast in the country: indeed, with wings does gossip fly. Long before the little procession reached the "mansion on the hill," blacks and whites

knew that Felix Moses was bringing the soldier boy home to his mother. But yet none had the courage to tell her the sad news. Several ventured the attempt, but all had failed. The family blacks smothered their grief when in her presence, a difficult thing for that emotional race. The saddened neighbors failed to speak. Even the pastor deferred a duty he knew must soon fall upon him. Thus the mother continued her waiting where so often she had sat watching through the weary days since, three years before, she began her vigil.

Felix wisely stopped the procession before it reached the spot where it could be seen from the house. He directed the friends who accompanied him to await his return, then rode on alone a short distance, left his horse in a thicket at the side of the path, and walked to the house. His garments were dilapidated, ragged, his body somewhat bent, his shoulders more stooped, but still to anyone who had ever known him the form was that of Felix Moses. The years of the war had left their mark upon him, but he was now weighted with a far heavier burden. He trudged doggedly on, half halting hesitatingly when he came in view of the house, but immediately moving forward again. Never had an overwhelming charge of the enemy disturbed him as did the thought of facing that bereaved mother, but Felix Moses never shirked a duty. In such a case as this, devising a proper course to pursue is futile. The unexpected is sure to occur and confound the most carefully arranged plan. Possibly the Jew realized this and made no plan, trusting to the moment when that necessity should be upon him. As he came nearer the house he discerned black faces half hidden in windows of negro cabins back of the house, while from around the corners of the house now and then peeped woolly

heads of half-grown children. All were watching, but none, as in times gone by, came running to meet "Old Mose." As he reached the front door he caught sight of the mother's face at the window. Quickly she sprang to the door, seized the ragged man, and drew him into the room. Mose caught her glance as she looked eagerly behind him, holding the door as though another was yet to enter, then her eyes turned to the Jew who stood silent and dejected before her.

"My boy?" That was all she said.

The face of the Jew did not lose its everlasting smile, which seemed but thinly to mask the look of sorrow that came from a heart weighted with agony. He needed to speak no words. None could have told the mother more plainly than did the face of Mose that her waiting and watching were over.

Did she faint, as do spectacular heroines? Did she give way to wildly hysterical grief expressive of shattered nerves and racking pain? No.

"Sit down, Mose, and tell me all."

He drew the little Bible from his pocket and placed it in her hand.

" 'Carry it home to mother, Mose. I'm my mother's darling soldier captain,' vas vhat he says to me." Then he added, "I told you vonce I brings him home the bravest soldier in the rebel army, and so I haf."

Still the mother gave no expression of emotion. With the little book in her hand, she gazed into vacancy, a type of thousands of mothers, North and South, who lived in hope but were ever prepared for the worst. The blow, akin to many, that brought such vacancy of heart as could never be filled had mercifully stunned the mother for the time. Almost absent-mindedly she spoke:

"Your promise, Mose? You are here, but where is

my boy?" Before he could reply, the door was opened, and the mother was folded in the arms of her boy in blue. Now came the relieving tears. When the paroxysm was passed, the mother and son turned to Felix, but he had gone. So had the horse the elder brother had left hitched before the door.

Different words may be applied to the same incident, depending altogether upon the opinion or the vocabulary of the speaker. So was it in those war times. In one case to take needful supplies was called "foraging," in the other the same act was called "stealing."

Old Mose had three years of lessons under Morgan. On leaving the home he could but contrast the sleek, well-groomed horse of the young Federal officer with the worn-out "bag of bones" he called his own. Not a moment did he hesitate. Unhitching and leading the officer's horse, he walked rapidly along a bypath to the spot where he had left his own beast in the thicket. Quickly he exchanged saddles and equipment. Riding the officer's nag, he passed on to the wagon, yet standing where he had left it. Stopping a moment, he leaned over and raised the blanket from the boyish face, gazing thus a moment at the still form on the couch of straw. With the back of his hand he brushed away a tear that trickled down his cheek, then returned the coverlet and struck off alone back toward the south. No fear had he now of aught but bushwhackers, of whom there were plenty, both Federal and Confederate. In his pocket was the pass signed by the officer of the North, and a furlough leave, yes, a discharge from John Morgan. But neither were needed. The Confederacy was crumbling. Within a few months he was to learn of General Morgan's death. A little later came further disaster,

when one night his horse and all his equipment were stolen from him. Weary, impoverished, with a canteen of water as his companion, and the useless discharge paper of John Morgan in his pocket, he turned his footsteps toward Stringtown on the Pike.

* * *

By "grapevine telegraph" throughout Boone County the melancholy news quickly spread until the story of the return of the lad was whisperingly told in every home. The funeral drew a mighty but very decorous throng. The house was more than crowded with women, the men collected in groups under the trees. Even from the very outskirts of Boone County they came by roads and paths winding through the woods. Along the creek beds, over the hills, through the valleys, heavy-hearted, sympathetic people came to pay their last respects to the lad who had cast his lot with a lost cause.

No spirit of antagonism, no scars born of hatred, were apparent. Regardless of opinions concerning the war, these neighbors brought true sympathy to the home where the grief-stricken mother no longer awaited the return of her boy.

Among the vehicles was an old dilapidated spring wagon drawn by a spavined horse, whose stiffened gait showed likewise the marks of age. In the creaking wagon were two white-headed negroes. A lank dog, seemingly aware of the solemnity of the occasion, with downcast eyes, nose near to the dust, walked closely behind the wagon. Need we say the negroes were Cupe and Dinah, the dog George Washington? They, too, had come to the funeral of the "honey boy." Perhaps no better description of this funeral can be given than that of Cupe and Dinah in the cabin after their

return. This, however, must still be inadequate because of the writer's inability to reproduce negro mutterings and negro melodies, which, for lack of a better phrase, he can only call entrancing, wordless mumblings.

CUPE AND DINAH

CHAPTER XV

"Let de Fiddle Spoke Sof' Lak"

SIDE by side in the cabin the two negroes sat before the fireplace, the dog curled at their feet. Cupe was apparently concerned only in transferring a huge quid of tobacco from cheek to cheek, Dinah being not less intently absorbed with her pipe. Since it was summer, there was no need of the fireplace for warmth, but the ashes answered as a necessary receptacle for the "ambier" occasionally cast through their flabby lips. Thrusting the quid far back in his cheek, Cupe awkwardly knelt and raised his face to that of Dinah.

"Doan yo' lub yo' husban' no mo', Dinah?" Without answering the appeal, she said, "De time fo' moahnin' am heah."

"Doan yo' keer no mo' fo' yo' lubbin' husban'? I axes."

"De time fo' moahnin' am come, I tole yo'. Moahnin' by de dawg an' by yo' an' by me. De sign ob de flyin' spa'k outen de chimbly an' de teahs ob de weepin' tree am come true fo' de honey boy what's gone."

"What's yo' cryin' fo', Dinah? Doan de Lawd know His business? Dat's what yo' tells Cupe oncet," he said as he wiped the tears from his own cheek.

"Suah Him do. Doan de Lawd sen' de signs? Man am a fool what doan lissen ter de voice ob Gawd." Again she relapsed into silence, while Cupe still knelt, looking up into her face. After a moment he spoke:

"Mind yo' de time, Dinah, when yo' wah smoove ob face as de ripe peach an' supple as de hick'ry saplin',

when yo' eyes shined lak de stahs ob hebben an' yo' lips kivered teeth as white as de snow in wintah, when yo' curly ha'h wah brack as de cawin' crow an' yo' fingahs wah as sof' ter de tech as de fur on de back ob de mole? Mine yo', Dinah, dat Cupe come ebery Sattiday ebenin' from his home cross ol' Middle Creek, an' how we sit befo' de fiahplace jest as we am doin' now? Mind yo' dem times what am gone?" Dinah made no reply, but her hand rested for a moment on the old man's shoulder.

"Doan yo' lub yo' Cupe no moah, Dinah?"

"De time fo' moahnin' am come," was her only response. Presently she spoke in a low tone:

"Climb de laddah ter de lof' an' fotch de leetle drum de chile used ter beat when he make believe play he wah a sojer. I brunged it ter de cabin when yo' an' me lef' de ol' home." She brushed tears from her cheeks as Cupe obeyed and returned, bringing the wrapped package.

"Tooken off de papah an' tighten up de head, fer de time fo' moahnin' am come." When the drum was ready she continued.

"Tooken de fiddle an' de bow from de pegs on de wall, an' de banjo from outen de cupbo'd. Tighten dem strings, ol' man, fo' de time fo' sorrahin' am heah." She arranged the three instruments so that Cupe, who fully comprehended what was expected, could play with each.

"Han' me de rope ter de dinnah bell. Et am now de fun'ral bell. Dinah'll toll, toll, toll de moahnful soun' ob sorrer." All arrangements being made to her satisfaction, Cupe seated himself on the floor among the musical instruments, intently watching the face of the director of the "moahnin' " ceremony, who herself

took the banjo, remarking: "Yo' fingahs am no mo' limbah an' dat thum' am pow'ful weak. Dinah'll pick de banjo an' toll de bell."

Slowly her hand drew the rope. Softly but clearly the bell on the pole back of the house tolled—one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen.

"De time fo' sobbin' am heah, Cupe. De bell hab tolled de yeahs ob de sleepin' chile. Put dat wad ob 'bacca outen yo' mouf, han'le dem imflimens whiles Dinah fingahs de banjo an' tells de story ob de fun'ral.

"Tech de drum. Step slow, fo' we am 'proachin' de house ob sorrer. Drive Gawge Washin'ton back. Make him stop dat whinin'. Keep de drum speakin' sof', sof'-lak, fo' de doah ob de house ob trouble am close."

As the drum obeyed the touch of Cupe the two blacks chanted weirdly, but used no words known to-day. The commingled instruments—banjo and drum—the guttural voices, seemingly without direction or plan, united in a strangely weird harmony. By common impulse they suddenly ceased. Silence fell upon them. Then the drum softly began a solemn lamentation for the dead, in which the other instruments joined in funeral measure. Step by step, as though they were indeed marching, Cupe struck the drum, while Dinah softly touched the banjo.

"Steady, Cupe. Step slow, step sof', de house ob sorrer am neah. Tech de drum sof'-lak. Let it moan no loudah dan a feathah fallin' down frum de heabbens. Cain't yo' see de doah ob de house ob grief am open? De time ob sobbin' am heah."

Again came the weird music, wordless, as before, threaded with a peculiar rhythm which rose and fell

like the waves of the ocean. Music, was it? Yes, but not such as comes other than from Africa.

"Let de fiddle spoke sof'-lak. Stop de drum, fo' we am steppin' nigh ter de room ob de darlin'—sof'-lak, Cupe. Doan' min' dem men stan'in' in de paff. Go 'round 'em. Cain't yo' see froo de open doah dat de chile am laid out, de fun'ral am ready? I'll tech de banjo, yo' let de fiddle speak sof'-lak. Jest a minute—hush—hush—hush! Lay down dem imflimen's. Tooken off yo' hat, man. De preachah's stan'in' befoah de bank ob flowahs. Wipe dem teahs away."

Moaning music; no words.

* * *

Mind yo' Cupe, what comed next?" Then she answered her own question:

"Me an' yo' stood back 'mong de brack folks, pow'ful sad. Mine yo' how de fun'ral man comed an' tooken us in tow, leadin' us ter de fambly sittin' befo' de flowahs, wha dey had kep' two cheers fo' us? Mind yo' how de mothah, all dressed in brack, reached out an' tooken de han' ob ol' Dinah an' led her ter de bank ob flowahs, wha de darlin' boy lay sleepin'? '*Our baby boy*,' wah all she say."

"Min' yo', Cupe, de pretty gearl sittin' by de side ob de mothah? Min' yo' how de teahs fell as de gearl slipped close ter wha de chile wah sleepin' 'mong de flowahs, an' how she put sumpin' in his fol'ed han's?"

"What wah it, Dinah?"

"Two little flags sewed tergeddah, Cupe."

* * *

"Tech dat fiddle sof'. Let it sing lak watah slippin' in de creek, an' I'll pick de banjo sof', sof', fo' jest den de angel ob de Lawd come down. I seed him wid my eyes. I suah seed him. Stop dat noise, Cupe. Listen

"HE TURNED HIS FOOTSTEPS TOWARD STRINGTOWN ON THE PIKE"

ter de music ob de angels ob heabben, fo' dat am what he wah."

"What yo' mean, callin' my tune ob sorrer 'noise'? What yo' mean? I axes."

"I seed him wid my eyes, Cupe, as I look froo de winder. De angel ob de Lawd wah stan'in' outside lookin' inter de room. His ha'r wah lak frizzles ob white flax, reachin' down ter his shoul'ers, his eyes wah fixed on de chile layin' 'mong de flowahs. De fiddle in his han' suah wah de symbell ob de Lawd, fer as de preachah ends de las' pra'r de angel raised up his imflimen' an' de heabenly music floated an' floated—up an' up."

"Peahs ter me," spoke Cupe, "it wah pow'ful cur'us ef de oddah peoples doan heah dat music an' see dat angel same as yo', Dinah."

"Mebbe dey did. I didn't ax no quistions, fer when I comed outen de spell de angel wah gone. I'll tech de banjo. Let de drum be still now. Let de fiddle spoke sof'-lak."

Again the music rose, soft, sweet, heartbreaking in its pathos, growing softer and ever softer, until the sounds died away.

Reaching up, Dinah seized the rope above her head. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, the bell tolled.

"De deed am done, Cupe. De bell tolled de beginnin' an' de bell tolled de endin'."

Silently sat the two actors in the gathering dusk, George Washington curled at their feet.

* * *

CHAPTER XVI

"De Signs ob de Spa'ks Am Suah, Ma'se Jedge"

To our people of Stringtown on the Pike the last days of the closing war brought mental relief. Scattered throughout prisons of the North were many of our boys; others were in Southern prisons, others rested in unmarked graves. North and South, the regiments had been decimated both by disease and fatalities of the field. Scarcely a bodyguard was left of the original volunteers who, four years previously, had so enthusiastically gone from our village to join Morgan's Cavalry. Back the survivors came, one by one, straggling to their homes, those from the South penniless, ragged as tramps.

But in Stringtown the greetings of the long-separated veterans of the rival armies were most hearty, no indication of enmity being apparent. Together those who wore the blue uniform and those who straggled back in rags, sat about the home table or the grocery circle or in the church pews. With us all were heroes. We listened with like interest to their stories, reciting events in which they had taken part. But for a long time no one heard of Old Mose. As related, he disappeared before the funeral service of his young charge. His surviving comrades were separately drifting in, but none had seen Felix.

Repeatedly the question arose in the village, "Where is Felix Moses?" What had become of the best-known and most generally loved man who went from Stringtown on the Pike to fight in the cause of either North

or South? Nor is there yet a record of his whereabouts during that interval or the precise date of his return. What is known to everyone no one records. Consequently, when a generation has passed, tradition and legend take the field. Vainly does the historian seek to sift established facts and dates from the discordant and varied reminiscences. Evidence is shown that much of the time was spent in prison. Perhaps as he struggled back to join Morgan he was captured. At any rate, the close of the war found him in prison. That he returned to Stringtown is a fact. The incidents connected with his return might be differently, as well as better, recited by another.

* * *

One evening, after the death of John Morgan, the members of the village circle of Stringtown were, as of old, collected in the familiar grocery room. Possessed of many exciting stories were the members who had returned from the war, while those who stayed at home also had many tragic incidents to relate.

The door opened and old Cupe came shuffling in, to stand, as was his custom, back of the circle listening and sometimes in his quaint manner adding a word. For a long time he had been absent, although he and Dinah and the old dog still lived in the cabin. His reappearance attracted even the attention of Judge Elford, who, with the school-teacher, Professor Drake, was, as usual, engaged in their never-ending game of chess. While holding an ivory pawn in his fingers, the judge turned to the negro and asked him if he had heard from Mose. Something indefinable led him to interrupt the play to ask the question. Seldom did he speak when absorbed in the game.

"Dinah, she says to Cupe de signs ob de spa'k dat come out ob de chimbly am pow'ful neah."

"What signs?"

"De signs ob de honey boy and Ma'se Mose."

The attention of the circle now centered on the speakers, for the audience comprehended instinctively that the negro had a reason for this visit. The judge repeated his question.

"I asked if you had heard from Mose."

"De signs ob de spa'ks am suah, Ma'se Jedge. To-night Dinah, she set by de log in de fireplace an' she say de honey boy am gone like de sign says. Den Dinah, she say ter Cupe, 'Mind yo' de big spa'k ob Ma'se Mose dat plump down de chimbly when Cupe go out ter watch de spa'ks an' quick run back.' "

"What does that imply?" asked the judge.

" '*Imply*,' " repeated the negro. "Dar wasn't no sech feller 'bout us, Jedge."

"What did the spark sign mean, Cupe?"

"Jest dat Ma'se Mose wah comin' home ag'in."

"Well, that's good news. When is he coming?"

Quickly came the reply: "Ter-night, Ma'se Jedge, ter-night, ter de grocery heah."

"Nonsense," interjected Professor Drake.

"Bettah not cross words wid what am suah ter be, Ma'se Drake. Many a man go daid soonah er latah when he 'fies de signs."

"When Felix comes, it will be time to believe in your—" The judge hesitated, but Cupe finished the sentence: "Niggah signs, yo' means."

"Yes, that is just what they are, Cupe."

Ignoring the remark, Cupe went on: "At sundown ter-night Dinah she says 'Open de doah, Cupe.' Dar stood Ma'se Mose."

"You mean he is really at your home?"

"He suah am. He wah pow'ful run down. His shoes wah half gone, his clo'es wah all rags, his ha'r wah lak de tangled mane ob a hoss aftah de witch rode him all night."

The audience was now interestedly listening, and as the old man paused to make his story more impressive, someone said quickly "Go on, Cupe." But the negro, ignoring the questioner, continued his conversation with the judge:

"Wha' dah wah sech compunctions, yo' kin see, Jedge, dah would be a stomach ter fill. Dinah didn't ax no quistions. She jest put de co'n bread an' coffee ter goin', while Cupe creeped down ter de apple hole an' come up wid a jug ob—"

"Jug of what, Cupe?"

"Buttahmilk,* Jedge. Ma'se Mose wah always pow'ful fond ob buttahmilk. Suah as yo' am heah, Ma'se Jedge, dat rebel drinked a full goa'd ob dat white milk. Den he sets down, an' when Dinah piles de plate full he begins ter smothah de co'n bread. I set a glass ob dat white 'cessity ob life on de table. Den Dinah she says ter Cupe ter amble obah ter de grocery an' 'nounce de comin' ob de flickered calf." Putting his hand to his ear, the speaker listened a moment, then shuffled to the door and opened it. In came old George Washington, closely followed by Felix Moses.

He stood for a moment in the doorway. Evidently the "buttermilk" had not caused unsteadiness of legs nor lessening of his old-time smile. Clothed in rags, the Jew of Stringtown stood before them, the smiling Jew who left Stringtown to join Morgan's Cavalry.

* Whisky was contraband.

By a common impulse the circle of men "made a break" for him.

"Mose, you old Jew, are you home safe again? Bless me, if it ain't Old Mose!" Many such expressions of affectionate regard and greeting burst from the lips of the members of the circle as Blue and Gray clasped his hands and even hugged his ragged form. The chess game was forgotten, the chess board rudely thrust aside, while the ivory chessmen were scattered over the floor. Then came an interval of silence, in which the circle about him waited a word from the long-absent one.

"Ya, I bees here," he said smilingly, and took his seat on a nail keg, seemingly as though no intervening years had passed.

Thus it was that Felix Moses returned to his loved friends of Stringtown on the Pike.

* * *

Within a short time Felix was chuckling over his curious experiences, relating incidents, ever ready to give a fling at his Yankee neighbor or a defense of a rebel comrade. Thus the evening passed. At bedtime he turned his steps to the Williams House, the tavern home he had occupied before enlisting. Fortunately, his old room was vacant. But before retiring he sought the attic, and there in a box marked "Felix Moses" found a suit of his old-time clothes of gray jeans and many other necessities. Next morning when he emerged from the tavern clad in the familiar garments, his face beaming with his never-failing smile, Felix Moses, a moneyless man, was once more "The Beloved Jew of Stringtown on the Pike."

The citizens, with generous contributions, immediately outfitted him with everything needed to enable him to start again his huckstering business. The wagon was of the pattern of the one abandoned when he left

home, the horse incapable of moving faster than a walk, well suited the outfit where whip was never used.

Thus the years rolled by. The face of the Jew from Stringtown became once more a familiar feature of the traveled roads, byways, and flat-stone creek beds of northernmost Kentucky. But always he kept in memory the lad who had been his comrade in strenuous days of the past, as is evidenced by personal recollection of this chronicler.

Once as the writer of these memoirs visited the quaint, attractive burying ground near the home of his childhood, where many of his boyhood friends now lie, he observed the covered wagon of Old Mose standing in the road near the graveyard gate. On entering and passing to a hallowed spot, he found the Jew, with downcast head, resting on the grass. No need was there for either to read the inscription on that modest stone that brought to both the face of the boy from Gunpowder Hill. The lines stand to-day as when engraved in 1864:

WILLIAM BRADLEY
THE BRAVE SOLDIER BOY
SON OF
D. AND MARY A. BRADLEY
DIED JUNE 17, 1864,
OF WOUNDS RECEIVED AT MT. STERLING, KY.
AGED 19 YEARS AND 22 DAYS

Carefully the writer stepped to what is to him to-day a sacred shrine,* standing a moment in silent medi-

* Should a reader be interested in visiting this spot, take the road through Stringtown to Burlington, to Petersburg, then pass toward the ferry opposite Aurora, Indiana. The graveyard lies on that road, half a mile below Petersburg. Or, you may take the river road from Cincinnati to Aurora, cross on the ferry, and follow the road toward Petersburg. On the right side of this road, within a mile, lies the cemetery. The grave of my boyhood's hero, Billy Bradley, lies near the gate, close to the fence.

tation, then tiptoeing away, passing as he did so the huckster wagon on the roadside. Glancing back, he caught, by the light of the setting sun, the form of the old Jew, still seated by the grassy hillock, silently communing with—will you who read these lines complete the sentence?

Just then came the sound of horse's hoofs. A lady on horseback had approached, the deep sand smothering the noise of the tread of the horse until, near where I stood next the gate. On alighting, her face turned toward the writer, a girlish face, beautiful, but sad. Passing through the gate she sought the spot where sat the Jew, and then, as he raised his face, this writer turned away.

CHAPTER XVII

Felix Moses Disappears

INACTION, the companion of laziness, wears one out more rapidly than does overexertion. Yet change is needful if one purposes to balance life's passing along. But relaxation should be in useful directions. Perhaps the words, "Every man that striveth for the mastery is temperate in all things" apply. Both mental and physical life craves deviation from the usual path. Some persons need to seek solitude, others benefit by excitement, others crave physical exercise to the point of exhaustion. The mentally tired business man takes up golf or similar recreation, the exhausted athlete desires muscular rest. A worn-out draft horse needs a quiet pasture. Too much of anything becomes burdensome, a weariness.

The treadmill Mose followed after his return to Stringtown led, finally, to a desire for a change. The hills, the forests, the blue-grass pastures, the joy of his country jaunts had begun to pall upon him. At last he announced that he proposed to take a vacation, explaining that he planned to spend a week in Louisville, going and returning by steamboat.

"I vill be back in one veek," he remarked as, dressed in his holiday clothes, he bade his friends farewell. This was indeed an innovation, for, aside from the week he spent in Cincinnati each autumn at the time of the Jewish fast of Yom Kippur, Mose took no vacation.

The week passed, but Felix Moses did not return. His horse and wagon idled in the stable. Each day the

citizens of Stringtown expected to see his familiar form about the streets. As days passed, inquiries were made in Covington and Cincinnati, but none of his city friends or business acquaintances knew where he could be found. So reliable had Mose been in doing exactly what he promised that his absence soon created alarm among his Stringtown friends. Some suggested that he might have concluded to return from Louisville by land rather than by the steamer, or might a sudden impulse have led him to leave the steamer where, as one of Morgan's Raiders, he had crossed the Ohio? Or might he have stopped again where, years before, he had stood, with pack on back and carpetsack in hand, a wandering Jew in a strange land, watching the steamer pass from sight as she turned the bend of the Ohio River, when the smoke faded from view and the sound of the wheel was lost to his ear? But now from that section where he was known and loved by everyone he had vanished. Felix Moses had disappeared.

* * *

Gradually some of us have learned, or believe we have learned, that in the circle of the sciences, link by link, materialistic substances and force-vibrations co-ordinate almost as do the modulating tones of harmonious voices. Just where weighable matter ends and vibratory energy begins is as questionable as the line (if one there be) that divides the vegetable and animal kingdoms.

May it not be that harmony of that which is known, linking with connected and connecting unknowns, moves all things together onward in circles much like a cosmic nebula masses and holds together weighable materials with forces unweighable? So may not thought, soul, and matter in which life takes part weave fabrics in

which there is neither outside nor inside, neither substance nor vacuity, in which the weighable and the intangible ceaselessly change positions, going forth here, to return there? A mighty cycle, without beginning—and endless? Might we not suspect that, as a part of it all, thoughts, emotions, phases of life's activities as yet hypothetical, are not altogether conjectural, haphazard visions, but realistic parts of what, in time to come, will be an extended view of mental opportunities and activities in the circle of the immeasurable, a segment of which embraces our conception of the sciences?*

* * *

At any rate, while our people of Stringtown were worried and anxious concerning Felix Moses, The Cincinnati Enquirer published a short notice to the effect that the body of a man had been washed ashore and found among the willows of the Ohio River at North Landing, below Rising Sun, Indiana. The description of the man so nearly applied to Felix as to lead the citizens of Stringtown to fear that the body might be that of their absent friend. A committee was appointed to investigate. They went at once to the place, where the body yet awaited identification. It was that of Felix Moses.

The "Beloved Jew" had made life's circuit. Near where once he stood alone, friendless, unknown, he was found among the willows, the waters of the Ohio bathing his form as its wavelets lapped the sandy beach.

Needless is it to speculate concerning his passing away. No evidence of violence was apparent. His pocketbook, with six dollars and a half, was intact. The hands of his open-face watch (presented to the writer of

* The author is not unaware that the foregoing will be considered as a heretical borderland vision out of place anywhere.

these memoirs*) stand at five minutes of eleven, probably the exact time he fell that night from the steamer.

Thus the committee, after identifying their friend, passed with him up the Ohio side of the river to Cincinnati, crossed the river into Covington, and over the Stringtown Pike he had traveled for years, reached the old home of the man who was now no longer an unknown wanderer, a foreigner, but perhaps better known and better loved by men, women, and children of that section than any other citizen.†

* * *

Without delay the news was broadcasted by mouth and messenger to every citizen of the village and surrounding country. Being an active member of both the Odd Fellow and Masonic Lodges, it was agreed that the two organizations should jointly perform the last ceremonies for their departed brother. Inasmuch as Mose had been a liberal contributor to all the churches of Stringtown, attending "meeting" as though a member of each, the religious sections were not less anxious to manifest their respect than were the fraternal bodies. It was therefore arranged that the funeral sermon should be preached from the quaint and attractive church of the Disciples, situated at the junction of the Stringtown and Union Pikes.‡

But these organizations as a whole were subjugated in numbers by the total citizenship of all that section of Kentucky, who turned out as a body to do honor to

* Presented by H. F. Childress, whose father, T. J. Childress, one of Morgan's Cavalry, was with Morgan when he was killed. He gave to the author a detailed account of the event.

† The committee was George Goodrich (died in 1929) and Butler Carpenter (died in 1930), both of Florence.

‡ This beautiful church, so modestly nestling amid the attractive trees, is a quaint and holy structure, equaled by few churches anywhere.—J. U. L.

their friend, lying in state in the hall used by both lodges in which he held membership. "John Morgan's Cavalry" and the "Boys in Blue" scattered over that vicinity took an active part in extending honor to him who had served through the war, but had no personal enemy.

The grave was dug in the little cemetery. All arrangements for the funeral were completed. Then came the unexpected.

* * *

In Cincinnati there lived an aged Jew named March, who, by accident, learned, on the day of the funeral, that his friend Felix Moses was lying dead in Stringtown. That the acquaintanceship was other than that of business was evidenced by his quick action. Calling his son, he said to him: "Mose was a Jew. He must be buried in our cemetery. Get a buggy, a hearse, and an undertaker, go down to that village in Kentucky, and bring him to Cincinnati. Whatever expense his friends may have incurred I will pay." A kindly old man was Mr. March, a model of good citizenship. Without a doubt he thought that he need but ask for Felix and his request would be granted.

Even then Mose was "lying in state" in the casket provided by the organizations to which he had belonged.* The church and the minister were ready for the funeral. The citizens were arriving, not only from near, but from afar. Just before the proposed ceremonies began, young Mr. March arrived to make known his errand. Rapidly the word was passed that a disturbing problem had arisen, something had occurred to interrupt the program. Groups gathered about the church

* Venus Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 145, and Masonic Lodge, Good Faith, No. 195, since moved to Erlanger, Kentucky.

and the hall where Felix Moses lay in the regalia of his fraternal orders. Many were the whispered questionings as to the cause of the delay, yet no authentic information came from the building after young March had entered. The impression that something extraordinary had occurred became increasingly evidenced when the officials having charge of the ceremonies secluded themselves in an adjoining room, leaving Mr. March and the Cincinnati undertaker in the anteroom, perplexed at their reception. Indeed, they were unconsciously beginning to apprehend that an unfriendly atmosphere was about them. Not long were they held in suspense after the conference was adjourned, the resulting opinion being delivered in unmistakable language. While Mr. March and his father were thanked for their kindly interest in the deceased, they were further addressed as follows:

"Felix Moses was one of our citizens and has ever been since he came to Kentucky. No man stood higher in our esteem. He lived with us, he went to the war as one of us, he returned from the army to again take up his life and home among us. As a citizen of our community we have arranged for the funeral ceremonies. He lies in the casket we have provided. The grave in our cemetery has been dug. The church where the sermon is to be preached has been opened, the minister will this afternoon speak the last words of respect for our departed brother. The people are waiting."

"But he was a Jew," interjected Mr. March as the speaker paused.

"We are aware of that. He always claimed to be a Jew. He was proud to be called 'our Jew' and we were glad to have it so."

Again Mr. March began his argument, but was

emphatically interrupted. Perhaps there was a touch of hostility now.

"*You cannot have Felix.* He was one of us." The speaker was kind but firm. "Consider the subject closed. Come." He took young March by the arm and led him into the main room, where lay the mortal body of Felix Moses.

"Behold all that is left to us of the brother we loved and honored. You are right in that he was a Jew, a noble Jew, the only Jew in our community. Leave it to us to do him the last honor that living man can offer to him who, beloved by all, has reached his journey's end."

So positive were these words spoken as to leave no excuse for further plea. Mr. March stood silently looking upon the quiet face. For a moment his lips moved. Then he reluctantly left the room. After leaving the village he gave his horse full rein. Possibly few vehicles had flown over the Stringtown Pike more rapidly than did that buggy taking the disappointed young man back to his father.

CHAPTER XVIII

"Be Patient, Son, Be Patient"

THAT morning in his home, west of Central Avenue, in Cincinnati, the father of Mr. March (who had retired from active business) awaited the return of his son. It being customary in those days for the hearse to move no faster than a horse could walk, the return from Stringtown could not be expected before noon. But in this case the hearse was not a delayer, because it had been left in the village. The contented old gentleman was therefore surprised when, with a horse white with lather, his son bearing the message from Stringtown burst into the room. The father raised his face inquiringly from his book.

"They would not give Old Mose to me," the young man said excitedly.

Apparently undisturbed by the information, the father bade his son sit down, moved to the sideboard in an adjoining room, returning with a pitcher of water and a tumbler, which, with the touch of wine added, proved very refreshing to the tired youth. Then the father called a servant and bade him look after the horse. "Rub him down and when he is cooled give him water."

Then turning to his son, he asked why they would not let him have the body of Felix.

Having somewhat recovered from his haste and excitement, the son related in detail what had occurred, becoming more intense as he proceeded. Tapping him on the shoulder, the father said, "Be patient, son, be

patient." He offered him a cigar, saying, "Take it easy, my boy." He then went to the door and called to the man who was rubbing down the horse: "Drive down to the livery stable, change horses, and return as quickly as possible." After a few more questions to his son, he said: "I must go to Stringtown. You will drive for me."

* * *

In the meantime, amid many discussions mixed somewhat with indignation, the people in the village of Stringtown awaited the appointed hour of the funeral. Dinner was over and the time for the opening ceremonies was near when the buggy bearing Mr. March arrived. He was received with the respect due his age and position, the fact that he was a friend of Mose giving him a favorable introduction. Ushered by a group of officials to the room where the body lay, he gazed long and earnestly upon the face of the "Stringtown Jew."

Just what may have been the wordless ceremony, those present did not know. His lips moved as though he were communing with the dead. It was the age-old prayers for the dead that he recited, according to the faith of his people. Then he raised his eyes and looked at the men about him. Strong faces had they. Men in gray uniforms, men in blue. Men in the regalia of the two fraternities, all mingling together about the silent form. Men, women, and children came in and passed out again. It was the tragic farewell of a deeply religious people of varied sects, a loving farewell unitedly extended to the only one of his faith in all that country. Mr. March turned to the committee, asking if he might speak to them privately. When taken to the room where his son's arguments had failed, the old man in an impressive voice made his plea.

"He was my friend." No reply.

"Felix was a Jew." No reply.

"The synagogue was his home." No reply.

"In the Jewish cemetery he should lie." His pathetic words, so simply put, so earnestly spoken, stirred emotions that perhaps no other arguments could have brought to those men. By the side of their churches lay the graves of their ancestors and friends. Then the Jew added his strongest argument:

"I *promised* Felix Moses that when he died I would see to it that according to the ceremonies of our fathers he should be buried in the Jewish cemetery. That promise I hope you will help me to fulfill. It was his wish."

Such argument as this could not be resisted. After a brief whispered discussion, their reply was given:

"We have always honored Mose for his faith. He was, in life, our "beloved Jew." We thank you for telling us that his last desire was to be buried among his own religious people. Since it was his request, we must acquiesce. You may take him."

The word was passed around that Mose was to be carried to Cincinnati after the ceremonies of the two organizations were performed. So it was that later the casket was closed and, amid banks of flowers contributed by the community, all that was mortal of Felix Moses, the Beloved Jew of Stringtown on the Pike, passed out of our village.

* * *

That sensations indefinable fell upon our people need not be stated. Such a complication as this had never come to our village, perhaps never to anyone anywhere. Just what to do in this dilemma was an after problem in which there had never been a precedent. But not for long did they deliberate. The deci-

sion was to the effect that the funeral ceremonies in the church should proceed as though there had been no interruption.

The little church of the Disciples was even then filled by the fraternal brothers, the old comrades, and the populace, which was also true of the lawn and the street. The ceremony must proceed. There was no other thought.

As though Felix Moses lay before him, the minister, Mr. Keen, preached a masterly sermon, which, for earnestness and praise of a good citizen whose life had been devoted to the welfare of others, could not have been excelled. The only representative had he been in all that section of a great and historic people who gave to creeds of the Christian section of the world the very foundation stones of their religious thought. The audience was held enthralled, then solemnly dismissed After the ceremony in the church the grave intended for his interment was filled with earth and sodded over.

But the ceremonies of the "Beloved Jew of Stringtown on the Pike" had only commenced. A more modest life than his would be difficult to conceive. A more tragic death and stranger funeral experience perhaps rarely occurs. But the finale in which Cincinnati afterward joined, regardless of creed, sect, political affiliation and differences of military rank North and South, has perhaps no parallel in American annals.* But this, the narrator feels, should be gleaned from reports of the ceremony as given in the press of Cincinnati.

* In my boyhood days it was not unusual that a funeral sermon should be preached weeks after the burial. At the selected date it was expected that friends and acquaintances of the deceased would all attend. The funeral sermon of Mrs. Lloyd's grandmother was preached six months after the interment.—J. U. L.

CHAPTER XIX

Cincinnati Honors Felix Moses "A True Friend"

THAT the citizens of Cincinnati would ever publicly honor the memory of "Old Mose," the Jewish huckster of Boone (Stringtown) County, Kentucky, could scarcely have been predicted by anyone. To him, such a thought would have seemed a most amazing absurdity.

Yet, nearly half a century after the Civil War had passed into history, a host of citizens, men of the North and the South, men of many religious faiths and creeds, Jew and Gentile alike, gathered in a Cincinnati cemetery to hold a memorial service in honor of this unassuming Jew whose home was at "Stringtown on the Pike." A man whose aim in life had been to contribute in a simple manner to the happiness of those about him, a purpose not neglected even amid the strenuous days of the "Civil War."

After the ceremony had been concluded in the chapel the speakers and audience adjourned to the site of the grave, at the head of which the monument had been erected. Clustered about it, they listened to the rites conducted by the Cincinnati Branch of the Daughters of the Confederacy. These being concluded, each member of that organization laid upon the grave a miniature Confederate flag, folded and draped. Over these were then crossed two larger American flag.

Of the addresses made that day, one only was written, that by General Cowen, who afterward mailed it to me.

Most beautifully was that address worded, most patriotic in sentiment, most inspiring in its idealism. It was an address that needs be preserved and sacredly cherished as the lofty views of one who looked upon our country as a *united* people. It appeals to the author as being a befitting ending to this Stringtown volume, and so, in closing, he ventures to reproduce it, verbatim.

Among the speakers that Saturday afternoon in the crowded chapel of the United Jewish Cemetery of Walnut Hills, were Rabbi David Philipson; Rev. Howard A. Henderson, a Colonel of the Confederacy; Gen. B. R. Cowen, of the Federal Army, and Judge J. Soule Smith, of Lexington, Ky., a Confederate soldier. As an introduction, the author of this book related briefly the life story of the man whose granite monument, erected under the auspices of "The Ten Old Friends," bears the simple inscription:

FELIX MOSES
A
CONFEDERATE SOLDIER
AND
A TRUE FRIEND
1827–1886

Remarks of General B. R. Cowen at the Memorial Services of Felix Moses.

The occasion which calls us together this afternoon is of special interest to me because it is a marked indication that the war between the States is over, and that the animosities created by that great struggle are forgotten. It is well that this is so. The cause of the war having disappeared the results should no longer be a matter of controversy nor the source of heartburnings and strife.

We are met here to honor the memory of a man; not because he fought for the "Lost Cause," but because he was a man, faithful to civic and social duties and a true friend.

We are not here as the representatives of this or that view of any question, or controversy, but as citizens of a common country to honor the memory of a fellow citizen.

Whatever may have been our attitude on questions which agitated this country a generation ago they no longer disturb our social or friendly relations. Those questions were settled by the last dread tribunal to which mortals may appeal and that settlement may not be disturbed by any earthly court or ruler.

Let them be buried with their dead as we turn our faces to the light of the new century to grapple with the problems it has brought.

Deeds of valor were peculiar to neither army, but are the common heritage of the whole people. The Civil War at this remote period is only an important chapter in our history. It marked a radical and authoritative change in our government. That the change was for the better few doubt to-day.

In a few days the survivors of the Union Army will meet to decorate the graves of their departed comrades who rest beneath the sacred soil in this city of the dead, yet they will not grudge the tribute you now pay to one who fought well on the other side. The dead will not grudge it. Then why should I do so? So far as the soldiers were concerned the war was not personal in any sense. We fraternized at all conceivable opportunities.

Ours was the victory, yet our great leader set us an example worthy of all imitation when he refused to

receive the sword of the gallant leader, or to exult at the defeat of a fallen foe.

We meet here but to part. It is safe to say that we shall never all meet together again. The only eternal union is that which unites those who have gone before. In peace they rest till the last trumpet shall sound the assembly on the eternal morning. Then shall the dead of both armies come to the call,

"These in the robings of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat;
All in the battle blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet."

Those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray shall stand again face to face, enemies no more, but reconciled at last through the soothing influence of the long slumber of the grave. And while Omnipotence itself is powerless to make the wrong right, or the right wrong, in the incomparable glory of that upper world we shall know as we are known, and neither the pæans of our victory nor the lamentations of their defeat shall mar the eternal harmony.

Felix Moses was a worthy descendant of that glorious race which reclaimed a country from barbarism and idolatry and preserved to the world its most precious legacy of religion, of philosophy, of jurisprudence, and of literature, and he was true to the traditions of his ancestry.

Beside those who wore the blue he rests well in this hallowed ground. In the words which the gifted author puts into the mouth of Mr. Nordman, in his farewell to Sammy Drew: in that beautiful story "Stringtown on the Pike," in which the touching friendship of Felix Moses is embalmed, "God grows the grass alike over

each; the snowdrops bloom no earlier; the roses' scent is no sweeter over the one than over the other. The war is over,

> " 'Under the sod and the dew,
> Waiting the judgment day;
> Under the roses the Blue;
> Under the lilies the Gray.' "

Addenda

"STRINGTOWN" FOLK LORE

More than seventy years ago the parents of the author of the Stringtown studies of which the present volume is one, emigrated from North Bloomfield in western New York to Kentucky. The father, a civil engineer, had been selected by a group of eastern investors to locate a railway line between Covington and Louisville to compete with the river packets. To a convenient locality on the line of survey he transferred his family. The company failed in the panic of 1854, leaving the engineers stranded in the forests of Boone County. The men scattered but the author's parents decided to locate in Burlington where, turning to school teaching, they became, as the years passed, a contented part of the Kentucky people, never returning to their New York home other than as visitors.

Moving from village to village as opportunities for betterment offered, their two children became from earliest childhood at home in Boone County, then largely virgin forest.

The parents were much interested in studying contrasts between the residents of their northern homes and the southern people whose cordial hospitality was so deeply appreciated. Naturally the children became familiar with the subjects of their discussions which largely concerned the psychology of the slave over whom much national disturbance prevailed. Even yet as a people the Negroes are only partly comprehended by Northerners.

The habits, vices as well as good qualities, the

peculiar mental twistings of the minds of the blacks with which Kentuckians have ever been familiar and which were consequently unnoticed and unrecorded, were to these teachers from the North constantly appealing. Especially were the omens, signs, emotions and peculiar functions of the minds of the blacks, sources of ever-increasing interest, often akin to wonderment.

But it should be remembered that superstitions, traditions and legends live most tenaciously and that our older negroes were then but a generation from Africa. As one aged negro put it, "I come from de Golcarst" (Gold Coast), "an' wife she come from 'Gascar'," evidently a contraction of Madagascar.

Close relationship since childhood with the people of this section of Kentucky, of whom he became a part, led the author to believe himself competent to voice them in folk lore and so he has ventured to present several volumes of which "Felix Moses" is the last published.

Page 12.—It may be thought that wild bear had disappeared before Felix Moses came to Kentucky. The writer remembers a banquet being given in Petersburg by Captain Snider, in 1854, the occasion for the feast being the killing of a bear in the adjacent forest.

Page 17.—When a growing sweet potato cracked the earth of the hill, the farmer would gently burrow into the hill with his fingers, remove the potato and replace the earth. This was called "grabbling." The remaining small potatoes could thus grow until frost came.

Page 73.—The criticism of two old friends concerning the size of the big trees of Kentucky indicated that some authentic data might be needed here.

In my boyhood a sycamore tree stood on Taylor's Creek back of Petersburg. During a summer storm its hollow trunk sheltered a dozen boys of whom I was one. Back of Owensboro, there was a poplar tree that measured thirty-three feet in circumference six feet above the ground. I saw the measurement made by a civil engineer. Mr. Long, of Florence, told me that a hollow poplar in which a horse was stabled stood near his boyhood home. Spalding's History of Ohio described a sycamore tree forty-two feet in circumference. Gaines' History of Scott County, Kentucky, states that Daniel Boone's Cabin was built near a large sycamore that measured twenty-eight feet in circumference. It divided in an arch fourteen feet above the ground. "A wagon load of hay could be hauled through it."

The magnitude of great numbers of trees in the Kentucky forests as I once knew them is now inconceivable. A stately poplar stood on a farm about three miles below Constance, in Boone County, that measured eleven feet in diameter. Twenty years ago an oak measuring six feet across the stump stood about a mile east of Union. A farm near Burlington had a grove of poplars that, were they standing to-day, would be a tourist's Mecca. The "Knob land" about Big Bone Spring was originally covered with very large trees. So large were they as to decrease the value of the land, for in pioneer days the farm was valued by the amount of cleared land.

With these big trees as a text, may we cite a really big tree, described in "The Navigator."*

"The Sycamore seems to be the king of the forest

*History of scenes on the Ohio River, by Zodak Cramer, 1808, page 30.

on the banks of the Ohio. Their monstrous growth, towering height, and extended branches really fill the beholder with awe and astonishment. Between Wheeling and Marietta I measured several from ten to sixteen feet over, four feet above ground, and this seems to be but their common size. A gentleman of Marietta told me he knew of one sixty feet in circumference, and that in the hollow of another he had turned himself around with a ten-foot pole in his hand, sweeping it at right angles with himself. And there is one of these huge trees in Scioto County, Ohio, on the land of Mr. Abraham Miller, into whose hollow thirteen men rode on horseback, June 6, 1808, the fourteenth did not enter, his horse being skittish and too fearful to advance into so curious an apartment, but there was room enough for two more."

Page 91.—In my boyhood sections of hollow gum trees were the only hives used, hence the term, "bee gum." I now know of no museum specimen.

Chapter IX.—In those days table cutlery was of steel with black wood handles, the forks being two tined. Later came German silver two-tined forks and still later three and next four-tined silver with bone or ivory handled knives.

Page 102.—In 1856 when Mr. Buchanan was elected President, representing the Democrat party, Millard Fillmore was the candidate of the American or Know Nothing party and John C. Fremont was presented by the Republican party which was then composed of the Whigs, Free Soil party and such Democrats as were opposed to the extension of slavery.

Page 114.—During the visit of Lafayette to America, a barbecue was given in his honor by Central Kentucky citizens. Several thousand were served on the grounds of the home of Colonel Richard M. Johnson, the roasting trenches being long visible.

Page 117.—"The Kirtleys" were a celebrated Boone County family. The pioneer ancestor, Rev. Robert Kirtley, came with the earliest settlers of Boone County. "The Kirtleys" have been noted for their religious zeal, several being ministers of the Baptist Church.

Page 121.—In all the illustrations including Felix Moses drawn by Mr. Knapp, the face carries the same marked characteristics from babyhood to old age, based upon the tin-type picture which has been enlarged for this publication.

Page 141.—This bridge is figured in "Warwick of the Knobs," page 31, as it stood at the date described. Very recently it was reconstructed and raised.

Page 184.—Vainly did I search for a picture of the character idealized as the "lad from Gunpowder Hills." Then came to me a Cincinnati resident, Mr. B. H. Boyce, who as a youth had enlisted in the Civil War and who kindly loaned me an old photograph of himself at that time. He wore the blue but his father wore the gray.

Page 238.—Vinegar was the real name of a well-known negro preacher whose sermons were surely effective.

Page 269.—The man standing by the stone pillar is Mr. S. C. Lewis, a resident of Dover, to whom the author is indebted for details concerning the battle and the battle ground.. His father, a Confederate soldier, died in consequence of wounds received in this battle.

"During 1862 and '3, John H. Morgan, a partisan officer, of no military education, but possessed of courage and endurance, operated in the rear of the Army of the Ohio in Kentucky and Tennessee. He had no base of supplies to protect but was at home wherever he went. . . . Morgan was foot-loose and could operate where his information—always correct—led him to believe he could do the greatest damage. During the time he was operating in this way he killed, wounded and captured several times the number he ever had under his command at any one time. He destroyed many millions of property in addition. Places he did not attack had to be guarded as if threatened by him."—Personal Memoirs of U. S. Grant, II, 504.

Page 322.—This chapter was placed in the hands of Professor A. J. Gantvoort, of the University of California, at Los Angeles, with the request that if it be possible the negro moanings with their primitive music be reproduced. After studying the problem he decided that such an attempt would break the harmony of the pen description. Although this decision was highly complimentary to the author as well as the negroes, yet Professor Gantvoort was asked to write a brief strain for the chapter ending. We also give here the graph prepared by him, representative of this negro music. We quote from Professor Gantvoort, as follows:

"The following graph with directions for its use has

been prepared in order to convey to the reader interested in details an approximate of the 'crooning' and 'wordless mumbling' of the old negroes when overcome by grief. The graph is analogous to that which might be reproduced by a registering thermometer, the 'peaks' indicating the extreme of high temperature and the 'valleys' the opposite."

Page 342.—The following list gives the names of the Kentucky friends of Felix Moses who were present at the Memorial Service in Cincinnati:

B. W. Adams, Burlington, Ky.
Chas. Allen, Erlanger, Ky.
J. S. Anderson, Ludlow, Ky.
David Beall, Hebron, Ky.
Robert A. Brady, Grant, Ky.
N. S. Bristow, Union, Ky.
James D. Campbell, Burlington, Ky.
J. J. Childress, Union, Ky.
T. J. Childress, Erlanger, Ky.
J. W. Conner, Union, Ky.
John Crisler, Gunpowder, Ky.
D. B. Crumbaugh, Augusta, Ky.
Dr. Benj. Dulaney, Florence, Ky.
A. G. Fisk, Florence, Ky.
Clinton Gaines, Bullittsville, Ky.
Geo. Goodridge, Florence, Ky.
Milton Goodridge, LaGrange, Ky.
W. T. Gorman, Burlington, Ky.
W. W. Grant, Grant, Ky.
M. T. Graves, Idlewild, Ky.
Judge John N. Green, Williamstown, Ky.
Charles Helm, Bullittsville, Ky.
Bruce Henry, Bullittsville, Ky.
Don Hewitt, Burlington, Ky.
J. L. Huey, Union, Ky.
James W. Kennedy, Union, Ky.
Dick Lamkin, Richwood, Ky.
Dr. Lassing, Union, Ky.
T. J. McNeal, Ludlow, Ky.
Ben Norman, Gunpowder, Ky.
L. C. Norman, Frankfort, Ky.
David Osborn, Florence, Ky.
A. B. Parker, Petersburg, Ky.

Elijah Parker, Petersburg, Ky.
James Parker, Independence, Ky.
Hagen Presser, Grant, Ky.
Wm. Respass, Covington, Ky.
Solon Rice, Belleview, Ky.
William Riddle, Burlington, Ky.
Garnett Riley, Bullittsville, Ky.
Gaines Robinson, Richwood, Ky.
M. S. Rouse, Alexandria, Ky.
H. F. Russell, Constance, Ky.
O. J. Ryle, Burlington, Ky.
James Scoby, Newcastle, Ky.
Dr. S. S. Scott, Erlanger, Ky.
G. L. Smith, Hathaway, Ky.
Spensor Smith, Gunpowder, Ky.
Albert Souther, Florence, Ky.
Frank Souther, Florence, Ky.
N. B. Stephens, Erlanger, Ky.
Benjamin Stevens, Florence, Ky.
Arthur Terrill, Petersburg, Ky.
F. A. Utz, Florence, Ky.
W. D. Vincent, Ballardsville, Ky.
W. D. Vinson, LaGrange, Ky.
L. H. Voshell, Union, Ky.
N. S. Walton, Idlewild, Ky.
Richard White, Burlington, Ky.
Jasper Wiggenton, LaGrange, Ky.

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